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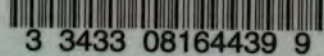
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New

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THE  
NEW MONTHLY  
MAGAZINE.

48125.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

VOL. 104.

THE  
NEW  
MONTHLY  
MAGAZINE

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 198, PICCADILLY.

1855.



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# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## THE MILITARY RESOURCES OF GERMANY.

At the present moment, when we are all anxiously awaiting whether Austria will declare herself our firm and honourable ally, and so furnish a counterpoise to the daily growing Prussian sympathy for the Czar, it is most certainly an interesting question—at least to our readers of the sterner sex—to know what the available resources of Germany, in a military point of view, really are. With the view of furnishing such statistics as may be relied on, we have, therefore, been at some trouble in collecting information on this highly important subject from such sources as were at our command; and among these we may mention more especially the numerous and excellent military papers which periodically appear in Germany. But a difficulty occurs to us at the outset, as to which will be the most fitting way of treating our subject: the Germans ridicule us for our gross ignorance when we divide Germany into Austria, Prussia, and Germany; but can they suggest any more sensible division? It is impossible to be continually repeating the names of thirty-seven royalets and dukes, whenever we wish to write of Germany, minus the two great Powers, and, consequently, the simplest plan will be for us, in our *résumé*, to adhere to such a division, and treat of the forces of Austria, Prussia, and the army of the Confederation.

It must be borne in mind that the two Powers are only *Bundes-pflichtig*, or bound to supply forces to the Confederation for those countries which form an integral part of Germany proper; that is to say, Austria, for the kingdom of Austria, Bohemia, Styria, Carnia and Carinthia, Austrian Friuli with Trieste, the County of Tyrol with the Vorarlberg, Moravia and Austrian Silesia. Prussia, on the other hand, for Pomerania, the Marks, Saxony, Silesia, Westphalia, and the Rhenish Provinces. It will, therefore, be advisable to regard the military strength of these two great Powers in detail, and defer any statement of their *Bundes-Contingent* till we arrive at that section of our paper.

### THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.

1. INFANTRY.—*Austria* has 77 regiments and 26 battalions of infantry, of which 62 are regiments of the line, 14 regiments and 1 battalion of border infantry (*Gränzer*), and 1 regiment and 25 battalions of chasseurs. Each battalion of the line is composed of 1324 effectives of all grades, and each regiment contains 5 battalions. After making the necessary deductions, we bring the strength of each regiment to 5964 men, and, consequently, the entire strength of the 62 line infantry regiments will amount to 369,800 men, including depôts. In the border regiments each regiment contains 3847 men, and the entire strength of this branch of the service, with reserves, may be estimated at 55,200 men. In all these regiments, 2 corporals and 16 *tirailleurs* in each company are

armed with rifles and sword-bayonets; the remainder of the company with percussion muskets and bayonets. Each battalion of chasseurs contains about 1200 men, and their whole strength with dépôt, including the imperial chasseur regiment of 7 battalions, is 32,500 men. The chasseurs are all armed with rifles and sword-bayonets.

*Recapitulation.*

62 Regiments of the line .....	369,800 men
14 Regiments of the gränzer.....	55,200 „
1 Regiment and 25 battalions chasseurs.....	32,500 „
	<hr/>
	457,500 „

2. CAVALRY.—The Austrian cavalry amounts altogether to 40 regiments, of which 16 are heavy—viz., 8 cuirassier and 8 dragoon; and 24 light—12 hussar and 12 uhlan. Each cuirassier or dragoon regiment, without dépôt, contains 1204 of all grades, with 1025 horses, and, consequently, the strength of the heavy cavalry is 19,264 men, 16,400 horses. The light hussar or uhlan regiments each contain 1808 men, with 1596 horses; and their total strength, without dépôts, is equal to 43,392 men, with 38,304 horses. In the cuirassier, dragoon, and uhlan regiments, 16 men are armed with rifled carbines and one pistol; the remainder with two pistols. In the hussars one-half has smooth-bored carbines; the other half, rifles, and, in addition, one pistol apiece.

*Recapitulation.*

The heavy cavalry regiments .....	19,264 men
The light cavalry regiments .....	43,392 „
	<hr/>
	62,656 „

The dépôts bring up this strength to 67,000 men, with 57,300 horses.

3. ARTILLERY.—In Austria a distinction is made between field artillery, fortress artillery, and technical artillery. Very recently, the artillery has been reorganised as follows:

- 12 Field-artillery regiments
- 1 Rocket regiment
- 1 Coast-artillery regiment
- 8 Battalions of fortress artillery

and the entire strength of the artillery, with reserve, may be estimated at 135 batteries, 8 battalions, and about 47,000 men. Each artillery regiment on a war footing has four 6-pounder foot, six cavalry, three 12-pounder foot batteries, and one long howitzer battery of eight guns, and the strength of each regiment may be estimated at 4000 men and 2340 horses.

4. ENGINEERS.—The engineers' corps is divided into the engineers' staff and the engineer troops. The former contains 13 generals, 55 staff officers, and 150 general officers. An engineer regiment is made up as follows:

- 3 Battalions of 6 companies of 220 men..... } =5370 men
- 1 Dépôt battalion of 6 companies of 1334 men }

The companies are composed of one-quarter miners and three-fourths sappers, and the entire strength of the engineers' corps may be estimated at 11,100 men.

5. PIONEERS.—This branch is made up of 4 battalions, each of 6 companies, which are instructed in pioneering and pontooning, and

attached to the corps d'armée in the field. Each battalion contains 1376 effectives. Each division has 15 pontoons, and is able to build bridges twenty-eight yards long. The two first ranks are armed with chasseur rifles and sword-bayonets: the third rank only with sabres. The pioneer corps, with a staff of 2 colonels, 1 lieutenant-colonel, and 1 adjutant, amounts to 5600 men. Very recently, the flotilla corps appointed in 1848 for Lake Guarda, the Danube, the Po, and the Lagunes of Venice, has been attached to the pioneers. It amounts to 1500 men, with 10 steam-vessels and 50 tugs.

It will not be necessary to enter into all the details of the various other corps attached to the Austrian army, but we may arrive at once at the following approximative statement. The strength of the Austrian armies (without dépôts) is equal to 476,000 men, with 1140 guns; including dépôts, it would reach the enormous amount of 593,000 men.

The whole of the forces are divided into 4 armies, or 13 corps d'armée, as follows:

1st army, consisting of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 9th corps d'armée	
2nd " " 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th "	
3rd " " 10th, 11th, 12th, and 1st cavalry corps d'armée	
4th " " 4th corps d'armée	

The period of service is eight years in peace, commencing from the nineteenth year, with two years of reserve duty attached; and a substitute may be provided, in the shape of soldiers who have already served, or volunteers, by a payment of 500 to 700 florins. The reserve (since 1852 in lieu of the former militia) can be called out in a strength of 100,000 to 120,000 men, but are not generally summoned to exercise. The Borderers serve from the twentieth to the fiftieth year in the field, and to the sixtieth in house service. They are employed during peace to prevent smuggling, &c.; and nearly 10,000 of them are stationed at all the frontiers of Croatia and the Banat in watch-houses: they are relieved every ten or twelve days; and in war they serve as light infantry. In case of need, they can be raised to a strength of 200,000 men.

#### THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

The history of Prussia and her army is of so curious a nature, when we take into consideration that but a century ago she took rank among the continental great Powers by the definitive occupation of Silesia, that we think it advisable to precede our account of the army by a slight glance at its origin and progress. The first Electors of Brandenburg did not maintain regular troops; they had, for their personal security, a guard of 100 horse, and a few companies of Lansquenets divided among their strong towns. In case of war they called out the population to arms, and it was nearly a *levy en masse*. When the Elector John Sigismund, the ninth Elector of the House of Brandenburg, inherited the duchies of Julius and Berg, he determined on defending his rights by main force, and raised a small army, composed of 400 horse and 1000 footmen, as well as 2600 militia. The same elector, in 1611, attached the duchy of Prussia to the Electorate of Brandenburg, and so obtained a very valuable addition to his forces, in men capable of bearing all the varieties of climate, fatigues, and privations.

It was not the custom, at that period, to provide for the subsistence of

the troops by means of storehouses filled beforehand, or by contracts : thus, in 1620, under the active government of the Elector George William, when the States of Brandenburg raised troops, they gave them the privilege of begging through the country to obtain their food : the peasants were ordered to give them a groschen each time they begged, and blows with a stick if they were not satisfied—a singular arrangement, in which, we may be sure, it was not always the soldiers who received the thrashing. In 1623 a levy was made among all the subjects of the Electorate—save the priests and notaries—of 3900 men, who were divided into twenty-five companies of infantry and ten squadrons. In 1638, the Brandenburg army was commanded by a general—the first mentioned in the history of the Electorate—and was composed of 8000 foot and 2900 horse; a very considerable effective, in proportion to the population, but much too weak to protect Brandenburg against the evils to which it was subjected during the 'Thirty Years' War both from Swedes and Imperialists, for friend and foe alike pillaged this unhappy country. On the death of George William, in 1640, the figures just quoted were reduced to 3600 infantry and 2500 cavalry.

Frederick William, successor of George William, recognised the necessity of maintaining a regular army. In 1653, on his dispute with the Palatine Count of Neuburg, relative to the succession of Cleves, he raised fifty-two companies of cavalry and eighty-two companies of infantry. In 1655, when preparing to support the Swedes against the Poles, he raised his army to 10,600 infantry and 14,400 horse : a very respectable number. At the head of this army were a marshal, a grand-master of the ordnance, four lieutenant-generals, and seven major-generals. During the war of 1672 he had 26,000 soldiers, with whom he made his glorious campaigns in Pomerania and Prussia, which have given him a high place in history, and obtained for him the title of the Great Elector. On his death, in 1688, the Brandenburg army was composed of

17 Regiments of infantry.....	21,000 men
14 Regiments of cavalry .....	4,800 "
18 Garrison companies.....	2,700 "
	<hr/>
	28,500 "

The Brandenburg infantry was drawn up at that period in formation of six deep, two of pikemen and four of musketeers. At this time, too, no magazines were kept up for the support of the troops, in such a manner that, according to a celebrated expression, "they quitted a country after having eaten it up." The son of the Great Elector, who became in 1701 the first King of Prussia, under the name of Frederick I., augmented or diminished his army, according to the subsidies he received from his allies. At his death, in 1713, he left an army of about 30,000 combatants, forming 38 battalions, 53 squadrons, and 18 garrison companies. During his reign the Prussian army was brought to a very considerable degree of efficiency and discipline, and the troops were all armed with muskets. The second King of Prussia, Frederick William I., was brutal in the interior of his family, economic in the administration of his finances, minute in military exercises. The King of England, his brother-in-law, never called him anything but "my brother the sergeant." Frederick William only thought of two things : having a good army, and forming

a treasury, by means of which he could, in case of need, immediately mobilise this army. These two motives for the second King of Prussia and his successor contain the whole secret of the prompt elevation of Prussia to the rank of the great Powers. The economy of Frederick William was produced by the exaggerated luxury of his father, Frederick I., who tried to imitate in everything his contemporary, Louis XIV. This economy is depicted by a single fact: he gave a dozen Japan vases for a regiment of dragoons which the King of Poland proposed to disband, and which was afterwards known by the name of the *Porcelain Regiment*. The augmentation of his army was produced by the following causes, as an historian assures us: When crown prince, he was annoyed by hearing two English generals say that Prussia could not keep up more than 20,000 men without subsidies. He proved the falsehood of this in the first year of his reign by raising 50,000 men by his own unaided resources. The discipline and elementary tactics of his infantry left little to desire; it was the only body then to be found in Europe able to fire six rounds in a minute; it was still formed four deep, but eventually was altered to three. The cavalry was only remarkable for the great height of the men and horses. Frederick William manifested at an early date his mania for tall soldiers: the smallest foot soldier in his army must be five feet six inches. Imagining that he would be able to perpetuate a race of giants in his states, he even sought to marry his soldiers to the tallest women he could find. A comical accident happened to him in this matter. Perceiving one day, at the gates of Berlin, a young girl almost gigantic, he gave her a crown, and ordered her to hand a note he wrote to the commandant of Potsdam, on her return home. The young girl had her doubts, so she entrusted the note and the dollar to a poor old woman, who, that very evening, in conformity with the note, was married to an enormous soldier, who grumbled a long while before submitting to this unexpected connubial tie. The next day the monarch discovered the deception; but what was to be done? The young girl, a native of Saxony, had recrossed the frontier; so he ordered an immediate divorce of the ill-assorted couple. Frederick William, too, as respects his troops, went into excesses bordering on the ridiculous. All his soldiers, tall, well built, dressed in new uniforms every year, resembling each other in the slightest details, toupéed and powdered with care, carried arms, brilliant in cleanliness, and boots shining like mirrors, following the expression of a contemporary; but to attain this result, they passed all their time in polishing, pipe-claying, and varnishing. The Prussian soldiers were all cast in a mould; seeing one was seeing all. In the cavalry, the horse was kept with the same care as the rider. In spite of these absurdities, already introduced by him during his father's lifetime, corps belonging to the Prussian army distinguished themselves at Hochstedt and Turin; but never, during the reign of Frederick William, were the whole of the Prussian forces assembled, either for a campaign or for manœuvres. This king left, on his death, an army composed as follows:

34 Regiments of infantry.....	46,900 men
19 Regiments of cavalry .....	13,320 „
5 Garrison battalions.....	3,500 „
Militia .....	5,000 „
	<hr/>
	68,720 „

This total contains 26,000 foreign soldiers recruited in various countries. It is impossible to deny the remarkable talent displayed by the second King of Prussia, as military organiser and instructor; he it was who founded the army which his son led so frequently to victory. He watched himself over the manner in which the infantry officers exercised their troops. He was easy of access to every soldier, and admitted complaints against his officers, whom he frequently chastised. An author has gone so far as to say that he knew all his soldiers by their names; we may assume that he was acquainted with a great number of them. A peculiarity relative to Frederick William deserves to be mentioned: he was himself inspector-general of his own army, which he reviewed at least once a year himself. In this manner, it was difficult to deceive him as to the instruction of his soldiers, to which he adhered the more strictly, as under his reign and influence was introduced this famous method of exercising, imitated afterwards by several nations, and to which the majority of his successor's victories were attributed.

Frederick II., on mounting the throne, gave up the gigantic soldiers of his father, brought their discipline within reasonable limits, and kept up the *mélange* of countrymen and strangers, which composed his army; he could do no otherwise, for the population of the kingdom of Prussia, only amounting at the time of his accession to the throne to 3,000,000 inhabitants, the army kept up by his father was in itself an effort, and to conquer Silesia at the expense of Austria, he was obliged to augment his effective force. He soon raised it to 100,000 and 120,000 men: during the course of the Seven Years' War it even amounted to 200,000 men. In consequence of the great number of strangers enrolled for life which it contained, the Prussian army could only be formed into a regular machine by the pressure of severe discipline. And so Frederick II. kept up the strictness of his father: he also took every possible measure to prevent the desertion, which decimated the army, and had its source in the system of foreign recruiting, which procured him that complement of troops which the population of his states could not furnish him.

On the death of Frederick II., the whole strength of the Prussian army amounted to about 200,000 men, costing about 10,000,000 thalers *per annum*, or 50 thalers per man, proving with what economy the administration of the Prussian army was carried on. The fourth king of Prussia, Frederick William II., entered France in 1792, at the head of 66,000 men, penetrated into Champagne, and took Verdun; but defeated by Dumouriez at Valmy, he was compelled to retreat. This monarch greatly improved the condition of the Prussian soldiers, and at his death the army was increased to 235,000 men (182,000 infantry, 41,000 cavalry, 12,000 artillery). Frederick William III., who mounted the throne in 1797, maintained the strictest neutrality during the wars of the French revolution; but in 1806 he could not resist the torrent of opinion, and consequently declared war against France. Prussia at that time had an army of 250,000 men, proud of its military reputation, and remembering with pride that the great king, in his will, had called it "an army educated for victory." It was, however, badly commanded, and utterly defeated in the battles of Jena and Auerstädt. The following year (1807) the treaty of Tilsit stripped the King of Prussia of half his territory, and reduced his army to 40,000 men. In 1809 a commission, presided over by Prince William, was charged with the organisation of the Prussian

army. So successful were its labours, that, in 1813, Prussia could bring into the field, during the War of Liberation, nearly 250,000 men. The new organisation given to the Prussian troops by Frederick William III. was accepted by the population of Prussia without a murmur, this being more especially due to the moment of its introduction, for at that period the very existence of the country was at stake; and during the forty odd years that it has been in use, it has passed into the manners of the people and become national, although no great war has as yet set the seal upon its value. This result is most praiseworthy for the Prussians; for, assuredly, the military burdens weigh upon them more than they did previously. In 1854 the Prussian army was made up as follows:

**INFANTRY.**—The Prussian infantry is composed of (a) *the regular troops*, consisting of 4 regiments of the guards, and 1 reserve regiment; 1 battalion of chasseurs of the guard, and 1 of rifles of the guard; 32 line and 8 reserve regiments; 8 combined reserved and 8 chasseur battalions; or, altogether, 144 battalions. (b) *The Landwehr*: 4 guard Landwehr regiments of the 1st levy; 32 provincial Landwehr regiments of the 1st levy; 8 Landwehr battalions of the reserve regiments of the 1st levy; 116 battalions of the 2nd levy; or, altogether, 232 battalions.

Line and Landwehr consequently amount to 376 battalions, each composed of 1002 men, including 81 under officers, and 120 corporals, and 18 non-effectives. As a portion of the battalions are reserved for the defence of the fortresses, &c., Prussia can only bring into the field 228 battalions. Altogether, however, Prussia has 228 field-battalions of 228,400 men; 60 battalions (reserved) of 60,000 men;  $2\frac{1}{2}$  supplemental battalions of 1200 men; and 116 Landwehr battalions of the 2nd levy, amounting to 82,900 men.

The entire strength of the Prussian infantry may, consequently, be estimated at 372,000 men.

The troops are armed with muskets and bayonets, and about one-seventh carry Minié rifles. All the fusilier battalions and the regiments of the guard, or about 42,000 men, are armed with the light percussion or needle-gun; 10 chasseur battalions, amounting to 10,000 men, with Thouvenin's chasseur rifle; and finally, all the musketeer battalions with the new pattern percussion musket.

2. **CAVALRY.**—(a) *Permanent Troops*: 6 guard and 32 cavalry line regiments; among them 10 cuirassier regiments (1 garde du corps, 1 cuirassier of the guard, and 8 cuirassier), 5 dragoon regiments (1 of the guard), 13 hussar regiments (1 of the guard), and 10 uhlan regiments (1 of the guard).

(b) *Landwehr*: 2 guard and 32 provincial Landwehr cavalry regiments (2 guard, 8 heavy, 12 hussars, 8 uhlan regiments, 8 squadrons—one to each reserve regiment) = 136 squadrons of the 1st levy.

Each cavalry regiment is 741 strong, with 702 horses (without officers).

A Landwehr regiment contains only 602 horses.

In addition to the reserve squadrons, 55 newly-formed dépôt squadrons, with 6350 horses, are detached for garrison duty. Of the Landwehr cavalry, 2nd levy, 104 squadrons of 120 horses can be called out, and, consequently, the line cavalry will amount to 38 regiments, or 152 squadrons with 26,700 horses; the Landwehr cavalry, 1st levy, to 34 regiments, or 136 squadrons with 20,500 horses; the remaining reserve,



depôt, and Landwehr cavalry, 2nd levy, to 167 squadrons with 19,942 horses.

The whole strength of the Prussian cavalry amounts, therefore, to 455 squadrons with 67,100 horses. Of these, 292 squadrons (line and 1st levy), with a strength of 49,000 men, can march into the field.

In the cuirassier, uhlan, and Landwehr cavalry, 80 men of the regiment are armed with carbines; the remainder with pistols. Dragoon and hussar regiments are armed, two-sevenths with rifles, four-sevenths with carbines, and one-seventh with pistols.

3. ARTILLERY.—Prussia has 9 artillery regiments (1 of the guard), the combined fortress artillery division, and a laboratory division of 2 companies. Each regiment contains 4 6-pounder batteries, 3 12-pounder batteries, 1 7-pounder howitzer battery, 3 6-pounder mounted batteries, each of 8 guns; or 11 batteries, with 88 guns. Although the Landwehr are incorporated to keep the regiments on a war-footing, they do not form a special corps.

The whole strength of the artillery may be estimated at 99 batteries, or 792 guns with 18,891 men.

4. ENGINEERS AND PIONEERS.—The engineer corps is divided into the staff of the engineer corps, 9 pioneer divisions; of which 1 is attached to the guard, and 2 reserve pioneer companies. The staff is composed of 216 officers of all grades, of whom a portion is attached to the pioneer divisions. The 9 pioneer divisions, with dépôt and reserve companies, form a strength of 6343 men. If we add to these about 1400 of the Landwehr pioneers of the 1st and 2nd levy, who form no special division, the total strength of the pioneers amounts to 7743 men.

5. THE TRAIN.—This branch during peace is only organised as a dépôt, but in time of war it is formed into several subdivisions; 3000 men are attached to each corps d'armée, which gives us 30,000 for the whole army.

Omitting subordinate detachments, we may, therefore, estimate the Prussian army as composed of 580,800 men, with 932 guns, of whom 299,500 men, with 732 guns (including the 1st levy), could march into the field.

The army is composed of 9 corps—1 corps of the guard and 8 provincial corps d'armée.

The time of service commences with the 20th year, and no substitution is allowed. The standing army contains all those from 20 to 25 years of age; the Landwehr of the 1st levy, those from 26 to 32; the Landwehr of the 2nd levy, all capable of bearing arms up to their 39th year; and lastly, the Landsturm, all those up to their 50th year who are not attached to the standing army or the Landwehr, as well as all above 17 and under 20 years of age. The standing army allows men to go on furlough after three years' service, after which they must serve two years longer as reserve for the army in case of war. The Landwehr of the 1st levy, bound to serve both in and out of the country, only keep up in peace their dépôts. Every two years they are called out for drill in connexion with the standing army. The Landwehr of the 2nd levy, during war, reinforces the garrisons as well as the standing army; hitherto it has not been called out to exercise. The Landsturm, which has not been specially organised since 1815, is only called out in a case of urgent necessity. Volunteers can complete their time of service in the

standing army in a year, as soon as they equip themselves and pass the requisite examination. The officers are obtained partly from the military schools, and are partly selected from the under officers and privates, who, between the ages of 17 and 23, and after at least sixteen months' service, can pass the requisite examination. When a person has distinguished himself in the field, the examination is not required.

#### THE ARMY OF THE CONFEDERATION.

By the registration of 1842, each federative state is bound to furnish, as simple contingent, one per cent. of its entire population; ten weeks after mobilisation one-third per cent. as reserve; and one-sixth per cent. to provide for casualties; or, altogether without train, one and a half per cent. The strength of the federative army is thus made up:

1. Simple contingent (including the garrisons of the fortresses) 303,493 men.
2. Reserve and supplement ..... 151,767 ..

Total..... 455,260 ..

These forces are divided into ten corps d'armée, and one reserve infantry division of 13 battalions, as follows:

CORPS.	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Artillery.	Pioneers.	TOTAL.	Guns.
1st, 2nd, 3rd Austria...	73,501	13,546	6,827	948	94,822	192
4th, 5th, 6th Prussia...	61,629	11,355	5,705	795	79,484	160
7th Bavaria.....	27,566	5,086	2,592	356	35,600	72
8th Corps .....	23,369	4,308	2,171	302	30,150	60
{ 9th Corps .....	17,425	2,525	1,554	214	21,718	44
Luxemburg.....	1,869	362	280	25	2,536	6
18th Corps .....	22,246	3,572	1,974	275	28,067	58
Reserve Division .....	11,116	...	...	...	11,116	...
1st Contingent .....	238,721	40,754	21,103	2915	303,493	592
Reserve and Contingent	119,455	20,364	10,510	1438	151,767	298
Total .....	358,176	61,118	31,613	4353	455,260	890

In consequence of the Bundes-Heer being placed on a war footing, these contingents have been recently very largely increased, and they will now amount to 403,362 men of the first contingent, or with the reserves to 525,037 men. In this statement we do not include the troops which the several states are bound to furnish for the reinforcement of the various fortresses, as, for instance, Wurtemberg and Baden 48,000 men. By a statement, to which we believe credit may be attached, the military resources of all Germany may be estimated at 800,000 men, with 2400 guns, and within six weeks a reserve of 400,000 men could be brought into the field. A truly overpowering force, which does not exist merely on paper, like the Russian million, and which, if once conscious of the true state of the case, could easily carry into effect Mr. Cobden's threat of crumpling up the Czar.

Having thus given a statement of the whole strength of the Federal army, it will be worth while to inquire into the formation of the various corps. Of the first six, supplied by Austria and Prussia, little more need be said, except that their contingents are far inferior to the forces they would

probably supply in case of a general war—say with France. Thus, for instance, Prussia is expected to supply 79,000 men, but her corps d'armée, on a war footing, amount to 32,000 men with 96 guns, and, consequently, her first contingent would amount to 96,000 with 288 guns, or 16,000 men and 128 guns more than she is bound to furnish.

**THE 7TH CORPS D'ARMÉE.**—This corps is composed exclusively of Bavarians, and amounts, as we have seen, to 35,600 men with 72 guns as first contingent, and a reserve of 17,800 men (13,793 infantry, 2543 cavalry, 1286 artillery, with 36 guns and 178 pioneers), or altogether 53,400 combatants with 108 guns. But the Bavarian army is much more numerous than this. It is composed, at the present time, of 117,360 infantry, 20,370 cavalry, 20,212 artillery, engineers, and train, and a reserve of 70,439 men. The foot artillery has 224, the horse 32, field-guns, and there are 13,000 guns for the reserve, fortresses, and siege batteries. The Landwehr in Rhenish Bavaria amounts to 5441 infantry, 2506 cavalry, and 72 guns. The time of service is from the 21st to the 27th year, in the line, and from the 27th to the 40th in the reserve. In addition, the Landwehr claims the services of the Bavarians till they have passed their 60th year.

**THE 8TH CORPS D'ARMÉE.**—This corps is composed of the contingents of Wurtemberg, Baden, and Hesse Darmstadt, each of which forms a division in the following proportions :

FIRST CONTINGENT.	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Artillery.	Pioneers.	TOTAL.	Guns.
Wurtemberg .....	10,816	1994	1005	140	13,955	28
Baden .....	7,751	1429	720	100	10,000	20
Hessen .....	4,802	885	446	62	6,195	12
Effectives.....	23,369	4308	2171	302	30,150	60

To these must be added a reserve contingent of 15,075 men (11,685 infantry, 2154 cavalry, 1085 artillery, with 32 guns and 151 pioneers), so that the whole amount is 45,225 men with 92 guns. But these figures do not represent the entire army of these countries, as will be seen from the following tables :

1. **WURTEMBERG.**—The infantry amounts to 14,376 men, the cavalry to 2949, and the artillery is composed of 7 batteries with 42 guns and 1764 men. The pioneers amount in the whole to 175 ; so that the effective strength of the Wurtemberg army may be calculated at 19,300 men with 42 guns. The service lasts six years, with the option of providing a substitute, and a Landwehr in these levies up to the 32nd year.

2. **BADEN.**—The infantry is composed of four regiments=10,223 men, without dépôt ; three regiments of cavalry=2451 men ; and one regiment of artillery with four foot batteries and one mounted battery=40 guns and 1700 men. The pioneers and laboratory corps amount to 255 ; so that the whole strength of the army may be estimated at about 15,000 men with 40 guns. The service lasts six years, two of them in the reserve, and substitution is permitted.

3. **HESSE DARMSTADT.**—The infantry is composed of four regiments, amounting to 8041 men ; the cavalry, one regiment of *cheveu-légiers*, of 1404 men ; the artillery, 847 men ; the pioneers about 120 ; and the whole strength is 10,498 men with 18 guns. The service lasts six years, with substitution, two of them in the reserve.

**THE 9TH CORPS D'ARMÉE.**—This is composed of two divisions, of which Saxony forms the first, and Hessen Cassel and Nassau the second, in the following proportions :

FIRST CONTINGENT.	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Artillery.	Pioneers.	TOTAL.	Guns.
Saxony .....	9,302	1714	864	120	12,000	24
{ Hessen .....	4,402	811	409	57	5,679	12
{ Nassau .....	3,721	...	281	37	4,039	8
Effectives .....	17,425	2525	1554	214	21,718	44

To these must be added a reserve contingent of 10,858 men (8712 infantry, 1263 cavalry, 780 artillery with 22 guns, and 103 pioneers); so that the total of combatants to be furnished amounts to 32,576 men with 66 guns. To the 9th corps must also be added the Luxemburg-Lemburg contingent, amounting to 2536 men (1869 infantry, 362 cavalry, 280 artillery, with 6 guns and 25 pioneers); and the half of it (1278 men and 3 guns) as reserve. These troops are intended to reinforce the garrison of Luxemburg, and form an integral portion of the army of the Netherlands.

1. **SAXONY.**—This army is composed of 20 battalions of infantry, with 19,741 effectives; 3180 cavalry, with 3088 horses; 8 batteries of artillery, with 50 guns and 1332 men; 250 pioneers, with 408 horses; and the commissariat train company of 560 men—altogether, without the reserve, 24,750 combatants and 50 guns. The service is six years, with substitution; three years reserve.

2. **HESSEN CASSEL.**—Four regiments=7301 men; cavalry, 1350; artillery, 812. Total strength, 11,800 effectives, with 3 batteries or 19 guns. Term of service from the 20th to 30th year, in two levies; substitution allowed.

3. **NASSAU.**—Infantry, 7 battalions of 4 companies = 6745 men; artillery, 2 companies of 516 men and 12 guns; pioneers, 56 men. Total strength, 7317 men, with 12 guns. Six years' service and substitution.

**THE 10TH CORPS D'ARMÉE.**—This is the most composite of all the divisions, for it is formed of nine separate contingents, of which Hanover and Brunswick form the 1st division; Holstein, the Two Mecklenburgs, Oldenburg, and the free Towns of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck the 2nd division; in the following proportions:

FIRST CONTINGENT.	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Artillery.	Pioneers.	TOTAL.	Guns.
{ Hanover.....	10,118	1865	940	131	13,054	28
{ Brunswick .....	1,625	299	151	21	2,096	4
{ Holstein } .....	2,791	514	259	36	3,600	8
{ Lauenburg } .....	...	...	...	...	...	...
{ Mecklenburg- } .....	588	71	52	7	718	2
{ Strelitz } .....	...	...	...	...	...	...
{ Mecklenburg- } .....	2,775	511	258	36	3,580	8
{ Schwerin } .....	...	...	...	...	...	...
Oldenburg .....	2,650	...	157	22	2,829	4
Hamburg .....	1,007	185	93	13	1,298	4
Bremen .....	376	69	35	5	485	}
Lübeck .....	316	58	29	4	407	
Combatants.....	22,246	3572	1974	275	28,067	58

To these must be added a reserve of 14,019 men (11,107 infantry, 1788 cavalry, 988 artillery, with 29 guns, 136 pioneers), so that the 10th corps will amount to 42,086 men, with 87 guns.

1. HANOVER.—The infantry, without reserve, amounts to 20 battalions, or about 17,000 men; the cavalry to 3630 combatants; the artillery contains 6 batteries, with 36 guns, and 1118 men. Including the pioneer corps of 200 men, the entire strength of the Hanoverian troops, without reserve, may be estimated at 21,900 men; with 36 guns. The service, commencing at the 20th year, lasts seven years, with substitution, and a good deal of recruiting is, in addition, carried on.

## 2. BRUNSWICK:

Infantry..	{ 1 Regiment of 2 horse and 2 Landwehr battalions	} = 4157 men.
	{ 1 Battalion of foot guards .....	
Cavalry ..	1 Regiment of hussars, and 2 squadrons of Landwehr	
Artillery ..	502 men, with 12 guns	

Total strength of the Brunswick troops = 5359 men, with 12 guns. Seven years of service, including two years reserve; substitution.

3. MECKLENBURG SCHWERIN.—Infantry, 3460 men; cavalry, 629 men; artillery and pioneers, 654 men; with 16 guns. Total strength 4752 men, with 16 guns; six years of service; substitution.

The other contingents do not require any further elucidation, as the troops composing them form the effective strength of the various countries.

## THE RESERVE INFANTRY DIVISION.

By a Federation decree of the 11th December, 1840, the contingents of the eighteen smaller German States, and the Free City of Frankfurt, were combined into a reserved division. These States are:

The four Saxon (Weimar, Altenburg, Coburg Gotha, and Meiningen); three Anhalts (Dessau, Bernberg, and Cöthen); two Schwarzburgs (Sonderhausen and Rudolstadt); two Hohenzollerns (Hechingen and Sigmaringen); Lichtenstein; Reuss, elder and younger line; Lippe and Schaumburg Lippe; Hessen Homburg, Waldeck, and the Free City of Frankfurt. Their first contingent amounts to 11,116 men, and 5584 reserve—total, 16,700 infantry. The first contingent is divided into 13 battalions, and intended to reinforce the garrisons of the federal fortresses in time of war. It will not be necessary to give a table of their respective contingents, but we may mention, as a curiosity, that the Lichtenstein army amounts to 28 men, and that this is currently supposed to be the army which its gallant commander ordered to bivouac under a plum-tree.

## THE FEDERAL FORTRESSES.

MAINZ, opposite the confluence of the Maine and the Rhine, with Castel on the right bank of the Rhine as *tête de pont*. The town belongs to the Grand Duchy of Hessen Darmstadt, and contains 26,000 inhabitants. The garrison amounts, we hear, to 6000 infantry and 200 cavalry, equal parts Austrian and Prussian, and one battalion of Hessians. The war garrison would amount to 20,682 infantry and 600 cavalry. Of these Austria and Prussia each furnish 6700 infantry and 300 cavalry; the remaining 6682 are obtained from the reserve infantry division. The governor and commandant are appointed every five years in turn by Austria and Prussia.

2. **LANDAU**, in Rhenish Bavaria, on the Quetch, with 5300 inhabitants. In peace is held by a Bavarian garrison. The war garrison amounts to 7000 infantry and 200 cavalry. Of these Bavaria supplies 5709 infantry and the cavalry; the remaining 2291 infantry by the reserve division.

3. **LUXEMBURG**.—Capital of the Grand Duchy of the same name, on the Alzette, with 10,000 inhabitants. Governor, commandant, and garrison are Prussian. War garrison: 7000 infantry and 200 cavalry. Of these the Limberg-Luxemburg contingent furnishes 2586, the reserve division 1450, and Prussia the remainder.

4. **ULM**.—Capital of the circle of the Danube, in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, on the Danube, with 15,000 inhabitants. Garrisoned by Wurtemberg troops in peace, and Austrian detachments are added in war.

5. **RASTADT**.—In the Grand Duchy of Baden, on the Mourz, a town of 4500 inhabitants, garrisoned by Austrians.

6. **GERMERSHEIM**.—In Rhenish Bavaria, a small town containing 1500 inhabitants, situated on the left bank of the Rhine, with a *tête de pont* on the other bank. The country between this fortress and Landau is a position which the Germans consider nearly impregnable, and on which 100,000 men could be collected.

Before quitting this branch of our subject, we will venture to add a small table, drawn up from the best resources at our command, showing at a glance the relative strength of European armies :

STATES.	LAND FORCES.						
	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Artillery.	Engineers.	Other Troops.	TOTAL.	
						Men.	Guns.
1. England.....	119,000	13,600	15,122	2,460	80,000 (militia).....	*230,200	120
2. France .....	382,000	86,000	57,000	8,200	33,800 (including 25,000 gendarmes).....	566,000	1,182
3. Russia .....	540,000	80,000	44,000	12,000	478,000 (reserve, irregular garrison troops).....	1,154,000	2,250
4. Turkey .....	100,800	17,280	13,000	1,600	325,000 (reserve, irregulars, &c.).....	457,680	360
5. Austria .....	457,000	67,000	47,000	16,800	5,200 (without train, &c.).....	593,000	1,140
6. Prussia .....	372,600	67,600	60,100	7,740	72,700 (including 46,000, train, &c.).....	580,800	932
7. Germany.....	166,000	25,000	14,500	2,027	17,000 .....	224,600	†500
Total of 5, 6, 7...	995,600	159,600	121,600	26,600	94,900 .....	1,398,400	2,572
8. Sweden and Norway.....	163,500		4,000		.....	167,500	200
9. Denmark.....	50,000	10,600	8,000	850	.....	69,000	144
10. Belgium.....	46,000	5,800	7,700	1,690	.....	62,000	152
11. Netherlands	43,500	4,400	9,000	748	.....	57,700	120
12. Sardinia† ...	31,200	5,700	4,300	1,159	5,200 .....	47,600	80

\* East Indian army = 348,900 men, including 31,000 Queen's troops.

† These figures are only approximative.

‡ The armies of the four last states can be largely increased in case of war.

Since the first portion of our paper was written, the news from Vienna and Sebastopol has arrived, that the Allies have recommenced operations, and that the Russians have broken off the conferences. More unpleasant information arrived simultaneously, namely, that the Austrians were

gradually, but certainly, withdrawing from their given word, and that no assistance—for the present at least—can be expected from them. Such a result has not taken us by surprise, for we have long entertained the opinion that Germany was not to be depended on for a moment as likely to aid us in an offensive war; but the fact remains the same: there are immense armies, ready at a few weeks' notice, in the centre of Europe, and no one can yet say to which side in this great contest they will incline. That Austria would remain neutral if she could, might be assumed, as she can only be a loser, whichever side she takes up arms for; but Prussia, on the other hand, has most especial reasons to refrain from joining the allied forces. She is a new Power, without any protecting frontier, and could be overrun by the Russian troops as soon as her army was set in motion to take part in a war. But there is one weak point common to both Austria and Prussia: and that is their non-German provinces, which are ready, on the least signal from Russia, to throw off their allegiance. We know for a fact, though we are not at liberty to mention our authority, that the Hungarians are ready to join the forces of the Czar, if they can only have their revenge on the Austrians. The argument that appears to be used is, that although the Russians did help the Austrians in the subjugation of Hungary, still they never treated the Magyars as rebels, but as honourable foes. How far this opinion is entertained in the East may be seen from the fact that a report, to our knowledge, was very generally prevalent last May in Turkey, that Kossuth had offered the Czar the assistance of 200,000 men.

Unfortunately, the preponderance of Austria and Prussia in Germany will prevent any of the smaller kingdoms from joining us; but at the same time, their ill-concealed jealousy of each other, while serving to keep them apart, will also render them excessively cautious as to any decisive move. We may safely lay it down as an axiom, that as long as neither of the contending Powers gains a great success over the other, so long will the German neutrality be maintained, and the Allies kept quiet with promises. If, however, Sebastopol succumbs to our renewed attack, Austria may be bribed, by the promise of a large tract of territory on the Danube, to render us material assistance, though only so far as may conduce to her own advantage. The way she can best serve us is to hold the Prussians in check, for it is certain that nothing could induce "le Roi Clicquot" to fight against his relation; and the antecedents of Prussian history reveal to us that they have a peculiar talent for taking up arms at the wrong moment. The chivalrous monarch may consequently rush to the aid of the Czar, if the Crimea is really imperilled, and such a step would lead indubitably to the most peculiar complications. What the army of the Confederation would do under such circumstances it would be difficult to say, but the probability is, the smaller regents would follow their long-established practice of joining the stronger party.

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## MOOR PARK, AS IT WAS AND IS.

My name is Briefless. I am a member of a large, and ancient, and well-known family, dating, I am assured, as far back as the Conquest—that “ultima Thule,” or *stand point* (as our German cousins say), of genealogy. My domicile is in the third flight of a capacious mansion in Lincoln's Inn, to which they append the sarcastic sobriquet of *Fields*. More than this, on the score of my individuality, the reader will not thank me for troubling him with at present.

The work of the day was done, if it could be called work that went through my hands in the long vacation. I was moodily pacing the floor of the garret aforesaid, dight in all the dignity of dressing-gown and slippers. My law books—blessings on them!—were huddled together in a corner in majestic repose, and on my sofa lay the day's number of the *Times* newspaper which I had just been conning. My thoughts were not of the most serene. I had been reading the Registrar-General's Report of the weekly number of deaths from cholera, and my heart sickened at the dreary catalogue. I was growing, in fact, horribly morbid, and beset with “spectral lions,” as Carlyle somewhere expresses it. Lonelier I could not be, for I had no society but my own, and that was, perhaps, at the moment, the very worst I could possibly have had to do with. I was in a fever, and endeavoured to calm myself as best I might, in converse with my only companion and friend, my cigar, in whose comforting arms I had often before taken refuge. But this time it wouldn't do. The sorceress tobacco had lost her charm. What was to be done? I walked mechanically to my window and looked out into the night. It was starlight and peaceful, even in the midst of the world's Mammoth, as a child's dream, and the moon was shining benignantly on high, as though there were no sorrow on the earth.

The family of Briefless are not supposed to be given to sentiment, yet I plead guilty to the feeling on this one occasion—perhaps I ought to beg pardon. I know not by what association of ideas, but so it was, that old memories came flitting before me, old ghost-like recollections of boy-days, green meadows, and wandering streams, the “sights, and sounds, and smells of the country.” “I have it!” I cried, suddenly recollecting myself, and starting from my chair; “to-morrow morning I am off for a two days' ramble in the country.” At seven o'clock I was steaming off from the Waterloo Station, and an hour and a half afterwards was confronting my mutton-chop in the inn at Farnham,—a pretty little country-town situated amid the hop-gardens of Surrey, and where William Cobbett first saw the light.

We are a travelling nation, and some of my countrymen and women have the credit of loving locomotion for its own sake. It may be an eccentricity on my part, but, although a lover of scenery in and for itself, I dislike moving from home without a more specific object, and my route was selected on the present occasion in this wise: It happened by a coincidence that I had been recently reading Mr. Courtenay's “Memoirs of Sir William Temple,” and contemporaneously, Mr. Thackeray's admirable, though caustic, lecture on his secretary, the redoubtable “Dean of St. Patrick's.” In the lives of both I found frequent mention of Moor Park as the chosen retreat of the former, and the abode where the latter got



his first insight into politics, and still more, laid the foundation of that eventful attachment which was to endure through a long portion of his stormy career, and which, however considered, must always be remembered with a romantic interest that has few parallels. Here was motive sufficient. The place had an historical and a literary recommendation for me, and, with all the foolish fuss and cant about hero-worship with which the world has been ringing these many years, I am not ashamed to confess myself a devout hero-worshipper, and a lover of the "homes and haunts of genius," wherever I can light upon them.

My breakfast despatched, I forthwith started to have a glimpse of the object of my expedition. It was a beautiful morning in September, and vividly stereotyped though the memory of my first Italian journey must ever remain on my mind, with all its romantic glories of blue sky and vine-clad hills, I do not know that the one experience at all tended to cast the other in the shade. Rather it was that this delicious English scenery brought back the memory of Italy. The sky was as blue, and the landscape more variedly picturesque, presenting to the eye the most singular combination imaginable of natural wildness and perfect cultivation. It was, in fact, Scotland and Italy combined. In the distance was a vast tract of moorland, such as the Cockney does not imagine to exist within the confines of his native Surrey; and more near, I had to walk through hop-gardens, whose climbing luxuriance and exquisite bloom recalled the picture of the southern vine, without losing by the comparison. Here, too, as in Italy, the "green alleys windingly allure;" and, to make the resemblance more complete, the eye of the wayfarer at this season lights upon a population little akin to the normal rustic labourer of our agricultural districts. For the nonce the swart gipsy takes the place of the ruddy Englishman, and, tatterdemalion as he is, with his wild flashing eyes of jet and vagabond face, serves to make up the picturesque effect of the whole scene. It was through a prospect such as this that I gradually made my way towards Moor Park.

"What is it," I kept asking myself as I went along—"what is it in genius that invests it with that indefinable power of attraction, even in despite, oftentimes, of our better judgments? Is there not something altogether mesmeric and unaccountable about it, alluring and fascinating, almost what Goethe used to call *dæmonie*?" It is so indeed. The poets and philosophers are not only in very truth the unacknowledged legislators of the world, they not only fill the earth with wonder and beauty while they are on it, but, departing, they leave a flood of radiance behind them which does not die. The memory of them seems fadeless, not only by what they did, but simply for what they were. Hence everything and every place connected with a man of genius has its charm—his house, his horse, his very hat and walking-stick—and when young ladies in their teens, and elderly spinsters who have reached their grand climacteric, squabble for the privilege of sitting in a great man's chair when he can sit there no longer, they only illustrate the kind of homage which it is the prerogative of genius to compel. And now my two miles of journey are over, and my moralisings suddenly cut short, for I stand before the house whose roof gave shelter to Temple, and Stella, and the author of "Gulliver."

I am not so learned in architecture as Mr. Ruskin, and I fear I cannot talk about palaces or "sheep-folds" so well as he. Fortunately, how-

ever, this house may be described without any architectural initiation, real or affected. It is a large, unpretending, quadrangular building, beautifully situated in the valley through which runs the river Wey. But let me pause a moment in my sketch of the place, while I narrate what to me was really a kind of adventure, and which turned out to be far from disagreeable, though unexpected. Approaching the entrance, I noticed the first emblem of the former renowned possessor in Temple's coat-of-arms blazoned in bronze above the doorway. I know nothing of heraldry, so am in the dark as to what the wild animals in the same, with their rampant attitudes, may possibly signify. No matter. But immediately beneath this device, on a marble slab, stands engraven the line of Virgil's *Idyll*, "*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit*," expressive of the repose the weary statesman found here when he had torn himself from the din and fever of public affairs and the metropolis, the "*funera et opes strepitumque Romæ*." I made bold to ring the bell, and inquire of the domestic if I might be privileged to see something of the house and grounds, as being a kind of public property, but what was my astonishment to find that I had entered the threshold of a hydropathic establishment! "*Shades of Swift and Temple*," I thought, in my first moments of surprise, "*has it come to this?*" The disappointment, however, was but that of a moment, and a glance at the interior speedily reconciled me to this singular caprice of the good goddess Fortune. It was comfort and elegance itself, with a look of cheerful well-being quite captivating. My name, meanwhile, was announced to the doctor, and I found myself presently in that gentleman's study, and deep in the classical associations of the place, of which I quickly discovered him to be a perfect master and intelligent appreciator. We discussed Temple and his times, fought the battle of the great revolution over again, were plunging earnestly into the eventful history of Swift, when the doctor most kindly volunteered to act as my cicerone over the house and grounds, and off we sallied. Here was a beautiful room, with a southern exposure, and looking out upon the lawn. This Temple occupied as his study, and here doubtless he received the Prince of Orange in consultation on more occasions than one. We can easily imagine the prim and elegant diplomatist at his desk, and we can picture to ourselves, too, the uncouth young Irishman at his side acting as his amanuensis, inwardly growling at his unworthy fate, with perhaps already the shadow of coming events pressing upon him in the proud consciousness of his own fiery strength and matchless intellect. Who says that genius is unconscious? Can Shakspeare walk beside a dwarf or an ordinary mortal and remain ignorant of his own transcendent stature? It is mere sophistical sentimentality to imagine it. Greatness, however, be it remembered, is always relative, and a man may well be cognisant of his own intellectual calibre when compared with that of his fellows, while he may still, and must, if he be genuinely great, confess in modesty how small a thing he is in the eye of the universe. And so doubtless was it with Swift.

Passing from Temple's apartments, with their elegances, I was next conducted to the servants'-hall of old days, and beheld the veritable room where Lady Giffard's waiting gentlewoman and Temple's literary drudge and man-of-all-work ate the crumbs that fell from the great man's table—the meed of poor relations. A bitter pill, but still with a gilding

upon it that must needs have disguised the taste when it came from the hand of Love himself. Not many years had to pass before Swift was "the observed of all observers," and could command his own company from among the proudest and noblest in the land at my Lord Oxford's table, having become an intellectual potentate in fact, with the pen in his hand for a sceptre, one that both felt his power and was not disposed at times, it must be allowed, to wield it over meekly.

On the subject of Swift's passion for Stella, which here had its humble beginnings, and which has been the theme of so much curious speculation and critical animadversion, I cannot enter at length here. Doubtless he was much to blame in his conduct towards her—and as a man of the world he ought to have known it, and probably did—but my conviction is unshakable that there were extenuating circumstances in this singular history which the world does not and never can know. Swift assuredly was not the heartless monster it has been the fashion to depict him, nor did Nature ever commit the anomaly—Pope's celebrated couplet notwithstanding—of allying powers so stupendously grand to a base moral nature and a craven heart.

On the beautiful lawn before mentioned still stands the sun-dial beneath which Temple's heart lies buried in its silver urn, as he willed it—a freak of the statesman which, at any rate, demonstrates how much he was attached to the place; and it is little wonder. In front of the house is a gravel terrace of noble dimensions, in keeping with the former grandeur of the place; and at one end of this promenade is the vinery and green-house, and hard by, the large walled garden in which Temple so much delighted, and where he loved to spend his days. The walls are still covered with the fruit-trees he planted there, and the apricot he rendered famous, and which still retains the name of the place, is justly celebrated to this day. The Dutch canal, too, is still extant, with swans floating on its bosom, and stocked with fish; but the great beauty of the property resides certainly in the magnificent park from which the mansion takes its name.

This park, which overbrows the valley in which the house is situated, is vast in its extent, and beyond everything fine. It is covered throughout the whole of its area with old stately trees, chiefly the beech and pine, over whose heads two hundred summers have flown, and with a rich carpet of heath, and gorse, and fern, endlessly varied and intermingled. In every direction by-paths of singular beauty strike off, leading the pedestrian or the rider between rows of young firs, that scent the morning air with the wild aromatic odours of the deep forests of America; and from the summit of the park, which slopes gently upwards towards Crooksbury Hill, the loftiest eminence in this part of the country, you look down over the rich grounds of Waverley Abbey, where are still extant, in a condition of wonderful preservation, the remains of one of the most interesting monasteries in England. Such is this park, and being such, I need hardly say that it is the delightful ramble-ground of the patients belonging to the establishment, who have its exclusive use. "Oh fortunati nimium," I thought with Virgil, "*sua si bona nôrint*:" most fortunate the invalids whose lucky fate it is to gather strength amid such scenes as these, drinking in health with every breeze that comes laden with the balm of this beautiful mountain solitude! The refrain of the wild song which Victor Hugo puts into the mouth of the love-crazed

carabinier of Toledo kept ringing in my ears, through the power of some hidden association, during the whole of this delicious walk. "Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne me rendra fou, oui, me rendra fou."

How keen the pleasure, and how exquisite the delight, which we are sometimes permitted to feel in the bare consciousness of animal existence! Hardly any enjoyment can equal it, let moralists frown as they may. Call it sensuous! I call it divine. And is it not well appointed that these poor worn-out tabernacles of ours, jaded and withered as they are with travel over the hot and dusty ways of conventional life, should at times assert their prerogative to the simple gratification of pleasurable being—animal being, if you will—should enter at times a formal protest against the crushing tyranny of mind? It is Plutarch, I think, who says that "should the body sue the mind before a court of judicature for damages, it would be found that the mind would prove to have been a ruinous tenant to its landlord." And this in the mouth of a Greek! whose countrymen understood better than any other race, before or since, how much is due, even as a matter of economy, to the culture of the physical powers; and who gave evidence, in this matter of education, of an insight and wisdom which, like their supremacy in art, appear to have died with them. What shall be said of our theory and our practice on so important a subject in modern England? Why this—that the Englishman of to-day, in the middle ranks of life, is rapidly degenerating under the suicidal effects of the prevalent contempt of bodily health; that the hungry maw of gain, the insatiable "*amor habendi*," is eating into the vitals of our young men, who are strong men no longer, but the bald, and pale, and blear-eyed victims of the ledger and the three-legged stool!

Having climbed the summit of Crooksbury, the extreme boundary of the park, and revelled in the beautiful prospect extending far away over the hills into Hampshire, I suppose we had to perform, in the first instance, the redoubted feat of the Duke of York; and passing over the springy heather and between walls of fern, shoulder-high, the next object of interest that presented itself on our homeward march was Swift's cottage, *par excellence*. This is a small, two-storied house, at the eastern extremity of the park, and bears Swift's name to this day. It is of the most unpretending character, bearing unmistakable signs of age and rough treatment, but a picturesque little abode withal. Over the walls and up to the verge of the moss-clad roof spring up the clematis and the Virginia creeper, serving to disguise the ravages of time and neglect; and there is still the look of English cleanliness and comfort about it; but, lo! "*horresco referens*," on the shutter the eternal sign-board, "*Ginger-beer for sale*." Trade here again—trade everywhere;—verily, an inveterate nation of shopkeepers we! Ginger-beer, especially in cholera-times, is not of my beverages; but the purchase of a bottle of that peppery elixir was an easy introduction, and procured me a hearty reception from the *genius loci*, in the shape of a decent old washerwoman, who might almost have seen the light in the days of the "good Queen Anne." She, too, had heard about Dean Swift, and knew, besides, how he was a "maker of books"—a respectable calling!—not very much below that of a maker of *boots*—the words, in fact, are almost identical! The interior of this now humble tenement in no respect differs from others of its class; and the sole memorial of the leviathan whom its walls

once sheltered is found in a verse from Horace, which he had inscribed on a wooden tablet above one of the doorways. It is this :

Plerumque gratae divitibus vices,  
Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum  
Cenæ, sine anxia et ostro,  
Solicitam expliçuere frontem.—*Od. III. 99.*

Thus rendered by Francis :

Where health-preserving plainness dwells,  
Nor sleeps upon the Tyrian dye,  
To frugal treats and humble cells,  
With grateful change the wealthy fly.  
Such scenes have charmed the pangs of care,  
And smoothed the clouded forehead of despair.

It would appear, from the existence of this cottage, that Swift had not received his "bed" as well as his "board" at Moor Park; that he acted, in truth, like a kind of literary journeyman, returning home in the evening after his day's work, like any other honest labourer. This surely was a singular arrangement. But Swift at the time was young, and, but for one attraction in his patron's mansion, was probably nothing loth when the hour came round that relieved him from his mechanical drudgery and sent him home, through a walk of unparalleled beauty, to that cottage where at least he was his own master and could commune with his own thoughts.

Over that luxuriant walk, with its bountiful array of wood, and copse, and fern, not forgetting the gorse and its yellow flower, that made the old Linnaeus bless God he had been spared to visit England, we must now make our hasty return to Moor Park, only pausing on the way to drink from the sparkling waters of *St. Mary's Well*. Like every other object which this place inherits, this subterranean spring has its own peculiar interest. So far back as the twelfth century it supplied Waverley Abbey with water, and received from the pious Cistercians the appellation of *St. Mary's Well*. But the popular name, and that by which it is almost universally known, is *Mother Ludlam's Well*. The spring issues from the foot of a hill, and in the bed of a natural grotto formed of the sandy rock of which that hill is composed. Here, as ever, tradition has it that the venerable witch, Mother Ludlam, held her sway, and with the magic efficacy of this water it was her wont and privilege to dispense health to all who sought her aid. It was a water of healing—a kind of Jordan to all the country round. Like many another popular superstition, however, this one of the healing properties of Ludlam's Well has a partial foundation in truth, for the fact is that this spring is of an extraordinary purity and must, therefore, be very salubrious. Professor Clark of Aberdeen, who analysed it some three years ago, pronounces it the purest spring-water he had yet tried, having only half a degree of hardness, or, in other words, of mineral admixture.

When it is considered that springs of four and four and a half degrees of hardness have attained so much celebrity for their purity as to make the fortune of watering-places where they are situated, and when it is also borne in mind that the ordinary distilled water of the chemists' shops is never under half a degree of hardness, it may be imagined how remarkable and how healthful this natural spring must be.

To this spring, and to every nook about the grounds I have hastily

sketched, it was my good fortune to make many a pilgrimage before I left Moor Park; for the reader has now to be informed that my intended visit of a day was unexpectedly prolonged to a month, during the whole of which period I enthusiastically underwent the rational process of cure which is practised in the establishment,—that I grew daily more delighted with the treatment and with the place,—and that when the shortening hours and the close of the long vacation at length recalled me to my chambers and my work, I had the satisfaction of bringing to them, in a larger degree than I had possessed for many years, that greatest of mortal blessings, “*mens sana in corpore sano.*” For this consummation I have heartily to thank the water-cure and the enlightened physician who administers it at Moor Park. To both I shall ever remain deeply grateful; and if any reader would purchase health in a manner not only rational but truly luxurious, my parting exhortation to him fearlessly is this: “Go thou and do likewise, and the benediction of the good Mother Ludlam light upon thee as it did on me!”

## A VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

BY MARY C. F. MONCK.

I SAW a primrose tuft to-day,  
 The chesnut-boughs are brown with buds,  
 And arum spathes are heaving up  
 The dead leaves lying in the woods;  
 The fields are fresh and green once more,  
 The daisy stars are in the grass,  
 And fresh soft winds are all abroad,  
 Telling of spring-time as they pass.  
 Singing its sweet and happy song,  
 The river dances merrily;  
 And bursting in the sunny show'rs,  
 The leaves are opening on the tree.  
 The rooks are building in the elms,  
 The robin swells his crimson throat,  
 And from the beech upon the hill  
 The blackbird sings his happy note.  
 Oh Spring! why wakest thou the flow'rs—  
 The senseless things—on hill and plain?  
 Why bringest thou the buds and leaves,  
 And wilt not bring the dead again?  
 They talk, with soft and gentle words,  
 Of meek submission to my lot;  
 But angry grief is in my soul:  
 I *had* a son—and he is not.  
 I weary at the lengthened day  
 That bids the birds again rejoice;  
 I yearn to meet a vanished smile,  
 I pine to hear a silent voice.  
 This growing verdure aches my sense,—  
 I better loved the dazzling snow,  
 That seemed to me earth's winding-sheet,  
 For *one* brave heart too soon laid low.

My boy! my fair and fearless one,  
 How can I bear to know thee dead?  
 To feel that I shall lay my hand  
 No more in blessing on thy head?  
 Why didst thou leave my lonely home?  
 What recked I of a nation's fate?  
 Oh, thrice accursed be this war,  
 Since it has left me desolate!

Dead! in the glory of thy youth,  
 With all its promises untried!  
 What earthly solace hath my heart,  
 Since thou, my beautiful! hast died?  
 And how? Not in the battle shock—  
 Not in the hot and eager strife,  
 Where thou hadst won undying fame,  
 And fearless men yield life for life—

Not thus! not thus!—or I might bear  
 With more of strength this sudden blow:  
 'Twas wasting want that sapped thy strength,  
 Famine and sickness laid thee low.  
 Famine! when wealth and poverty  
 Alike their sacred off'rings gave,  
 The warriors spared by fire and sword  
 From pinning misery to save.

Famine for thee! my cherished one!  
 When all the good that gold could buy  
 Was borne across the wintry sea,  
 And all unused lay rotting nigh!  
 I *will* not hush my heart's despair,  
 I *will* lay blame where blame is due;  
 Our sons were ours, and living yet,  
 If *all* had told the wrong they knew.

I had one treasure in the world,  
 And it is ever lost to me;  
 Let traitor craven lips be sealed,  
*My thoughts, my* truthful words are free.  
 Where is my boy? I ask of ye  
 Who know why Balaklava's shores  
 Are cumbered with the perished wrecks  
 Of England's richest, choicest stores.

Think ye the grave shall always keep  
 The thousands that your acts have slain?  
 Think ye the precious blood thus shed  
 For ever silent shall remain?  
 No! let the false in camp and court  
 Remember that the truth is known  
 To One, whose eye is never closed—  
 I trust my wrongs to Him alone.

He will bind up the broken hearts,  
 And bid the mourners cease to weep;  
 His will shall make the grave yield up  
 The victims who have sunk to sleep.  
 Tremble, ye proud, the day is near!  
 The Righteous Judge hath suffered long,  
 Yet shall He, in His own good time,  
 Restore the Right—destroy the Wrong.

## SARAH BEAUCLERC.

(CONTINUED FROM "THE RECEPTION OF THE DEAD.")

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

## I.

THE grey walls of the Château de Beaufoy basked idly in the evening sun. In the western drawing-room, M. and Madame de Castella, the old lady, and Agnes de Beaufoy were playing whist. Its large window was thrown open to the terrace, or colonnade, and there, were gathered the younger members of the party, the green-striped awning being let down between some of the outer pillars. Mary Carr and Adeline were seated, unravelling a heap of silks, which had got into a mess in the ivory work-basket; Rose Darling flitted about amongst the exotics, her long hair shining like threads of gold when, ever and anon, it came in contact with the sunlight, as she flirted—it was very like it—with Mr. St. John. But Rose began to turn cross, for he teased her.

"Did you write to England for the song to-day?" she asked. "Ah, don't answer: I see you forgot it."

"I did not write," answered Mr. St. John, "but I did not forget it. You have not tried the last I procured for you."

"I have sung it till I am tired," was Rose's contradictory reply.

"Not to me."

"Most of the writing you are guilty of goes to one person, I expect," proceeded Rose. "No wonder you forget other matters."

"Indeed! To whom?"

"I won't betray you now," glancing at Adeline. "I will be compassionate."

"Pray don't trouble yourself about compassion for me, *ma belle*," returned Mr. St. John, in his slighting manner. "It will be thrown away."

"Compassion for *you*, Mr. St. John! Don't flatter yourself. I was thinking of another."

Adeline looked up: a sharp, perplexed glance.

"You are mysterious, Rose," said he, laughing.

"Yes. But I could speak out if I would."

"I dare you," answered Mr. St. John. "Speak away."

"You know there is one in England, who monopolises all your letters—not to speak of your dreams."

"Rose!" exclaimed Mary Carr, a dim shadow of Rose's meaning coming uneasily across her, "you are talking nonsense. How can you speak so absurdly to Mr. St. John?"

"He provoked me. But he knows it is true. Look at his conscious face now!" she saucily continued.

"The only lady in England honoured with my correspondence," said Mr. St. John, in a more serious tone than he had hitherto spoken, "is Mrs. St. John."

"That's nearly true," cried the provoking girl—"nearly. She is not Mrs. St. John yet, only *to be*."



A strange, wild pang caught Adeline de Castella's heart. Would Rose have continued, had she seen it? Did St. John suspect it?

"I spoke of my mother, Rose," he said. "She is the only lady who claims, or gets, letters from me."

"Honour bright?" asked Rose.

"Honour bright," repeated Mr. St. John, "the honour of her only son."

"Oh, faithless that you are, then!" burst forth Rose. "Will you deny that there is one in England to whom your letters are due, if not sent; one, whose shadow you were for many, many months; one, beautiful as a painter's dream?"

"Bah, Rose!" he said, those proud lips of his curling with a defiant smile, "you are getting into ecstasies."

"Shall I tell her name—the name of his own true lady-love?" asked Rose, turning round, with a world of triumph on her bright, laughing brow. "Mary Carr knows it already."

"You are out of your senses!" ejaculated Miss Carr, in a fever of excitement, hoping to stop her. "Don't attempt to impose on us with your fabulous tales."

"Shall I tell it?" repeated Rose, maintaining her ground and her equanimity.

"Tell it," said Mr. St. John, carelessly. Did he think she knew so much?

"Tell it," repeated Adeline, but it was the motion of the syllables, rather than the words, that came from between her white and parted lips.

"Sarah Beauclerc."

There was a surprised or startled look observable for a transient space on St. John's countenance. *Adeline saw it*, and from that wild, bitter moment, a pang of anguish took root within her, which was never to be erased or lessened during life.

"You are under a slight misapprehension, Rose," said Mr. St. John, with indifference.

"Am I? The world was under another, perhaps, when it asserted that the honour of Mr. St. John's hand would fall to Sarah Beauclerc."

"That it certainly was—if it ever did assert it. And I might believe it possible, were the world peopled with Rose Darlings."

"Look here," exclaimed Rose, snatching St. John's pocket-handkerchief from a gilt cage, where he had thrown it to protect the beautiful bird it contained from the rays of the setting sun—"look at this, 'Frederick St. John,' worked in hair!"

It happened to be the handkerchief they had picked up that first morning in the painting-room. Rose talked on, in the recklessness of her spirits, and Adeline sat, drinking in her words.

"She did this for him: look how elaborately it is worked, even to the finishings of the crest. It is her hair, Sarah Beauclerc's."

Now this was a random assertion. Rose did not know, or care, whether she was right or not. In her present humour, had it taken her in the head, she would have stood to it that St. John was in love with the moon. But he did not deny it. It is probable she had stumbled upon a bit of fact. And on she rattled, in her wild gaiety:

"This is his favourite handkerchief: I have noticed that. All his

others are marked with ink. I dare say she gave the handkerchief, as well as marked it. Let it alone, Mr. St. John: I shall show it round, if I like. A rather significant present from so lovely a girl! But it's known she was *fool* after him. He reciprocated the compliment then: I don't know how it may be now," she added, with a world of meaning in her tone. And, with a saucy glance at Mr. St. John, she sang out, in her clear, rich voice, to a tune of her own,

"It is well to be off with the old love,  
Before you are on with the new."

Adeline rose, and passed quietly into the drawing-room. But did St. John read the effect Rose Darling's assertions had wrought upon her? No; how should he? for her bearing was calm. Yet he knew, had he thought to apply it, that the still exterior covers the deepest suffering.

"Rose," he said, quoting a French proverb or axiom, "*vous aimez bien à rire, mais rien n'est beau que le vrai.*"

"Ah," she answered, with another, "*ce n'est pas être bien aise que de rire.*" Perhaps the deepest truth she had uttered that evening.

With outward calmness *there*, but oh! the whirlwind of despairing agony which shook Adeline's frame as she sank down by the bedside in her own chamber! That in one short minute, desolation so complete should have swept over her heart, and she be able to endure it and live! To have given up her life's being to one; to have bowed before him in a love, little short of idolatry; to have forgotten early ties and kindred in the spell of this strong devotion—and now to be told there was *another* to claim his vows, another to whom they had first been offered!

The dream in which she had been living for months was over—or, at least, it had been robbed of its golden colouring. The serpent DOUBT had found his entrance into her heart: the fiend JEALOUSY had taken possession of it, never to be wholly eradicated.

Frederick St. John was certainly one of earth's favoured children, with his great beauty, his powerful intellect, his refined and well-stored mind. The world itself might almost worship him as she did, and without a blush. He had made her life the elysium that poets tell of, and now she found that he loved, or had loved, another. Like an avalanche falling down the Alps and crushing the hapless traveller, so had these tidings fallen upon her heart, and *shattered* it.

Adeline de Castilla smoothed her brow and returned down stairs. She had taken no account of the time, but, by the advanced twilight, it would seem she had been away an hour, and Rose inquired whether she had been buried.

Following Adeline on to the colonnade, where the whole party were now seated, came the old Spanish servant, Silva, bearing a letter for Mr. St. John. The ominous words, "*très pressée*," written on it, had caused Madame Barot to despatch it with haste to the château.

"Does any one wait?" inquired Mr. St. John.

"Señor, sí."

"It is well," he said, and retreated inside the room.

"You have received bad news!" exclaimed Madame de Castilla, when he reappeared.

"I have," he said, with controlled emotion. "I must depart instantly for England."

It was well the shades of evening were gathering, or they would inevitably have seen the pallor which overspread Adeline's face.

"My mother——" he began.

"Is dead? Oh, pray don't tell us so!" interrupted poor old Madame de Beaufoy.

"Not dead," said Mr. St. John. "At least, she was not when this letter was written. But she has met with a fearful accident, and the physicians fear concussion of the brain."

"An accident! Of what nature?" they exclaimed, breathless with attention.

"The horses of her carriage took fright in the park, and ran away. And my mother, in her alarm, opened the door and jumped out."

"Oh, that is terrible!" uttered M. de Castella—"worse than foolish. And yet, none of us know but we might so act in a moment of fright. Remember the Duke of Orleans!"

"Very hazardous for all," murmured the old lady; "but next to destruction for the aged, Mr. St. John, like your mother and myself."

"My mother is not old," said Mr. St. John; "not yet fifty."

"Whatever are you talking of?" cried Rose to Mr. St. John. "Your brother must be fifty."

"Nearly so," he answered. "He is only my half-brother, Rose."

"I am truly sorry to hear these tidings," said Madame de Castella, "though we have not the honour of knowing your mother. I sincerely hope we may yet have that pleasure."

"I hope—I trust—I pray you may!" uttered St. John, fervently, as he held out his hand to M. de Castella.

"Are you going?"

"Yes. I feel every moment wasted that does not speed me on my journey."

And in another instant he was gone. Without a word more of adieu to Adeline than he gave to the others. There was no opportunity for it.

An hour passed. Lights were in the room, and all, save Adeline, were gathered in it. Signor de Castella was playing chess with Mary Carr, Madame de Beaufoy écarté with her younger daughter, Agnes de Beaufoy talked with Father Marc, who had dropped in, and Rose was at the instrument singing pleasingly, in a subdued voice. Adeline remained on the terrace, leaning on its balustrades, looking out into the night.

O beware, my lord, of jealousy!

It is a green-eyed monster, which doth make

The food it feeds on.

That powerful reader of the human heart never put forth a greater truth, a more needed warning. Yet, how vainly! We can smile and wonder, now, at the "trifles" which once mocked ourselves, but who smiles at the time? It has been asserted that there is no true love without jealousy, and who shall venture to dispute it? Love is most exacting. Its object must not listen to a tender word, or bestow a look of admiration on another. It is probable that, in the want of any other suspicion, Adeline de Castella would have become jealous of Rose Darling. But Rose was not needed. Sarah Beauclerc had been put forth with sufficient detail to arouse the most refined torments of the distress-

ing passion, and let none doubt that they were playing their part well upon her heart. And so she stood on; bitterly giving way to this strange anguish which had fallen on her, wondering how long it would be before *he* returned from England, and how many times, during his stay there, he would see Sarah Beauclerc.

But what is that movement which her eye has caught at a distance? Who or what is it, advancing, with a hasty step, from the dark trees? Ah! the wild rising of her pulse has told her, before the outlines of his form become distinct, as he emerges into that plot of pale light! It was St. John—St. John whom she thought to have looked upon at present for the last time, and the ecstatic feeling which rushed over her spirit was such, as almost momentarily to obliterate the cruel doubts that oppressed her. He had changed his dress, and was habited in costume suitable for travelling. His tread over the lawn was noiseless, and little less so as he ran up the steps to the colonnade.

"How fortunate that you are here, Adeline!" he whispered. "I could not go without endeavouring to obtain a word with you, though I doubted being able to accomplish it."

Adeline, painfully agitated, and trembling to excess, both in her heart and frame, murmured some confused words about the time he was losing.

"No," interrupted Mr. St. John, "I should deem myself guilty of the deepest filial ingratitude, and which no after repentance could efface or atone for, if I lost one precious moment. I may arrive barely to receive my mother's dying blessing; I may arrive to find——" He broke off abruptly, and resumed, after a pause:

"My own preparations were soon made: not so those necessary to convey me to Odesque. As it always happens in these emergencies, the spring-cart—and there's nothing else to take me—had been lent out to Farmer Pichon. Baret is gone for it, and will come on with it here, which is all in the way: so, you see, not one minute is being wasted. Why do you tremble so, my love?" he added, as the fit of ague, which seemed to possess her, shook even his arm. "Are you cold?"

Cold! But most men would have had but the same idea.

"Now, Adeline, for one moment's grave consultation. Shall I write, and lay my proposals before M. de Castella, or shall they wait till I return?"

"Oh, wait to do so!" she implored, "in mercy, wait!"

"I would prefer it myself," said Mr. St. John, "for I feel I ought to be present to support you through all that may then occur. But, Adeline, should I be detained long, there will be no alternative: the preparations for your wedding will soon be actively begun, and render my speaking an act of imperative necessity."

She laid her head upon his arm, moaning.

"Cheer up, my darling; I am only putting the worst view of the case. I trust that a few days may bring me back to you. Write to me daily, Adeline: everything that occurs: I shall then be able to judge how long I may be absent with safety. I was thinking, Adeline, as I came along, that it might be better if my letters to you are sent under cover to Rose or Mary. You are aware that I do not mention this for myself—I should be proud to address you without disguise—but for your own peace. Were I to write openly, it might force explanations on you before my return."

Ever anxious for her ! Her heart bounded with gratitude.

"Under cover to Mary Carr," she said.

"We must part now, my love," he whispered, as a faint rumbling broke upon their ears from the distance; "you hear my signal. It is fast approaching."

"You will come back as soon as you are at liberty?" she sighed.

"Ay, the very instant. Need you question it, Adeline?"

He strained her to his heart, and the painful tears coursed down her cheek. "God bless you, and take care of you, and keep you in peace till I return, my dear, my dear, my only love!" And when he had passed into the room, Adeline asked herself if that last lingering farewell kiss which he had pressed upon her lips—she asked herself, with burning blushes, if she were sure it had not been returned.

## II.

THE second evening after Mr. St. John's departure, before they had risen from the dinner-table, Silva brought in the letters. Two from England amongst them, bearing on their seals, as Rose Darling expressed it, the arms and quarterings of all the St. Johns. The one was addressed to Madame de Castella; the other was handed to Miss Carr.

Mary looked at it with unqualified surprise. The fact was, Adeline, not expecting they could hear from Mr. St. John till the following day, had put off the few words of explanation she meant to speak, feeling shy at the task.

"Why should Mr. St. John write to me?" exclaimed Mary Carr. But Adeline, who was sitting next her, laid her hand upon Mary's knee, under cover of the tablecloth, pressing it convulsively.

There was a slight general laugh at the remark. Some of them were beginning to think, for the first time, that Mr. St. John might possess a tender interest in Miss Carr.

"Open it without ceremony, my dear," said Agnes de Beaufoy. "You are not amongst strangers."

Mary Carr raised her hand to break the seal: but that iron clasp of Adeline's became more urgent in its pressure. She began dimly to understand, and laid the letter down by the side of her dessert-plate.

"Why don't you open it, Mary Carr?" repeated Rose, impatiently.

"No," said Miss Carr, in a half-joking manner, "there may be secrets in it which I don't care to read before people." And Rose, whose curiosity was fully excited, could have boxed her ears.

"Mr. St. John writes that his mother is better," said Madame de Castella; "the injuries prove less serious than were at first supposed. By the next post, he hopes to send us word that she is out of danger."

"This letter, Adeline," exclaimed Mary Carr, when they were alone—"I fancy it may not be meant for me."

"You can open it," replied Adeline, timidly. "Perhaps—I think—there may be one for me inside it."

Mary Carr opened the letter. It contained but a few polite words from Mr. St. John, requesting her to convey the enclosed one to Adeline, at a convenient opportunity.

"You see how it is?" faltered Adeline to her.

"I have seen it long, Adeline."

She carried the letter to her chamber to read, bolting the door that she might be free from interruption. It was a long letter, written far more sensibly than are love-epistles in general, for it was impossible to Mr. St. John to write otherwise, but there was a vein of impassioned tenderness running through it, implied rather than expressed, which surely ought to have satisfied even Adeline. But the embittered doubts which had possessed her, since that fatal night when Rose so randomly spoke of Miss Beauclerc, cast their gangrene over all. Not a moment of peace or happiness had she known since. Her visions by day, her dreams by night, were crowded by images of Mr. St. John, faithless to her, happy with another. Nor did the young lady in question want a "shape to the mind." The day after St. John's departure, they were looking over the last year's "Book of Beauty," or "Portraits of the English Nobility"—something of that, I forget the precise title—when Rose suddenly exclaimed, "Adeline, we were talking last night of Sarah Beauclerc: this is very like her."

"Was it nonsense or sense, Rose, the tale you were telling us?" questioned Adeline, with a desperate struggle to speak calmly.

"Sober sense, and sober truth, so far as I believe," blundered Rose, in reply. "Frank told me. He said St. John had been her shadow for months, until—so I understood it—until he came abroad here. Everybody thought they were engaged, Frank said; there was no room to think otherwise."

"It was only a flirtation," broke in Mary Carr, who had in vain endeavoured to interrupt Rose before.

"Very likely," assented Rose; "an attractive fellow like Frederick St. John is allowed to go pretty deep in the game: roaming about, as a butterfly, from flower to flower, kissing all, but settling upon none." And off danced Rose, bringing her careless speech to a conclusion with the commencing lines of an old song, once in great vogue at Madame de Nino's,

"The Butterfly was a gentleman  
Of no very good repute;  
And he roved in the sunshine all day long,  
In his scarlet and purple suit.  
And he left his lady wife at home  
In her own secluded bower,  
Whilst he, like a bachelor, flirted about,  
With a kiss for every flower."

Adeline listened to all in silence, gazing at the portrait. It was that of a fair girlish face, wearing a peculiarly sweet look of youth and innocence. No impartial observer could have pronounced it so lovely as her own, but the jealous film just now before her eyes caused her to take an exaggerated view of its charms, and to see in it something more than loveliness. It may have been little, if at all, like the young lady to whom Rose compared it; but no matter: to Adeline it was Sarah Beauclerc and no other, and from that moment the image fixed itself indelibly in her mind as that of her envied rival. And yet she knew that Mr. St. John was seeking to win *herself* for his wife! Truly they are unfathomable, the ways and fears of jealousy.

More letters came from St. John to Mary Carr, and answers were sent in return to him, the address in Mary's handwriting, and the seal her

own "M. C.," and a dove with an olive-branch. It had become quite a joke at the château: Agnes openly wondered where all their eyes could have been; Rose, who was at first puzzled, a thing she detested, curled her lip, and asked Mary if she meant to set *herself* up for a rival to the beautiful Sarah Beauclerc; and good old Madame de Beaufoy told Mary she should make her a present of the wedding dress. Mary Carr winced sometimes, but she remembered Adeline's pale cheek and troubled spirit, and bore all patiently.

One day, while they were at dinner, who should arrive unexpectedly but the Baron de la Chasse. Some difficulty with the lawyers as to the marriage-settlements rendered necessary a personal interview with M. de Castella. The latter pressed him to remain a few days, and he consented. Adeline was both terrified and dismayed, and she wrote to Mr. St. John before she slept.

Three evenings later, the whole party were assembled in the billiard-room. The windows were open, and the hot breeze was whiffing in, blowing the lights about, and causing the wax to drop. It was between ten and eleven, and the baron and Signor de Castella were finishing their last game, when the door opened, and in walked Mr. St. John. Adeline started from her seat with a faint, involuntary cry; but, in the universal surprise, the movement was not observed.

He looked very well; and oh! how handsome! It seemed to strike them all, after this short absence, though he had no advantages from dress, being in his travelling attire. How could they blame Adeline for loving him? A hundred inquiries were made after Mrs. St. John. She was entirely out of danger, he answered, and progressing towards recovery.

"Will you allow me the honour of half an hour's interview with you to-morrow morning, sir?" he said, addressing M. de Castella, in a tone which the whole room might hear.

"Certainly," returned M. de Castella. But he looked somewhat surprised.

"At what hour?" inquired St. John.

"Any hour. Name your own."

"Ten o'clock then." And he took his leave.

He might well clasp Adeline's hand to reassure her, as he went out, for they could have heard her heart beat, as he made that request to her father. She retired to her chamber, but not to sleep: the anxiety of the coming day prevented rest. But, amidst all the suspense that turned her heart to sickness—amidst the dread of what the approaching hours might bring forth—amidst the strange doubt and agony which had come with the image of Sarah Beauclerc, there arose one bright, rapturous gleam of sunshine—he was once more with her: she had heard his beloved voice, and felt the pressure of his hand, and the world was again Eden. Though with that yellow shade over it.

It was striking ten, the next morning, when Mr. St. John entered the house. He brought a roll of music in his hand for Rose, and presented Mary Carr with a handsome writing-case: an acknowledgment, she always thought, of the slight service she had rendered him and Adeline. He then passed into the cabinet of M. de Castella.

The interview lasted an hour—an hour!—and Adeline in suspense all that time. She could not remain for an instant in one place—now up-

stairs, now down. She was crossing the hall, for about the hundredth time, when the cabinet door opened, and Mr. St. John came out. He seized her hand and took her into the yellow drawing-room. She trembled violently from head to foot, like she had trembled the night of his departure for England. It was the first moment of their being alone together, and he embraced her tenderly, and held her to his heart.

"You have ill news for me!" she uttered, at length. "We are to be separated!"

"We will not be separated, Adeline. Strange! strange!" he continued, leaving her to pace the room, "that people can be so infatuated as to fancy an engagement of form must necessarily imply an engagement of hearts! M. de Castella does not understand—he cannot understand that your happiness is at stake. In short, he laughed at that."

"Is he very angry?"

"No; but vexed. I have not time now to relate to you all that passed, liable as we are to interruption. I told him that the passion which had arisen between us was not of will—that I had not purposely placed myself in your path to gain your love—that we had been thrown together by circumstances, and thus it had arisen. I pointed out that no blame could by any possibility attach to you, but it might be due to me; for I did not deny that when I saw an attachment was growing up between us, I might have flown before it was irrevocably planted, and did not."

"Did you part in anger?" she shuddered.

"On the contrary. M. de Castella is anxious to treat the affair as a jest, and hinted that it might be dropped as such. I did not reply: thinking it better not to venture too far at the first interview. Perhaps he imagined he had convinced me, for he asked me to dinner."

"Frederick! You will surely come?"

"I shall come, Adeline, for your sake."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a shiver, "how will it end?"

"My dearest," he said earnestly, "you must be calm. Fear nothing, now I am by you. Rely upon it, you shall be my wife."

"Mr. St. John," cried Rose, as they went into the west drawing-room, "you have brought the music for me, the writing-case for Mary Carr, but what have you brought for Adeline?"

"Myself," he quietly answered.

"There's many a true word spoken in jest," laughed Rose. "You don't think you have been taking *me* in all this time, Mr. St. John, with your letters to Mary Carr, and her envelopes back again? Bah! pas si bête," cried Rose, waltzing on to the colonnade.

Mr. St. John turned to Miss Carr, and thanked her for the very thing Rose had named. "I presume you know," he said, "that our correspondence was perfectly justified, though I did not wish it declared until my return—that we are affianced to each other?"

"I have feared it some time, Mr. St. John."

"Feared it?"

"Yes. Adeline is promised to another: and the French look upon such engagements as sacred."

"In a general way. But there are cases of exception. We have your good wishes, I hope."

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"Indeed you have. For I fear it may be a matter of life and death to Adeline—as it is decided. She is a sensitive plant."

"And shall be cherished as one."

It was a most uncomfortable dinner that day. Mr. St. John was present, looking haughty and resolute, and De la Chasse furious. Somehow, the pretensions of Mr. St. John had oozed out—Mary Carr thought through poor old Madame de Beaufoy—and De la Chasse had aspersed St. John, in no measured terms, before them all. After dinner, Signor de Castella led the way to the billiard-room, hoping, probably, that the knocking about of balls might dissipate the constraint. But it came to an open rupture. Some difference of opinion arose about the game: St. John was calm, but unbending; De la Chasse gave way to his anger, and so far forgot himself, as personally to attack, by words, Mr. St. John. "A spendthrift, who had run through his own fortune, to come hunting after Adeline's——"

"Vous êtes menteur!" shouted Mr. St. John, turning short upon the baron. But what further he would have followed up with was stopped by Adeline, who, terrified out of self-control, darted across the room, and touching St. John's arm whispered him to be calm for her sake. De la Chasse advanced and offered his hand to remove Adeline, but St. John threw his arm round her waist with haughty defiance.

"Mademoiselle, you are degrading yourself!" uttered De la Chasse. "Come from his side."

There was no answer from St. John, but a quiet smile of contempt, and his retaining hold of Adeline. The baron was foaming, but as to his attempting to remove Adeline by force, he knew he might as well have attempted to move the château, and have got pitched out at window, probably, into the bargain.

"Sir, I appeal to you," he stuttered, turning to M. de Castella, for the scene had really passed so quickly that the latter had found no breath to interfere. "Is it fit that my promised wife should thus be subjected to insult in my presence?"

"Adeline," interposed M. de Castella, sternly, "return to your mother."

"She is *my* promised wife," said Mr. St. John to the baron, "and I have a right to retain her here—the right of affection. A right that *you* will never have."

"I will not bandy words with him, I will not," foamed De la Chasse. "Monsieur de Castella, when your salon shall be freed from that man I will re-enter it." He turned upon his heel, and left the billiard-room, banging the door after him.

"Mademoiselle," reiterated M. de Castella to his daughter, who was sobbing aloud in her terror and agitation, "do you disobey me? Return to your mother."

"*She* does not disobey you, sir, and never has done willingly," cried Mr. St. John, as he released Adeline, and conducted her across the room to Madame de Castella.

"These scenes must be put a stop to, Mr. St. John. You received my answer this morning."

"Only to re-enter upon it, sir. The particulars which I spared then I will relate now."

"I do not wish to hear them," said Signor de Castella, irritably.

"Sir," calmly interposed Mr. St. John, "I demand it as a right. The baron has been freely remarking upon me and my conduct to-day, I understand, in the hearing of all present, and I must be permitted to justify myself."

"You must allow for the feeling of irritation on the baron's part. You are neither devoid of cool judgment nor sound sense, Mr. St. John."

"That is just what I have allowed for," replied Mr. St. John, frankly.

"He feels, no doubt, that he is an injured man; and so I have been willing to show him consideration. Any other man, speaking of me as *De la Chasse* has done, would have got a horsewhipping first, and the option of meeting me afterwards."

"Let this unpleasant matter be dropped, Mr. St. John," was the resolute answer.

"Sir, I beg you to listen to my explanation: it shall be given without disguise. When I came of age, I obtained possession of a handsome fortune. It is all dissipated. I was not free from the faults of youth, common to my inexperience and rank, and I was as extravagant as my worst enemy could wish. But I solemnly assert that I never have been guilty of a dishonourable thought or mean action. There is not a man or woman living, who can bring a word of reproach against me, save that of excessive imprudence in regard to my money—and a good part of that went to help those who wanted it worse than I do. Well, about a twelve-month ago, I was cleared out, and had liabilities to the amount of a few thousands besides."

"Pray do not enter upon these details, Mr. St. John," interrupted the Signor de Castella.

"Sir, I must go on—with your permission. My brother, Mr. Isaac St. John, whom you know, by reputation, sent for me to Castle-Wafer. He pointed out to me the errors of my career: told me to reflect upon the heedless course I was pursuing. I *had* been reflecting on it, had become quite as awake to its ills as he could be, and I had firmly resolved that it should end: but to a man deep in debt, good resolutions are sometimes difficult to carry out. My brother offered to set me free; but upon two conditions. One was, that I would give him my word of honour never to set my name to another bill; the second, that I should take to myself a wife. The first I was quite willing to accede to, and keep; but I demurred to the latter, and my brother explained his generous intentions further. He and my mother were extremely anxious that I should marry; not only as a security against my relapsing into unsteady habits, but because some superstitious fear clings to our branch of the family, that with us, my brother and myself, will die out the last of the St. Johns. Isaac proposed to give up to me, at once, Castle-Wafer—it has always been his intention to do so when I married—and to resign to me an income proportioned to it. A liberal settlement he also offered to make on my wife, whom they had already fixed upon."

"Was it Miss Beauclerc?" interrupted Rose, who never lost her equanimity in her life.

"It was my cousin Anne," resumed Mr. St. John, with scarcely a glance at Rose. "She and my mother were at that time visiting at Castle-Wafer. But the marriage suited neither her nor me. She was engaged, unknown to her friends, to Captain Saville, and she confided to

me this attachment. I took upon myself all the brunt of the refusal—for Captain Saville's position, at that period, did not justify his aspiring openly to Lady Anne St. John—and informed my brother I could not marry Anne. High words rose between us, and we parted in anger. I thought then, and always shall think, that he was very severe upon me—I mean as to my past follies. He, in the isolated position which his infirmity has caused him to enshrine round himself since childhood, had never been exposed to the temptations which attend youth and rank, and he could not make allowance for me. He spoke of them as crimes, rather than venial errors, and I retorted passionately. I said more than I ought, and in this spirit we parted, I returning to London. Just then my mother's sister died, leaving me what money was at her disposal. It was not much; but it was sufficient to pay my debts, and to this purpose it is being applied, as it is realised. By next November every shilling I owe will be discharged. I should have preferred not appearing again before my brother until I was a free man, but circumstances have ordered it otherwise. I was about setting out for Castle-Wafer the day information reached me that De la Chasse had again made his appearance here, and I came off at once, without the credentials I should otherwise have brought with me. But you cannot doubt me, M. de Castella?"

"Doubt what?"

"My ability—my power—to offer a suitable position to your daughter."

"Sir, the question cannot arise. Though I should very much doubt it. My daughter is not Lady Anne St. John."

"I should have added that Lady Anne is married; a change having occurred in Captain Saville's prospects. She wrote to my brother, on her marriage, telling him it was at her instigation I refused her: without referring to my own feelings; and indeed she did not know whether they were favourable to her or the contrary: no necessity," he continued, with a passing smile, "for telling Anne I declined the honour of her hand. My brother is most anxious to be reconciled to me: I know it from my mother. And I can take upon myself to say that all the favourable projects and settlements he proposed for Lady Anne, will be renewed for Adeline."

"Then you would take upon yourself to say too much, Mr. St. John: you cannot answer for another. But let this unprofitable conversation end. My daughter is promised to Monsieur de la Chasse, and no other man will she marry."

"Sir," cried Mr. St. John, speaking with agitation, "will you answer me one question. If I were in a position to offer Adeline ample settlements; to take her to Castle-Wafer as her present home—and you know it must eventually descend to me—would you consider me a suitable match for her?"

"It is a question that never can arise."

"I pray you answer it me—in courtesy," pleaded Mr. St. John.

"Would you deem me eligible in a pecuniary point of view?"

"Certainly. It is an alliance that a higher family than mine might aspire to."

"Then, sir, I return this night to England. And will not again present myself to you, until I come armed with these credentials."

"Absurd! absurd!" ejaculated M. de Castella, whilst Adeline uttered a smothered cry of fear. "I have allowed this conversation to go on,

out of respect to you, Mr. St. John, but I beg to tell you, once for all, that Adeline never can be yours."

"I will not urge the subject further at present," said Mr. St. John, as he held out his hand to bid adieu to Madame de Castella. "We will resume it on my return from England."

"You surely do not mean to persist in this insane journey!" abruptly uttered M. de Castella.

"Signor de Castella," said Mr. St. John, with a pale cheek but firm manner, "I will not resign your daughter. If I could forget my own feelings, I must remember hers. To marry her to De la Chasse would be to abandon her to the grave. She is not strong; you know it; not fitted to battle with misery. Adeline, my darling," he added, turning to her, for she was sobbing hysterically, "why this distress? I have repeatedly assured you, when your fears of these explanations were great, that I would never resign you to De la Chasse, or to any other. Hear me repeat that assertion in the presence of your parents—by the help of Heaven, my love, you shall be my wife."

"Meanwhile," said M. de Castella, sarcastically, "as you are now, at least, under my authority, Adeline, permit me to suggest that you retire from this room."

She rose obediently, and went towards the door, sobbing.

"A moment," cried Mr. St. John, deprecatingly, "if it is from my presence you would send her. I am going myself. Adieu to all."

He opened the door, and stood with it in his hand, glancing hesitatingly at Adeline. Her feelings were wrought to a high pitch of excitement, control forsook her, and darting forward she clung to the arm of Mr. St. John, sobbing out hysterically,

"You will return—you will not desert me—you will not leave me to him?"

He wound his arms round her, just as though they had been alone. "It is only compulsion that takes me from you, Adeline," he whispered. "Be assured I will not let the grass grow under my feet. When three days shall have passed, look every minute for my return: and then, my darling, we shall part no more."

Lower yet he bent his head, and kissed her fervently. Then resigned her to them, for they had come flocking round, turned, and was gone.

De la Chasse left for Paris the next day. He concluded Mr. St. John had taken himself off for good. He did not appear to lay blame to Adeline: all his superfluous rage was vented on St. John. As to any affection Adeline might be suspected of entertaining for Mr. St. John, that he thought nothing of. A Frenchman does not understand or believe in this sort of affection.

The banns of the marriage were put up, and would shortly be published to the world, according to the custom of the country. "Alphonse Jean Hippolyte de la Chasse and Adeline Luisa de Castella." The ceremony was to take place at the neighbouring chapel; the civil portion of it, previously, at the Mairie at Odesque. A sumptuous banquet-dinner was to be given in the evening by M. de Castella at the château, and the following morning the bride and bridegroom were to leave it for Paris. In the course of a few days, Signor and Madame de Castella were to join them, and all four would then proceed to the South together.

"I'd have seen them further, before they should have made such arrangements for me, with their French ideas!" bluntly exclaimed Rose to Adeline. "If I could not go away with my husband on my wedding-day, I'd run away with him beforehand."

Three days passed, and no Mr. St. John. The fourth morning arose, and Adeline was in a distressing state of excitement; as she had been ever since his departure. To what can I compare her restless anxiety? You all remember the old tale of Bluebeard. "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?"

"Alas, my sister, I see only the dust from a flock of sheep."

"Sister Anne, Sister Anne, can you see anybody coming?"

Thus it was with Adeline. When her eyes ached with looking out, and she retired momentarily to refresh them, it would be, "Rose, Rose, do you see him coming?"

"No, I don't see a soul."

And then, "Mary! go to the window. Can you see him coming?"

And the day passed like the others, and he never came. It was, indeed, an anxious time with her. Left to herself, the marriage would inevitably take place, for, unsupported by St. John, she should not dare to oppose her father. But, on the fifth morning—ah, what triumph!—he returned. Adeline, dear girl, look at him, what do you read? A firm, self-possessed step, self-possessed even for him, a proud smile on his beautiful features, a glance of assured satisfaction in his truthful eye. He comes, indeed, as St. John of Castle-Wafer.

Miss de Beaufoy, Adeline, and Mary were alone; the rest had gone over to the farm. He took Adeline's hands in his: he saw how she had been suffering. "But it is over, over," he whispered to her; "I shall never leave you more."

"It was unwise of you to come back, Mr. St. John," said Aunt Agnes, as she shook hands with him.

"It was wise of me to go," he cried, a happy flush of triumph on his brow. "Ah, dear Miss Beaufoy, you will soon pay us a visit at Castle-Wafer. Where is Monsieur de la Chasse?"

"He has left for Paris."

"I am sorry for it."

Adeline looked at him.

"He styled me an adventurer—a hunter after Adeline's fortune. Had he remained till to-day, he might have eaten his words."

"What is there to hope?" whispered Adeline.

"Hope all, hope everything, my love," was his reply. "I tell you to do so."

St. John, like an ambassador, had brought his credentials with him. All that he had so confidently asserted to M. de Castella was realised. His brother had received him with open arms, and shed tears of joy over the reconciliation. Solicitors were at once employed to liquidate Frederick's remaining debts, and to set free so much of his property as was in the keeping of the Jews. Castle-Wafer would be resigned to him on his marriage, and a brilliant income. He had represented Adeline in glowing colours to his brother, not enlarging on her beauty, which he said would speak for itself, but on her numerous endearing qualities of mind and heart. And the latter, as he listened, became reconciled to the frustration of the marriage with Lady Anne St. John, and wrote word to Adeline

that he was prepared to love and welcome her as a daughter. His offered settlements for her were the same which he had proposed for Lady Anne, and undeniable.

A letter from him to Signor de Castella was presented by Mr. St. John. It contained formal proposals for Adeline, with an explanatory detail of what has been stated, in substance, above, submitting the whole to M. de Castella's approval. The letter also contained a request, which Frederick was to urge in person, for M. de Castella and his family to at once visit Castle-Wafer, that he might become acquainted with the home to which he consigned his child. The marriage could then take place as soon as was convenient, either in England or France, as might be agreed upon, after which, Frederick would take her to a warmer clime for the winter months.

Annoyed as M. de Castella was, he could not but be flattered at the honour done him, for he well knew that Isaac St. John of Castle-Wafer might aspire, for his brother, to a higher alliance than his would be. But he showed his vexation.

"You have acted improperly, Mr. St. John, both towards me, and towards your brother. Pray did you tell him that Adeline was, all but, the wife of another?"

"I told him everything," said Mr. St. John, firmly; "and he agreed with me, that for Adeline's own sake, if not for mine, she must be rescued from the unhappiness which threatens her."

"You are bold, sir," cried M. de Castella, a flush of anger rising to his brow.

"I am," returned Mr. St. John, "bold and determined. You must pardon the avowal. It would ill become me to be otherwise, when so much is at stake."

M. de Castella wheeled back his easy-chair, as he sat, the only diversion from the uncomfortable, straight-backed seats which graced his cabinet. "Listen to me," he said; "I hope finally. Your journey to Castle-Wafer, as I warned you it would be, has been worse than profitless: our conversation is the same. No human entreaty or menace—could such be offered me—would alter my determination one iota. Adeline will marry De la Chasse."

"I have abstained from urging my own feelings," said Mr. St. John, warmly, "but you must be aware their happiness is at stake. My whole future, so to speak, is bound up in Adeline."

"You do well not to urge them; it would make no difference: I am sorry, but it would not. This must end, Mr. St. John. I have already expressed my acknowledgments to you for the honour done me in your wish for an alliance; I shall express them presently to your brother. And I have no objection to confess, that, under different circumstances, I might have been tempted to entertain it. But the barrier between you and Adeline is insuperable."

"Oh, M. de Castella, pray reflect. I have been bred with as nice a sense of honour as you: I venture to say it: and I trust I shall never be guilty of aught to tarnish that honour. But I should deem it an unrighteous thing to sacrifice to it a fellow-creature's happiness, and she an only child."

"Oh, tush! Sacrifice!—happiness! These chimeras of the imagination are not looked upon in a serious light with us. Adeline may rebel in

spirit—may repine for a week or two, but when once she is married to the baron, she will settle down contentedly enough.”

“You are killing her,” exclaimed St. John, excitedly. “You may not see it, but I tell you true. The painful suspense and agitation she has been exposed to lately, if continued, would kill her.”

“Then if such be your opinion, Mr. St. John,” returned the signor, sarcastically, “you should put an end to it by withdrawing yourself.”

“I will not withdraw; I will not give up Adeline. I am more worthy of her than he is.”

“You have been highly reprehensible throughout the affair. You knew that Adeline was promised to another, and it was your duty to fly, or at least absent yourself from her, when you found an attachment was arising.”

“I don’t know that I was awake to it in time. But if I had been, most likely I should not have flown. Had I been needy, as that man called me, or one whose rank was inferior to hers, then my duty would have been plain; but the heir to Castle-Wafer has no need to fly like a craven.”

“Not on that score—not on that score. Had Adeline been but a peasant and engaged to another, you should have respected that engagement, and left her free.”

“I did not set myself out to gain her love. I assure you, M. de Castella, that the passion which grew up between us was unsought on either side. It was the result of companionship, of similar tastes and sympathies; and it was firmly seated, I am convinced, in both our hearts, before I ever uttered a word, or gave way to an action that could be construed into a wooing one. And you will forgive me for reminding you, that had Adeline regarded M. de la Chasse with the feelings essential to render a marriage with him happy, she would have remained indifferent to me.”

“Our conference is at an end,” observed M. de Castella, rising, “and I beg to state that I can never suffer it to be renewed. Finally, I feel obliged, flattered, by the honour you would have done Adeline, but I have no alternative but to decline it.”

“You have an alternative, M. de Castella.”

“I have none. I have none, on my honour. Will you be the bearer of my despatch to Castle-Wafer?”

“No. I shall remain where I am for the present.”

“I cannot pretend to control your movements, Mr. St. John, but it will be well that you absent yourself until after my daughter’s marriage. Were you to come in contact with the baron, much unpleasantness might ensue.”

“He is not here,” interrupted Mr. St. John, “therefore the question cannot arise.”

“I have no wish that our friendship should be interrupted,” returned M. de Castella, “for I have always enjoyed your society much. If you will but be reasonable, and drop all recollection of this unpleasant matter.”

Mr. St. John made no reply. As he left the cabinet, he nearly ran over Father Marc, who seemed to be leaning against the door. Could the priest have been listening? The thought occurred to Mr. St. John.

## LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

## No. XXXI.—OWEN MEREDITH'S POEMS.\*

HERE, if not a full-fledged poet, is at least no mere unfledged poetaster. If not already great in performance, the poetry of Owen Meredith is great in promise. Young he evidently is, and his verses are not exempt from the liabilities of youth : but that is a kind of fault which every day will, or ought to, mend ; and if the present minstrel's strains show in no scant measure the unripeness of youth, its lack of restraint, of discipline, of chastened judgment, so do they its energy, its glow, the large hope which belongs to life's dawn, the rich fancy which to itself a kingdom is. He is thoughtful, and gives to his thoughts a serious, earnest expression ; a tender pathos frequently marks his lines, of ample power to soften and subdue ; vigour is not wanting, on occasion, even of a dramatic order ; he is a close and loving student of Nature and her works, her landscapes, her sea-changes, her skyey influences ; and he has an ear for the music of rhythm and metrical variations, something over-fond perhaps of the free and adventurous in this line of things.

"Clytemnestra" may be pronounced a dashing "grand junction" of the Classical and the Romantic in tragic art. In much keeping pretty close to Æschylus, it is suffused with the glow and colouring of post-Shakspearian times. It has choruses, dialogues, and phrases that in form may be thought almost too literally Grecian, but in spirit they belong to an age which has been sung to by Keats and Shelley, Tennyson and the Brownings. "Clytemnestra" is incomparably more spirited, powerful, and impressive an imitation of the old Attic type—more free in movement, striking in situation, and rich in composition—than we remember to have seen this many a day in any production of the kind. *Clytemnestra* herself, a gorgeous tragedy queen, in sceptred pall comes sweeping by, majestic, strong of will, and hot of passion ;—the *Clytemnestra* of Æschylus, it has been said by Schlegel, could not with propriety have been portrayed as a frail seduced woman, but must appear with the features of the heroic age, so rife with bloody catastrophes, in which all passions were vehement, and men, both the good and the bad, surpassed the ordinary standard of later and un-heroic ages : and after this Æschylean type is moulded this new impersonation of the royal regicide. *Ægisthus*, beside her, is a very foil to set off her energies to the utmost—a puny sinner, whose ambitions, purposes, resolves, passions, beside *hers*,

Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.

He cringes before her as she woos him, aghast at her power over his fluttering, abject soul, and sees in her a godlike fiend, in whose eyes heaven and hell seem meeting, and who owns and plies a spell to sway the inmost courses of his soul. She can reproach the gods for fashioning

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\* *Clytemnestra*, *The Earl's Return*, *The Artist*, and other Poems. By Owen Meredith. London : Chapman and Hall. 1855.



her in woman's soft mould, giving her those lengths of silky hair, those hands too delicately dimpled, and those arms too white, too weak, the while they left the man's heart in her, to mar their masterpiece—

That I should perish,  
Who else had won renown among my peers,  
A man, with men—perchance a god with you,  
Had you but better sex'd me, you blind Gods!

Her pathetic recital of the days when *Iphigenia* nestled in her bosom, comes in with similar effect to *Lady Macbeth's*\* remembrance of her father, so like the sleeping *Duncan*. The description of the sacrifice in Aulis by the Chorus is vivid and forcible, though it reads like an expansion of the terse stanzas by Tennyson,† with which the *Quarterly Review* saw fit to make merry, twenty years since. Of Mr. Meredith's choruses in general we should be glad to quote one or two specimens; but strophes and antistrophes take up such a deal of room, and we have so little to spare, that we must content ourselves with commending them to the attention of the reader, whether learned in Greek plays or not—if the former, he will appreciate something of the English playwright's plastic art and sympathetic genius—if the latter, he (or, being by hypothesis "no scholar" in the Greek, she) has an opportunity of forming a more lively notion of what the Greek chorus was like, and in a style vastly more readable, enjoyable, and rememberable, than in a vast majority of similar adaptations.

Mr. Meredith is possibly a little too fond of dealing with connubial difficulties. Leaving "*Clytemnestra*," the most powerful thing in the volume is "*The Wife's Tragedy*"—but its power is of the same objectionable cast as that which marks Kotzebue's *Menschenhass und Rencoe* ("*The Stranger*" of our stage), and its finale is pitched in the same (may we call it falsetto?) key. "*Good Night in the Porch*" is free from any such exception, and is an affecting transcript of household love, in spirit and manner not without affinity to "*Bertha in the Lane*" by Mrs. Browning, whom indeed our young poet has clearly studied, and admired to the point of imitation,—that gifted lady's husband, and the post-laureate being also, repeatedly and emphatically, among the models after whom he has formed himself, though with a sufficient accompaniment of independence, and original character, to warrant the belief that, in

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\* The Thane's wife must have been often in our poet's eye, while working out his ideal of the wife of the Grecian generalissimo. At times there is an almost plagiarism, however unconscious, from the very language of Shakapere. The famous "If we should fail,"—"We fail!" &c., may seem to have suggested the point in the following, where *Clytemnestra* is striving to determine the indeterminate nature of her feeble accomplice:

*Clyt.* His lips compress—his eye dilates—he is saved!  
O, when strong natures into frailer ones  
Have struck deep root, if one exalt not both,  
Both must drag down and perish!

*Agisth.* If we should live—  
*Clyt.* And we shall live.  
*Agisth.* Yet . . . yet—  
*Clyt.* What! shrinking still?

I'll do the deed, &c.

† "A Dream of Fair Women."

future efforts, he will approve himself capable of a "self-supporting system," that shall defy allusion to "Sordello," or to "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," or to "A Dream of Fair Women." The singular poem entitled "The Earl's Return" is a medley of all his manners and moods—alternately wild, dreamy, tender, rugged, stormy, subtle, and grimly humorous. "A Soul's Loss" is a forcible but melodious record of stifled passion—some of the stanzas breathe the deepest thoughts in words that burn into the soul, and compel sympathy with that other soul's "Loss." "The Artist," again, is rich in meditative passages, and evidences an artist-author in the smoothness and sweetness of its metrical flow, while it implies a pledge of his inspiration to eschew all second-hand trading in authorship, and to speak out for himself the poetry that may be in him, and beat out music of his own, nor be

Degenerate copyist of copies.

The enthusiasm with which the sights and sounds of Mother Earth are observed in these poems, and the fulness with which their charms, or imposing pomps, or lurking mysteries, are chronicled, form one of the most note-worthy characteristics of this new poet. He delights to depict the stagnant levels, burning in the distant marsh—the garden-bowers dim with dew—the white-rose thorns twinkling with sparkling drops—to bid us list the bittern's parting call, and the harsh murmurs of the frogs among the low reeds,—or watch the coming and going overhead of wimowing bats, and the snails' dull march adown shining trails,

With slow pink cones, and soft wet horns.

We meet by the score with descriptive fragments such as this :

From the warm upland comes a gust made fragrant with the brown hay there.  
The meek cows with their white horns thrust above the hedge, stand still and stare.

The steaming horses from the wains droop o'er the tank their plaited manes.

Or this sea-side sketch :

And when the dull sky darken'd down to the edges,  
And the keen frost kindled in star and spar,  
The sea might be known by a noise on the ledges  
Of the long crags, gathering power from afar  
Thro' his roaring bays, and crawling back  
Hissing, as o'er the wet pebbles he dragg'd  
His skirt of foam fray'd, dripping, and jagg'd.

Every sea-shore roamer will own the graphic effect of the next extract:

But when the swallow, that sweet new-comer,  
Floated over the sea in the front of the summer,  
The salt dry sands burn'd white, and sicken'd  
Men's sight in the glaring horn of the bay;  
And all things that fasten, or float at ease  
In the silvery light of the leprous seas  
With the pulse of a hideous life were quicken'd,  
Fell loose from the rocks, and crawl'd crosswise away.  
Slippery sidelong crabs, half-strangled  
By the white sea-grasses in which they were tangled,  
And those half-living creatures, orb'd, ray'd, and sharp-angled,  
Fan-fish, and star-fish, and polypous lumps,

Hueless and boneless, that languidly thicken'd,  
 Or flat-faced, or spiked, or ridged with humps,  
 Melting off from their clotted clusters and clumps,  
 Sprawled over the shore in the heat of the day.

Stanzas abound, too, of pictorial power like the following :

The ozier'd, oozy water, ruffled  
 By fluttering swifts that dip and wink :  
 Deep cattle in the cowslips muffled,  
 Or lazy-eyed upon the brink, &c.

Several of the minor poems in this collection are as fully stored with similar descriptive details ; one in particular, whose only title is " Song," riots in wealth of illustration from garden-ground—each allusion betokening a habit of observation on the part of the songster, who testifies what he has seen with his eyes, and heard with his ears, and his hands have handled, feelingly, in the world of nature, not merely in the echo of books—the purple iris hanging its head on its lean stalk, the spider spilling his silver thread between the columbines' bells, the drunken beetle, that,

————roused ere night,  
 Breaks blundering from the rotten rose,—

the jasmin dropping her yellow stars

In mildew'd mosses one by one,—

the hollyhocks falling off their tops, the lotus-blooms that " ail white i' the sun," the freckled foxglove fainting and grieving, while

The smooth-paced slumbrous slug devours  
 The dewy leaves of gorgeous flowers,  
 And smears the glistening leaves.

Meanwhile, all to the burden of the song, " suns sink away, sweet things decay," we mark how

From brazen sunflowers, orb and fringe,  
 The burning burnish dulls and dies :  
 Sad Autumn sets a sullen tinge  
 Upon the scornful peonies :  
 The dewy frog limps out, and heaves  
 A speckled lump in speckled bowers :  
 A reeking moisture clings, and lowers  
 The lips of lapping leaves.

Specimens of Mr. Meredith's imagery it were easier to collect than to select, at least so as to do him justice. His similitudes are often striking, sometimes a little overstrained. The forlorn Lady in " The Earl's Return," weary with watching, and wasted with pining regrets, is described at night as putting by

————the coil and care  
 Of the day that lay furl'd like an idle weft\*  
 Of heaped spots which a bright snake hath left,  
 Or that dark house, the blind worm's lair,  
 When the star-winged moth from the windows hath crept.

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\* " Weft " is a favourite word with Mr. Meredith, who is fond of reiterating a pet phrase. We have noted various instances : here is one, of the recurring use of the word " ripple " in reference to music :

Sir Launcelot's "mighty shield," hacked and worn by dint of knightly combat, is said to have

Look'd like some crack'd and frozen moon that hangs  
By night o'er Baltic headlands all alone.

The Greek Herald, observing the effect of his news on Clytemnestra, and awed by "that brooding eye whose light is language," thus describes her reception of his message of Agamemnon's advent :

—Some great thought, I see,  
Mounts up the royal chambers of her blood,  
As a king mounts his palace; holds high pomp  
In her Olympian bosom; gains her face,  
Possesses all her noble glowing cheek  
With sudden state; and gathers grandly up  
Its slow majestic meanings in her eyes!

When Clytemnestra finds Ægisthus failing her, and utterly belying her hopes of him, and of her own future in and through him, she bitterly exclaims :

This was the Atlas of the world I built!

Alexander Smith is not to have Night and the Stars all to himself;—rather he seems to have provoked to emulation them that are his fellows. Here is one of Owen Meredith's many commercings with the imagery of the starry firmament on high :

And when, over all of these, the night  
Among her mazy and milk-white signs,  
And cluster'd orbs, and zig-zag lines,  
Burst into blossoms of stars and light,  
The sea was glassy; the glassy brine  
Was paven with lights—blue, crystalline,  
And emerald green; the dark world hung  
Balanced under the moon, and swung  
In a net of silver sparkles.

The pale-faced lady who awaited so wistfully "the Earl's Return," has this among other starry visions of the night :

—Suddenly  
At times a shooting star would spin  
Shell-like out of heaven, and tumble in,

"Sometimes, at night, a music was roll'd—  
A ripple of silver harp-strings cold."—*The Earl's Return*.

Again:

"Then wave over wave of the sweet silver wires  
'Gan ripple, and the minstrel took heart to begin it."—*Ibid*.

And again:

"She turn'd and caught her lute, and pensively  
Rippled a random music down the strings."—*Elayne le Blanc*.

"Spill" is another privileged phrase, employed sometimes with an almost grotesque effect. We have—

"The spider spills his silver thread  
Between the bells of columbines."

And again:

—"I hear the sandy, shrill cascade  
Leap down upon the vale and spill  
His heart out round the muffled mill," &c.

And burst o'er a city of stars ; but she,  
 As he dash'd on the back of the Zodiac,  
 And quiver'd and glow'd down arc and node,  
 And split sparkling into infinity,  
 Thought that some angel, in his reveries  
 Thinking of earth, as he pensively  
 Lean'd over the star-grated balcony  
 In his palace among the Pleiades,  
 And grieved for the sorrow he saw in the land,  
 Had dropped a white lily from his loose hand.

There is danger of indulging with too wide a poetical license in "conceits" of this sort, which verge upon the "high fantastical."

"The Artist" is, perhaps, the best example of our poet's meditative habit. It owes something to Emerson in its cast of thought, but it has a "native hue of resolution," and character and pith of its own. It teaches the inexhaustible teachings of Nature, animate and inanimate—haply hid in bramble blossoms, or shut within the daisy-lid; it shows how the Creator's glory lies within reach, so that the mosses we trample on, and "the pebbles on the wet sea-beach, have solemn meanings strange and sweet."

The peasant at his cottage door  
 May teach thee more than Plato knew :  
 See that thou scorn him not : adore  
 God in him, and thy nature too.

We are bid seek more in the woodbine's breath, and the vine's woolly tendrils, than in Cato's suicide, or Cicero's words to Catiline—to recognise in the wild rose our next of blood, and our sisterhood in the kingcups. "Be strong," the would-be Artist is exhorted, "and trust high instincts more than all the creeds : " this is Emerson all over—

Not all the wisdom of the schools  
 Is wise for thee. Hast thou to speak ?  
 No man hath spoken for thee. Rules  
 Are well : but never fear to break  
 The scaffolding of other souls :  
 It was not meant for thee to mount ;  
 Though it may serve thee. Separate wholes  
 Make up the sum of God's account.

And so is this :

Burn catalogues. Write thine own books.  
 What need to pore o'er Greece and Rome ?  
 When whoso thro' his own life looks  
 Shall find that he is fully come  
 Through Greece and Rome, and Middle-Age :  
 Hath been by turns, ere yet full-grown,  
 Soldier, and Senator, and Sage,  
 And worn the tunic and the gown.

An excerpt or two, "most musical most melancholy," from "A Soul's Loss," will tell their own tale :

Mourn I may, that from her features  
 All the angel light is gone.  
 But I chide not. Human creatures  
 Are not angels. She was none.  
 Women have so many natures !  
 I think she loved me well with one.

(Surely there is a pent-up beauty in these lines, and a veiled depth of feeling, exceedingly rare. But again :)

Great men reach dead hands unto me  
 From the graves to comfort me.\*  
 Shakspeare's heart is throbbing thro' me.  
 All man has been man may be.  
 Plato speaks like one that knew me.  
 Life is made Philosophy.

Ah, no, no ! while yet the leaf  
 Turns, the truths upon it pall.  
 By the stature of this grief,  
 Even Shakspeare shows so small !  
 Plato palter with relief.  
 Grief is greater than them all !

We have left ourselves no space to give entire any prominent specimen of Mr. Meredith's lyrical genius. But after so many shreds, scraps, and sundries, dislocated and dismembered at our own will and pleasure, it is due to him to give some one "copy of verses" unbroken and unmangled—and in giving the following, it is also due to him to add, that our choice of it has been controlled by the "law of limitation" in a periodical's letter-press. If little, it has, however, the merit of being (what Hamlet calls) a "picture in little :"

#### THE RUINED PALACE.

Broken are the Palace windows :  
 Rotting is the Palace floor.  
 The damp wind lifts the arras,  
 And swings the creaking door ;  
 But it only startles the white owl  
 From his perch on a monarch's throne,  
 And the rat that was gnawing the harp-strings  
 A Queen once played upon.

Dare you linger here at midnight  
 Alone, when the wind is about,  
 And the bat, and the newt, and the viper,  
 And the creeping things come out ?  
 Beware of these ghostly chambers !  
 Search not what my heart hath been,  
 Lest you find a phantom sitting  
 Where once there sat a Queen.

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\* The repetition of this "me," with a difference in the accentuation, merely to accommodate the rhythm, not the sense, is a little awkward.

# ANGLOMANIA IN DENMARK.\*

## A SOCIAL SKETCH.

FROM THE DANISH. BY MRS. BUSHBY.

IN order to acquire a thorough knowledge of the age, or rather of the day, in which we live, it is not sufficient to study its politics and its literature, to be conversant with its mercantile and industrial resources, &c., one must make oneself acquainted with all the little facts, which, when combined, bestow upon the period a peculiar character. "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are," is a paradox belonging to the celebrated culinary art; but the paradox becomes true when thus explained—"if I do not know how you live, I do not know what you are;" and thus, to be thoroughly acquainted with one's own period, one must know how one's contemporaries eat, how they drink, how they dress—comport themselves; in a word, how they conduct and exhibit themselves in social life.

Our contemporaries of the higher classes have recently, but somewhat energetically, adopted, for the time being, an exclusive stamp—and that is the *Anglomania*, or *English sickness*, as it may be termed. Not to know this would betoken dire ignorance of the present period, and it is necessary that we study it at once without delay, while we can yet seize its diagnoses, or peculiar characteristics; in short, before it assimilates itself to our general condition, and becomes naturalised among us.

It is always interesting to trace a phenomenon from its earliest appearance through the onward steps of its development; to watch its progress from its rudimentary state, until it reaches its culminating point, especially when that culminating point be the highest work of the creation—man. We hope, therefore, that the same interest which is bestowed upon the vital functions of insects, toads, fishes, storks, monkeys, and human beings, will be vouchsafed to an inquiry into THE ENGLISH SICKNESS.

The Anglomania has raged for many years here in Denmark; but for a long time it did not attract much attention, because it was confined to the lower spheres of society. Whilst, in the fashionable world, the Gallomania prevailed, and nothing was thought of but French politics, French taste, French literature; whilst the scientific world was drenched with German mysticism, German profundity, German vapouring, and German bombast; whilst the young people were far gone in Scandinavianism, occupied with Swedish affairs, and ranging themselves under Scandinavian banners, the Anglomania was content with a sort of vegetative existence in stables, and in the homely company of grooms, farmers, and small country squires. That was the germ from which the Anglomania grew up as vigorous as the plant which springs from a grain of mustard-seed.

What was then the Anglomania's most striking characteristic was its extreme anxiety to bring about emancipation from all that goes by the

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\* From the "Folkekalender for Danmark, 1855."

name of—tail. The pigs were the first to be polished in this way. The thick, clumsy tail that betrayed the animal's vulgar Danish extraction, was metamorphosed into a slender, graceful *je ne sais quoi*, which, with a coquettish curl, significantly pointed upwards—*sic itur ad astra*; the dog who came under the influence of the Anglomania had its long drooping tail transformed into a short waving queue; and the horse subjected to the same ascendancy was found with only a reminiscence of that portion of his body.

But the year 1848, with its increased political and mercantile connexion with England, gave the Anglomania at once that spring for which it had been long, though silently, preparing; and it did not rest until it had taken a high stand among the peculiarities of the day. Socrates brought philosophy from heaven into the dwellings of man; in like manner it was a mercantile enterprise which introduced the Anglomania, *vid* Lowestoft, into our community. It first obtained a seat on the clerk's high stool at the counting-house, and it afterwards managed to stretch its nonchalant legs on the sofas of a drawing-room. It now sits there—proud, stately, and arrogant—resting upon the consciousness of its own high merits, and is a leader in the social compact. We shall, therefore, note down a few traits of the natural history of Anglomania, or, lest some should prefer the expression, we will give some of the symptoms of the English sickness.

In the male sex the Anglomania begins to appear about the fifteenth year, and gradually increases until it comes to a head, somewhere in or near the twentieth year. Where the development is normal, the complaint evinces itself by the following signs:—The limbs shrink to an almost terrifying thinness, and are encased in grey, or in large-chequered, tight-fitting unmentionables; the waistcoat is elongated, and adorned with a chain, which forms from the lowest button-hole a circle of 180 degrees in its way to the pocket; the dark coat—a legitimate "Anglo-man"\* never wears a long frock coat—is furnished with buttons in the middle of the back, the sleeves expand at the wrist, and tighten at the top, near the collar; an astonishing quantity of white linen is shown upon the breast; the long neck is encompassed by a narrow tie with enormous bows, and a stiff shirt collar which prevents the free movement of the head. The hair is parted over the left eyebrow, and falls towards the right shoulder, and bristles out so at the side that the individual resembles a water-dog that had been struggling against a stormy south-easter. The pride of man—his beard—timidly mounts his cheek, and then shoots out in long whiskers; and the head is crowned with a little tiny bit of a straw hat, or an uncommonly large felt hat, or a cap belonging to the antediluvian world. The walk is so swinging, that the dangling eye-glass sways back and forwards, and the arms are infected with a parallel motion.

Hitherto ninety-nine per cent. of the "Anglomen" have belonged to the mercantile class, and when one of them has been so fortunate as to have spent two or three months in London or Newcastle, the complaint strikes inwardly, and betrays new symptoms. The patient exhibits a violent longing for raw beefsteaks, plum-pudding, porter, and ale; he feels indisposed in bright sunshiny weather, but becomes well and

\* One crazy about everything English.



cheerful during thick fogs. To the great annoyance of his family, he makes it a rule to have a fit of spleen once a fortnight, and spends the day drinking port wine by the side of a coal fire, and renouncing the soothing cigar. He shrugs his shoulders contemptuously at everything which savours of Danish, especially at the Danish ladies, "who are only fit for cooks" compared to the English ladies. And if by chance any one touches his sleeve in brushing by him, he exclaims "God damn!" Finally, the patient becomes exceedingly disagreeable to his associates by his tiresome fastidiousness and constant ennui, and he winds up by using a plaid, instead of any other outer garment.

When the complaint appears in the decline of life, the sufferer from Anglomaniæ often involves himself in the mazes of obscure theoretical doctrines, whose nearest approach to reason and truth would disappear in the clear light of practical common sense. But another phase of this Anglomaniæ is evinced at this advanced period among sundry old gentlemen who used to flourish in our beloved islands in shoes and white stockings, at the time when to wear large stiff boots was the good burgher's first duty, and when to have sported an eye-glass would have been an infringement of the moral law. No one has an idea whence these elderly cavaliers come, who wander about as solitaires, like St. John the Baptist in the wilderness, living not exactly upon locusts, but upon quite as curious food—namely, old English beef—so gloriously old, that none but persons labouring under what may be termed a state of *break-neck abstraction*, could fancy it young—so petrified by age, that it would not be at all a wild idea to suppose it the flesh of some of the pigeons from Noah's Ark.

Let us now turn to the fair sex: and while searching for truth, which is the first duty of the natural historian, let us gladly make the gallant admission that this lovely sex have not hitherto been seized upon by the Anglomaniæ as by an epidemic disease; but we cannot deny that a sporadic case of it is found here and there. We do not often see a face bordered on each side by long fair ringlets; we do not often encounter the languishing looks of the English ladies: our ladies have fortunately not yet learned to mingle a degree of ludicrous prudery, and gloomy bigotry, with a bold system of busying themselves about all affairs touching on a certain watchword—EMANCIPATION; nevertheless we cannot be blind to the fact that our Danish dames and damsels have latterly shown a propensity towards eschewing every male creature who has not been formally introduced, and this savours of the Anglomaniæ. Further, we cannot fail to remark the tender-hearted, charitable fever which seems to be gaining ground. Not indeed quite to the extent in which it rages among Englishwomen, who get up associations for the relief of the distant and tolerably well-fed African negroes, whilst they leave their own poor neighbours to die of starvation, but which still is characterised by an extraordinary fancy for labouring in ladies' committees on account of asylums, hospitals, servant-girls, &c., to all of whom and which assistance might be more easily rendered with less ostentation.

However, we must arrest our observations here, that we may not involve ourselves in any unpleasant collision with our fair countrywomen. Let us conclude with the hope that what is called "the weaker sex" may continue to be able better to withstand the Anglomaniæ epidemic than the stronger sex have hitherto done.

## THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY:

OR, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OUR GRAND-  
FATHERS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

## PUBLIC CONVEYANCES IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

HAVING taken a glimpse at the state of the roads during the last century, it behoves us next to see what manner of vehicles were constructed for traversing them, and how they were contrived to resist the sudden shocks, and withstand the jerking and jolting occasioned by such trifling inequalities as ruts four feet deep, and sloughs of mud up to the horses' bellies. That they could not travel very fast must be at once apparent, but the speed to which they did attain seems wonderful when we consider the obstacles in their way. Swift, in his *Journal*, mentions travelling from Wycombe to Hyde-park Corner, the distance of twenty-seven miles, in five hours, but this was no doubt by post or private conveyance.

A few announcements of the coach-proprietors, taken from various periods, will throw some light upon this branch of our subject. In 1839 (and possibly to this hour), a printed card, framed and glazed, was preserved over the bar of the Black Swan Inn at York, giving notice that—

"Your four days' coach begins on Friday, the 12th April, 1706. All that are desirous to pass from London to York, or to any other place on that road, in this expeditious manner, let them repair to the Black Swan in Holbourne, in London, and to the Black Swan in Coney-street, York. At both places they may be received in a stage-coach, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, which actually performs the whole journey in the short space of four daies (if God permit)! The coach sets forth at five o'clock in the morning, and returns from York to Stamford, by Huntingdon, to London, in two daies more, allowing passengers 14lbs. weight, and all above, 3d. per lb."

A weary pilgrimage must it have been from Edinburgh to London:

"9TH MAY, 1734.—A coach will set out towards the end of next week for London, or any place on the road. To be performed in nine days, being three days sooner than any other coach that travels the road, for which purpose eight stout horses are stationed at proper distances."

At this period night travelling was not thought of: it was sufficiently hazardous to travel by day, and so great an undertaking was it considered, that, about 1720, a lady (Mrs. Manley) published a book of travels, under the title of "A Stage Coach Journey from London to Exeter," which informs us that the coach started from London at three o'clock in the morning. At ten the exhausted travellers were allowed to alight and take their dinner at a road-side inn; and at three o'clock in the afternoon the journey was concluded for the day, and the coach drawn into the inn-yard till next morning. This journey from London occupied four days of twelve hours each; so that, with a fair allowance for stoppages and meal times, the coach could scarcely have travelled at

the rate of four miles and a half in the hour. But if a Sunday intervened on the journey, the passengers were detained for the day in the town at which it chanced to find them, no stage-coaches being allowed to travel on the Sabbath. With these impediments, our readers will not be surprised to hear that, in 1745, the coach from Edinburgh to London, "the Northern Diligence, a huge, old-fashioned tub, drawn by three horses," according to Sir Walter Scott, performed its journey ("God willing," as the bills had it) in the moderate space of *three weeks!*

The arrangements for "sleeping the passengers" were always announced in the bills, thus:

"Manchester Machine, from the Swan with Two Necks, in two days; on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays. Sleep at Derby.

"Sheffield and Manchester, from ditto; same days, in two days. Sleep at Nottingham.

"Gloucester Post Coach, in one day. Carries four in and one out."

But, in 1740, an apparition appeared upon the road by night in the shape of a night coach; but the desperate enterprise seems to have been but little favoured at first, and, as late as the 8th of March, 1774, we find a post coach started "to go from the Rose and Crown, in St. John's-street, London; to run every Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday; *putting up*, first day at Grantham, second day at York, and third day at Newcastle; to carry six inside and two out;" the journey performed by nineteen proprietors on the line of road. And, in 1760, the passengers to Brighton were detained for the night at East Grinstead (thirty miles from London), where the coach put up, arriving at Brighton in the afternoon of the day after its departure from town.

In 1760, a coach started from London for Liverpool once a week, and accomplished the journey in four days; and, in 1765, a "flying-coach" ran to Dover in one day. This prodigy was drawn by eight horses. But even the Dover machines, with six horses, excited a sort of awe at this period by their speed. A French traveller, a Mr. Grosley, who travelled by one of them to London, says of them, "They are drawn by six horses, go twenty-eight leagues a day, from Dover to London, for a single guinea. Servants are entitled to a place for half that money, either behind the coach or upon the coach-box, which has three places."

Among a list of the terrific achievements of the coaches, starting from the Swan with Two Necks, in London, in April, 1774, we select the following as examples:

"A Post Coach to Gloucester, in sixteen hours, and a Machine in one day, each three days a week. A Machine to Hereford twice a week, in a day and a half. A Machine to Salop every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, in two days. A Machine for Wolverhampton every Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday, in one day."

The bill winds up with the following startling notice:

"The Rumsey Machine, through Winchester, hung on steel springs, begins flying on the 3rd of April, from London to Poole, in one day!"

The *Daily Advertiser*, of April 9, 1739, furnishes us with several characteristic announcements, from among which we may quote the following:

"FOR BATH.—A good Coach and able Horses will set out from the

Black Swan Inn, in Holborn, on Wednesday or Thursday. Inquire of William Maud."

"The old standing, constant Froom Flying Waggon, in three days, sets out with goods and passengers, from Froom for London, every Monday, by one o'clock in the morning, and will be at the King's Arms, at Holborn Bridge, the Wednesday following, by twelve o'clock at noon, from whence it will set out on Thursday morning, by one o'clock, for Amesbury, Shrewton, Chiltern, Heytesbury, Warminster, Froom, and all other places adjacent; and will continue, allowing each passenger fourteen pounds, and be at Froom on Saturday by twelve at noon. If any passengers have occasion to go from any of the aforesaid places, they shall be supplied with able horses and a guide by Joseph Clavey, the proprietor of the said Flying Waggon. The Waggon calls at the White Bear, in Piccadilly, coming in and going out," &c.

The general construction of these vehicles is thus described in the "Tales of an Antiquary:"

"They were principally of a dull black leather, thickly studded, by way of ornament, with black broad-headed nails, tracing out the panels, in the upper tier of which were four oval windows, with heavy red wooden frames, or leathern curtains. Upon the doors, also, were displayed, in large characters, the names of the places whence the coach started and whither it went, stated in quaint and antique language. The vehicles themselves varied in shape; sometimes they were like a distiller's vat, somewhat flattened, and hung equally balanced between the immense back and front springs. In other instances they resembled a violoncello case, which was, past all comparison, the most fashionable form: and then they hung in a more genteel posture, namely, inclining on to the back springs, and giving to those who sat within the appearance of a stiff Guy Fawkes uneasily seated. The roofs of the coaches, in most cases, rose into a swelling curve, which was sometimes surrounded by a high iron guard. The coachman and the guard, who always held his carbine ready-cocked upon his knee, then sat together over a very long and narrow boot, which passed under a large spreading hammercloth, hanging down on all sides, and finished with a flowing and most luxuriant fringe. Behind the coach was the immense basket, stretching far and wide beyond the body, to which it was attached by long iron bars or supports passing beneath it, though even these seemed scarcely equal to the enormous weight with which they were frequently loaded. These baskets were, however, never very great favourites, although their difference of price caused them to be frequently well filled. The wheels of these old carriages were large, massive, ill formed, and usually of a red colour, and the three horses that were affixed to the whole machine—the foremost of which was helped onwards by carrying a huge, long-legged elf of a postilion, dressed in a cocked-hat, with a large green-and-gold riding-coat—were so far parted, by the great length of their traces, that it was with no little difficulty that the poor animals dragged their unwieldy burden along the road. It groaned and creaked at every fresh tug which they gave it, as a ship, rocking or beating-up against a heavy sea, strains all her timbers, with a low moaning sound, as she drives over the contending waves."

This description agrees in most of its details with the stage-coach exhibited in Hogarth's "Country Inn Yard," except that the guard in the latter bears a sword instead of a carbine, and the postillion is a dwarf-boy, not "a huge, long-legged elf," nor so elegantly caparisoned as the writer describes. In the "Night" of the same artist we have a similar picture of a "flying coach," upset by a bonfire on the Fifth of November; and, in the series of the "Election," see Specimens of Carriages "inclining on to the back springs," which gives them the appearance of having broken down.

A writer in the *Monthly Magazine* of October, 1822, gives a description of the old stage-coaches of his early days, and, in particular, mentions one—the "Hope"—which ran to Sheffield somewhere about 1780, previously to the great improvement introduced by Mr. John Palmer in 1784. We shall quote his remarks, as he enters upon the subject of the old crane-necked springs:

"The coach consisted, first, of the boot, a tall, clumsy, turret-like mass, on the top of which the coachman sat, that was erected on, and, without the intervention of any springs, was fixed on the fore axle-tree of the carriage; second, of an enormous wicker basket, in like manner fixed on the hind axle-tree; and, third, between these masses, the coach body was suspended by thick straps from four of what are now, for distinction's sake, called crane-necked springs. The roads were, at the period alluded to, in general, rough, sloughy, and uneven, and occasioned a degree of jolting and tossing about of the three distinct masses of which a stage-coach then consisted, such as those can scarcely conceive who may have seen only the modern coaches constructed of one piece, and resting on what are called grasshopper springs, so contrived and placed, that the jerk occasioned to either of the wheels by coming in contact with a projecting stone, or by momentarily sinking into a hole in the road, is received by, and equalised amongst four or more springs, which act, not on a single corner of the coach as the crane-necked springs used to do."

Such coaches as these—unwieldy, ill-balanced, and frequently overweighted on the roof—drawn by such horses, and travelling such roads, were constantly meeting with accidents—overthrows, breakings down, or stinkings fast. But these were not the only, and scarcely the worst dangers to be dreaded; the significant hint about the guard's ready-cocked carbine, and the comfortable assurance with which the coach tells wound up of "Each of these conveyances being well guarded," tell of another peril—the highwaymen by whom the roads were infested. So desperate were these banditti that, sometimes single-handed, they would attack a coach, and, despite the guard's carbine, rob the affrighted passengers of their property. Here are instances, and we might fill our pages with similar ones:

"Tuesday evening, two of the Greenwich stages were stopped in Kent-street-road by a single highwayman, who robbed the passengers of their money," &c.—*London Evening Post*, May 7th, 1774.

"A few days ago the Ryegate coach was stopped a little way out of town, by a single highwayman, who robbed the passengers of thirty pounds."—*Westminster Journal*, October 29th, 1774.

"Friday night, the Epping stage-coach was robbed on the forest,

within a mile of the town, by two highwaymen, well mounted and masked; they robbed one inside passenger of half a guinea; they swore bitterly that one of the outside passengers, whom they pointed at, had been that day to receive twenty pounds, and if he did not immediately deliver the money he was a dead man. The poor man declaring that he had no such sum, one of them struck him a violent blow across the wrist with the butt-end of his whip, and, after telling the coachman he had a set of d——d poor passengers, gave him a shilling, and rode off.”—*Old British Spy*, January 4th, 1783.

We have selected these from among a host of such paragraphs which every old newspaper presents, but one of the most daring of these outrages was committed on the “Devizes chaise” on the 3rd of June, 1752, by a single highwayman, near the Half-way House at Knightsbridge. The evidence of the man who captured the robber gives a graphic account of the affray.

“William Norton examined—The chaise to the Devizes having been robbed two or three times, as I was informed, I was desired to go in it to see if I could take the thief, which I did on the 3rd of June, about half an hour after one in the morning. I got into the chaise; the postboy told me the place where he had been stopped was near the Half-way House, between Knightsbridge and Kensington. As we came near the house, the prisoner came to us on foot, and said, ‘Driver, stop!’ He held a pistol tinderbox to the chaise, and said, ‘Your money directly! You must not stay—this minute your money!’ I said, ‘Don’t frighten us; I have but a trifle—you shall have it.’ Then I said to the gentlemen (there were three in the chaise), ‘Give your money.’ I took out a pistol from my coat-pocket, and from my breeches-pocket a five-shilling piece and a dollar. I held the pistol concealed in one hand and the money in the other. I held the money pretty hard. He said, ‘Put it in my hat.’ I let him take the five-shilling piece out of my hand, and, as soon as he had taken it, I snapped my pistol at him: it did not go off. He staggered back, and held up his hands, and said, ‘Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!’ I jumped out of the chaise; he ran away, and I after him, about six or seven hundred yards, and then took him. I hit him a blow on his back; he begged for mercy on his knees: I took his handkerchief off, and tied his hands with it, and brought him back to the chaise; then I told the gentlemen in the chaise that was the errand I came upon, and wished them a good journey, and brought the prisoner to London.

“Question by the prisoner—Ask him how he lives?

“Norton—I keep a shop in Wyck-street, and sometimes I take a thief.”

Not the least remarkable feature of this affair is that this footpad, who did not hesitate in stopping a chaise with five individuals in it, ran away on having a pistol presented at him, which, after all, “did not go off,” and merely crying, “Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!” allowed himself to be taken by a single man. If the postboy and passengers had shown some resolution on the first occasion, the chaise would, one would think, not have been stopped “two or three times,” or on the last and decisive one. It is not impossible that the coachmen might in some instances, as the charioteers of Mexico at the present day, have had a proper understand-

ing with these freebooters—but we will not indulge these uncharitable thoughts : coachmen were always proverbially honest !

Of the stage-waggons, which were the only means of transit for poorer passengers, we have said as yet little, and nothing of the pack-horses, which in Roderick Random's time (1739) formed the only goods-conveyance in Scotland. By one of the former Random and his friend Strap were conveyed to London from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in somewhere about a fortnight, for the moderate fare of ten shillings, his fellow-passengers being an aged usurer, a lady of pleasure, and a captain in the army with his wife—a combination of characters and conditions which would seem to argue that the company by these conveyances was *somewhat* mixed.

Of the metropolitan conveyances, hackney-coaches or sedan-chairs were the only vehicles in which the streets of London could be traversed, as there were few short stages even to the immediate suburbs, and none at all from one part of the city to the other ; in fact, London was then scarcely extensive enough to require a public conveyance from the heart of it to the outlying districts, or even from the east to the west ends. In unfavourable weather, and for short distances or state visits, the chair was the favourite vehicle, carried, as we have already described, by two stout Irishmen, and of which the fares, in 1724, were one shilling per hour, or a guinea if rented by the week. Hackney-coaches almost belong to our own time ; but only in name : their glory departed with the progress of improvement in the paving, draining, and lighting of the town. They were generally worn-out gentlemen's carriages—many of them retaining on their panels the richly emblazoned and coroneted armorial bearings of their original possessors—drawn by a pair of wretched horses, and driven by a many-caped, and heavy-coated Jehu. These old hackney-coachmen, to the full as extortionate as modern cabmen, presumed upon the impunity which a defective system of police had so long secured to outrage, and were desperate characters as any on the road. Passengers in private conveyances dreaded meeting a hackney-coachman almost as much as encountering a highwayman ; for we find that, in 1733, a combination or conspiracy existed among them for upsetting all private carriages of any description which they might meet, under the pretence of an accidental collision, as they considered it as a crying grievance, and detrimental to their interests, that people should be allowed to ride in their own vehicles instead of hiring a hackney-coach. A regular fee was established by this body for every carriage upset, or, as it was termed, “brought by the road ;” and a premium held out to all postboys, postilions, grooms, and coachmen who assisted them in the destruction of their masters' carriages ; and if they aided in effecting a collision by driving purposely in the way, with the perfect appearance of its being accidental, or attributable to the restiveness of the horses, or what not, or allowed themselves to be overtaken and upset, they were compensated for injury, defended from prosecution, and paid for the “job” out of the General Coachmasters' Fund. The *Weekly Register* of December the 8th, 1733, gives an account of a hard chase given by one of the body to a chaise and pair, which he pursued from Knightsbridge to beyond Brentford, where he contrived to upset it, and escape !

But there were still other dangers attendant upon hackney-coach travelling, and they were no more free from the attacks of highwaymen than stage-coaches, although they seldom went far beyond the streets of London. The *Postman* of October the 19th, 1729, deploras the decline of the hackney-coach business, "by the increase of street robbers; so that people, *especially in an evening*" (the use of the word "*especially*" would lead us to infer that there was danger even in the daytime), "choose rather to walk than ride in a coach, on account that they are in a readier posture to defend themselves, or call out for aid, if attacked."

There was also another kind of depredation practised upon hackney-coach travellers, against which the *Weekly Journal* of the 30th of March, 1717, thus cautions them:—"The thieves have got now such a villanous way of robbing gentlemen, that they cut holes through the backs of hackney-coaches and take away their wigs or the fine head-dresses of gentlewomen; so a gentleman was served last Sunday in Tooley-street, and another but last Tuesday in Fenchurch-street; wherefore this may serve as a caution to gentlemen and gentlewomen that ride single in the night time, to sit on the fore-seat, which will prevent that way of robbing."

As the ladies' wigs were technically called "heads," it must have sounded strange to hear some disconsolate beauty, on arriving home from a ball, complain that she had "lost her head." We should be tempted to reply, it was no more than we had conjectured ever since she had taken to a false one.

The "silent highway," as Mr. Knight has happily called the river Thames, was a favoured thoroughfare for the barges and pleasure-boats of the fashionable world, for many of the nobility had not yet discarded their "state-barges," as Sir Roger de Coverley's expression shows us:—"If I was a lord or bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg." And no other road was thought of by the *élite* for reaching Vauxhall, or even passing to Chelsea, but the water. Probably this may be partly attributable to the dangers by which the roads were beset; but, be that as it may, there were risks even to be encountered on this "silent highway," for, although, for a wonder, we do not remember to have heard of very many river-pirates or water-highwaymen, the boatmen contrived to make the journey sufficiently uncomfortable, especially to such of their passengers as they might discover to be possessed of weak nerves, by playing off mischievous tricks and pranks for the purpose of frightening them, and which often put their own lives in jeopardy. Daniel De Foe, in his "Great Law of Subordination" (1724), says that he had "many times passed between London and Gravesend with these fellows;" and, after describing their conduct, and on one particular occasion the loss of a tilt-boat with fifty-two passengers, which resulted from their foolhardiness and "larking" propensities, adds, "I have been sometimes obliged, especially when there have been more men in the boat of the same mind, so that we have been strong enough for them, to threaten to cut their throats, to make them hand their sails and keep under shore, not to fright, as well as hazard the lives of their passengers, where there was no need of it." The fact was, no doubt, as he suggests, "that the less frightened and timorous their



passengers are, the more cautious and careful the watermen are, and the least apt to run into danger; whereas, if their passengers appear frightened, then the watermen grow sassy and audacious, show themselves venturers and confront the dangers which they are really exposed to."

The fares by the Gravesend boats, in 1784, were announced to be—"by tilt-boat, sixpence" (the "tilt-boat" was so called from its having a tilt spread over the passengers); "by wherry, one shilling,"—the wherry being the faster and more select conveyance. These are two more instances of the moderate fares charged by public conveyances in the early part of the century; as the accommodation, expedition, and safety were increased, the prices were raised in even a greater ratio, till now, when these essentials to pleasure or business-travelling are nearest to perfection, the prices have dropped down to their original rate.

The *Chelmsford Chronicle* of December the 3d, 1784, hints distastefully at the doings in the dark on the "silent highway," and at the existence of a race more to be feared even than the Gravesend boatmen:—"The merchants have hired twenty stout men armed with blunderbusses, pistols, &c., to row in boats up and down the river all night in order to protect their shipping from being plundered by the fresh-water pirates."

How suggestive is this paragraph of awful scenes by night on that dark thoroughfare, the Thames—then uncrossed and lighted by the numerous new bridges—of midnight murder, the death-struggle, and the last heavy splash in which the record of the deed is washed out, and the victim of the river-pirates sent floating down the river, if found, only to be a doubt to a coroner's jury as to how he came there!

A sea voyage was an undertaking of the greatest peril. Novel introductions into the art and science of navigation have dissuaded it of many of the terrors that then hung about it. At the time we would speak of, even the barometer was not employed to give the warning of a coming tempest in time to prepare the ship to meet it. Enemies and pirates were on every sea, besides "dealers in the contraband," almost as troublesome; there were fewer lighthouses, and many shoals, rocks, sands, and dangerous places had to be discovered, perhaps only at the cost of some hundreds of lives, and laid down in the charts. What troubles befel poor Mrs. Sterne in her attempt to cross over only to Ireland! Following the fortunes of her husband (the father of "Yorick"), she had occasion to make two journeys across the Channel, both of which appear to have nearly cost her her life, especially the second one, which is well calculated to show the uncertain state of communication between parts now not a day's journey asunder. "We embarked," says Sterne, in his *Sketch of his own Life*, "for Dublin, and had all been cast away by a most violent storm; but, through the intercessions of my mother, the captain was prevailed upon to turn back into Wales, where we stayed a month, and at length got into Dublin, and travelled by land to Wicklow, where my father had, for some weeks, given us over for lost."

## DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854.

BY FLORENTIA.

The Forum, by Day—The Coliseum—Golden House of Nero and the Ruins of the Amphitheatre.

CONGREVE makes one of his *dramatis persone* declare "that his name is Truth, and that he has very few acquaintances." Had I lived nearer his time I should have thought he had an eye to me, for I have all my life steadfastly proposed to tell the truth, and have rendered myself unaccountably unpopular by so doing. I also propose to tell the truth in this rough diary—its only merit. I will not admire a statue because Winckelman praises it, or fall into raptures over tottering walls and clumsy pillars because they bear high-sounding names. In my character of truth-teller I propose to visit the Forum. Now, I am certain that no human being ever visited that far-famed valley of glory and misery, *for the first time*, without positive disappointment, such as I felt; only people are not honest enough to own their feelings, or they prefer displaying their reading, by flying into high-flown classical raptures—raptures in which, indeed, I would willingly join, were association and recollections *alone* the question; but the Forum, in broad daylight, is in reality a bare, dusty, bald-looking place, with very little indeed to see *at all*, so entirely are all vestiges of its former magnificence destroyed. The Capitoline Hill, crowned by the modern Campidoglio, built over the remains of the Tabularium, stands on a gentle eminence, and presents all the incongruities attendant on the unfinished back of a building; the windows and the walls might belong to any other house, and be considered rather untidy and unfinished; and the small bell-tower in the centre of the roof would be appropriately placed in front of a dissenting meeting-house. Below, among the foundations, yawn some arches, formed of uncemented blocks, and solid masses of stone-work in deep-down depths—just sufficient to recal to one's memory their fabulous antiquity, and that in those vaults were religiously preserved the Sibylline books, consulted when there was "anything rotten in the state" of Rome.

Beneath, and very much below the modern road crossing the Forum on which I take my stand, deep excavations under the base of the hill display the columned remains of various temples, masses of stone, former foundations, capitals, and broken marble pillars, crowded heterogeneously about the still remaining upright pillars, of which there are not a dozen standing, and these, to the eye of a rationalist, piled in such confusion, that, without the aid of books and antiquarian theories, it would be impossible to trace out any imaginable disposition or arrangement. No spot in the world has so fruitfully employed the learned pens of antiquarians; and because it is a Sphinx-riddle no god will reveal, everybody, with equal reason, calls them by a new name—Canina, Murray, Niebuhr, Braun, all employ their own nomenclature—which imposes the scandal of endless "*aliases*" on the venerable ruins. At first I was so confused I never called them any name—after all, the only refuge for quiet people—for I was sure to be wrong whatever I said, and to

stand corrected, though I might, had I loved disputations, have held my ground, having made antiquity my constant study since arriving in Rome.

These temples, then, which must have stood inconveniently close together, are a vexation and a confusion. To the left, on the height where once stood the citadel and the Temple of Juno Moneta, on the Tarpeian rock, houses and courts, dirty, black, and filthy, a conglomerated mass of brick-work, crowd upon each other; fowls and poultry generally appear to abound, out of respect, I suppose, to the classic geese which saved the city from the Gauls. The republican government of ancient Rome, after the stern sentence passed on Manlius, razed his house, and forbade that henceforth any private dwelling should be erected on the Capitol or near the citadel. But the long course of ages appears to have weakened this decree; for the fashionable antiquarian, Dr. Braun, has arranged a little roost on the forbidden ground, under the shadow of the Prussian eagle, whose embassy is perched precisely on the site of the ancient citadel on the Tarpeian rock. No rock is to be seen, and the elevation is very slight, save on one side (overlooking the Piazza del Torre di Specchio), "the Traitor's Leap," where a man might still break his ankle-bone perhaps if he tried, and certainly would die of the suffocating atmosphere and bad smells of the neighbourhood. I dare say a great many modern Tarpeias might be found in this quarter as ready as their celebrated ancestress to sell their country for gold, did modern uniform include such tempting gold armlets as adorned the Sabine troops of yore. A steep road descends on this into the Forum; a valley, oblong in shape, extending about 750 feet; and on the further side of the Campidoglio a flight of steps also leads downwards.

Beyond the Campidoglio a further rise, corresponding to the opposite elevation of the citadel, indicates the site of the once famous Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, now replaced by the formless and really hideous exterior of the church of the Ara Coeli, a mass of browned stones, like an architectural chaos, "without form and void," but the accumulated earth still faithfully evidences where once stood the magnificent temple. Descending the flight of steps towards the Forum,—which can only impose by their historic associations, not from any intrinsic merit,—the arch of Septimius Severus is passed, a perfect and striking monument, covered with basso-relievos, and an inscription, where the name of Geta is plainly wanting, having been erased by the fratricide Caracalla after he became emperor; but standing as it does in the excavation, on a level with the temples, the arch is so low and deeply sunk it appears utterly shorn of its just proportions and dignity. Beneath, and passing through it, the large blocks of stone forming the Clivus Capitolinus are still visible, proceeding by a winding course through the temples upwards towards the Capitol. The position of the Forum is indicated by a large square excavation, more remarkable for its filth than for the minute remains of broken columns visible—remains conveying neither dignity nor interest to the uninformed eye. Another and a smaller excavation, strewn with fragments of capitals, blocks of marble, and the remains of a few more pillars, include *all* pertaining to the Forum and Comitium now visible; and it is books alone, and deep research, and antiquarian knowledge, joined to the power of imagination, that can build up these arcades, reconstruct these temples, and lend form, symmetry, and splen-

dour to a scene positively repulsive in its actual appearance. Nothing can be more modern than the general aspect of the buildings—mostly churches—erected on the traditional sites of Pagan temples bordering the sides of the Forum. The Romans seem to have proposed to themselves in their erection to wage the most determined war against any stray recollection which might be evoked by the least vestige of ancient remains ; walls, pillars, and porticos are ruthlessly built into the present structures, themselves as commonplace and uninteresting in outward appearance as can possibly be conceived.

Proceeding along what was once the Sacred Way, extending from the Arch of Septimius Severus, now a very dusty modern road, first in order appears the church of San Giuseppe of the Carpenters, its façade gaily painted with frescoes, built over the Mamertine Prisons ; but as I have already spoken of these curious vaults I shall now only mention them.

Next stands the church of Santa Martina, which I have also mentioned as connected with the Accademia di San Luca. It is said to be built on the spot where once stood a temple to Mars, or, as some say, the “*Secretarium Senatus*.” Martina, a noble Roman virgin, who heroically sacrificed her life to the Christian faith, now triumphs in death within a richly-decorated tomb, in her subterranean church at the foot of that Capitol, whose steps her ancestors so often mounted as conquerors, senators, and priests.

The adjoining church of San Adriano is supposed to mark the site of the Basilica Æmilia, built in the time of Augustus : a portion of the front, formed of bricks, is all that remains.

Immediately following is the church of S.S. Cosimo e Damiano, twin brothers, born in Arabia, who finally suffered martyrdom under Dioclesian, after twice miraculously escaping from the sea and the stake, and canonised, as it would seem, by the Catholic Church, to recal the popular worship of Romulus and Remus (on whose ruined temple the church was erected), under a Christian aspect. The magnificent mosaic of the apsis—one of the most perfect in the world—divides attention with the remnants of the original temple, now consecrated as a second and subterraneous church.

The church of San Lorenzo in Miranda is faced by an ancient portico composed of ten imposing though much injured Corinthian columns, deprived of half their original height, and unmercifully squeezed by the façade of the insignificant church, bearing on a frieze an inscription showing the ancient temple to have been dedicated to the “*divine Antoninus and Faustina*.” This portico was excavated during the visit of the Emperor Charles V. to Rome.

Standing somewhat back from the line we have hitherto followed are the three huge arches of the immense ruin known until lately as the Temple of Peace. Many descriptions are come down to us of this stately monument. The roof was encrusted with bronze gilt and supported by stupendous columns, and the interior adorned and enriched with the finest statues and pictures of the Grecian schools. Here were deposited the spoils brought from Jerusalem by Titus, forming a vast public treasury.

Beside the three arches of this majestic ruin, now bare and stripped to the brick walls, all that remains as evidence of its former splendour is the

beautiful Corinthian column, cruelly removed from the spot and placed in front of the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, being one of the eight exquisite marble pillars which decorated the lofty interior temple. In these latter days the ruin is known as the Basilica, begun by Maxentius, and finished by Constantine, after the battle of Ponte Molle had ended that tyrant's life and reign. The venerable associations of many ages are therefore shorn from these mighty vaults, that rise aloft in a state of perfect preservation grateful to the eye, tormented by the confusion of the Forum. According to the present version we must consider this lofty structure only as belonging to, "modern Rome," for in the interminable scale of centuries that unlinks before one in examining the historic antiquities of Rome, the third or fourth century is but as yesterday. I for myself prefer the Catholic account, as being the most poetic. According to that, this edifice was built by Augustus in memory of the peace given to the world by the battle of Actium. Wishing to know how long the solid walls would stand, he consulted the oracle, which replied, "*Quoadusque virgo pariat*" (until a virgin bears a son). The Romans considered this a promise of immortality, and anticipated an eternal existence for the new Temple of Peace; but the same night that saw the Saviour's birth in Bethlehem, the walls of the Pagan temple shook and fell, and fire suddenly and mysteriously issuing from the ground consumed the sumptuous pile.

The modern church of Santa Francesca Romana is built on part of the remains of the temple of Venus and of Rome, forming one angle of the long-shaped square marking the valley of the Forum. It is a curious coincidence, that on the site of the former temple of "Venus the Happy," Catholic Rome should have dedicated a church to the memory of a Roman matron renowned for her rigid virtue. True, Santa Francesca was married, but her chaste conduct as a wife, by enlarging her sphere of action, increased the admiration and respect of her contemporaries. At the death of her husband she became a nun, and commenced a life of severe penance and renunciation, devoting herself to the sick and dying in the hospitals, with a true-Christian fortitude. "*Elegi abjectus esse in domo Dei.*" A large sisterhood was formed bearing her name, where are religiously preserved some relics, the room in which she prayed, and the utensils she used while tending the sick and wounded.

Eusebius, the father of ecclesiastical history, furnishes us with a curious fact in connexion with this church. He assures us that the apostles St. Peter and Paul visited Rome (an historic fact my own rampant Protestantism, on first arriving at Rome, made me culpably overlook in speaking of the former's tomb at St. Peter's). He recounts that the magician, Simon Magnus, had preceded them there, and, in order to neutralise their preaching, gave himself out as a god. The Emperor Nero admired him, and statues were already raised to his honour. In order to give a convincing and visible proof of his divinity, the impostor announced that he would publicly raise himself in the air without assistance, and selected as the spot where the proposed prodigy was to take place the theatre of Nero's golden house. All Rome assembled in expectant wonder, and the emperor himself was present in the vestibule of his palace; but St. Peter, who had arrived in Rome unknown to Simon Magnus, was also present; and as the magician mounted boldly into mid-air, the apostle prayed

earnestly that his blasphemy might be punished. As the arrow flies from the bow, so was the prayer of the righteous man heard and answered: Simon, suddenly and unaccountably, fell to the earth and was killed, and the stone on which St. Peter knelt retained the impression of his knee, and is visible now in the interior of the church, on the very spot where it is said his prayers were offered—"Una cosa," as the Italians say, "di gran divozione."

Situated on slightly rising ground, next stands the beautiful Arch of Titus, on a level with the actual earth, and therefore seen to much better advantage than its opposite neighbour the sunk-down Arch of Septimius Severus, massed up with the much-disputed temples. The basso-relievos are remarkably clear and distinct, and the sculptures on the arch indicate a period before the decline of art. Under the arch Titus appears in basso-relievo, seated on a triumphal car, conducted by the Genius of Rome, and attended by Victory crowning him with laurel; opposite, are the spoils of the temple—the table of show-bread, the seven candlesticks, the Jubilee trumpets, and the incense vessels.

The Jews from the dirty Ghetto never cease to contemplate this monument with profound sorrow mingled with violent indignation. They hate the Romans, past, present, and to come, as the agents of their country's destruction, the devastators of that shrine, more glorious, in their imagination, than the burnished pillars of the golden sunshine supporting the opening vaults of morning! A Jew would rather die than pass under that arch, which accounts for the little footpaths formed on either side. But it is in vain to dispute the Almighty will; the monument of their servitude is not to be ignored, or the prophecy forgotten which was wrung from our Lord by the hard impiety of the Jewish nation—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down."

Continuing my tour round the modern Forum, the steep sides of the Palatine Hill now break the view, rising abruptly aloft, dark, ominous, and gloomy—a hill-side on which grow no flowers, where the sun never shines, desolate and uninhabited, crumbling with shapeless ruins of the past, broken into deep chasms, and sepulchral caves yawning in the precipitate sides, formed of massive foundations, and broken terraces and shattered arches heaped on each other in indescribable confusion. Grass and reeds, and low shrubs and twining vines, overmantle the sombre ruins, and on the summit of the hill rises a sacred wood, circular in form, of evergreen trees, fit diadem for its inky brow. There is a repulsive grandeur about the stern, frowning decay of the Palatine, impressive and majestic in character, though crumbling into dust, far more exciting to my imagination than the cheerful, sunny, modernly-built and thickly-populated quarter of the Capitoline Mount, where the past wrestles in vain with the present, and loses all dignity in the encounter.

Under the Palatine a large space of muddy, uneven ground marks the place where the cattle-market is held, for (oh, horrible sacrilege!) not only its dignity but its very name is passed away, and the ancient Forum is now only known to the degenerate modern Romans by its designation of "Campo Vaccino!"

At all times are to be seen here herds of the slate-coloured oxen—meek, quiet-looking beasts with enormous horns, that perform the labours

of husbandry in Italy, ruminating beside the frame-carts they draw—and the ferocious buffaloes, bending their heads indeed under the yoke, but always rolling round those vicious, untamed eyes.

Velletri wine-carts, drawn by single horses, with their odd one-sided hoods or screens, to shield the driver from the sun or rain, contain often a cross and little image of the Madonna, hung up beside knives, forks, bottles, and pistols. The drivers are now resting beside their original conveyances, or talking to each other, with their turn-up pointed hats and handsome sunburnt faces, side by side with the *contadini* belonging to the oxen, dull, stolid-looking barbarians, wearing their jackets thrown over one shoulder, that seem to live only to sleep. There they all rest in picturesque groups (for somehow or other the *pose* of the most common and clownish Italian is always picturesque) under the dark shadow of the Palatine.

Further on, where now stand the churches of Santa Maria Liberatrice and San Teodoro (San Toto), the Curia Julia, first called Curia Hostilia, was situated, built by Julius Cæsar, and embellished by Augustus, being the place where he convoked the senate. In the centre stood a statue and Temple of Victory, on the site of the house built for Valerius Publicola by a grateful people; while near it was held the slave-market of ancient Rome—that numerous and accursed race, which so often threatened, murdered, and oppressed their haughty masters, intriguing on the very steps of the throne where they were raised by the profligate manners of the age, and sacrificing even the lives of the deified Cæsars to their lust of power, foul passions, and extravagant caprices. The Temple of Vesta stood in this part of the Forum, and the Spoliarium of Sylla, a human slaughter-house, daily filled during his dictatorship by the heads of illustrious senators and patricians, victims of the extraordinary ambition and incredible cruelty of this terrible rival of Marius. Aloft stretched the bridge constructed by the insane Caligula, extending from the opposite hills, in order to enable the deified monster to pass from the Imperial Palace on the Palatine to offer sacrifices in the temple of the Capitol without crossing the Forum. Of all these structures no vestige remains.

The church of San Toto (behind the Roman Forum, on the way to the Forum Boarium) stands on the supposed site of the *Lupercal*, where, says Mark Anthony, in his famous oration over the body of Cæsar: "I thrice presented him a kingly crown, which he did thrice refuse." At hand stood, in early times, the Temple of Romulus, on the spot where he and Remus were discovered by the shepherd.

To the formation of the Cloaca Massima, and other improvements in draining, the marshy ground between the Palatine, Aventine, and Capitoline Hills, once a swampy lake, must be attributed the altered current of the Tiber, now certainly full a quarter of a mile distant from the traditionary spot where the cradle containing the Alban twins, children of Sylvia and Mars (as they loved to be called), touched the shore. The river being much swollen, the cradle dashed against a stone at a place called Arnanum, and was overturned, the cries of the infants frightening away the shepherds but attracting the she-wolf by whom they were tended, together with the friendly woodpecker, as they reposed under the shadow of the Palatine woods, then an Arcadian wilderness,

until Laurentia, the wife of Faustulus, first saw and bore them to her hut, near the Velabrum. The whole story, says Dionysius, was in his day recorded in bronze, in a grotto dedicated to Pan, near a wood also dedicated to the sylvan deities, on the way to the Circus Maximus.

The modern church of San Toto conveys little interest. It lies much below the level of the present road conducting towards the Aventine, and, darkly overshadowed by the ruins on the summit of the Palatine, bears a gloomy aspect. In a cortile before the entrance appear some slight remains of an altar; but otherwise the church, which is circular, and about the same size as the Temple of Vesta, still standing on the shores of the river, has a provokingly modern air, especially the interior, glaringly painted and vulgarly decorated. Miraculous powers are supposed to belong to this church, where the modern Roman "*canaglia*" to this day constantly bring new-born infants whose lives are in danger; a superstition which can be readily explained by recollecting that the ancient inhabitants are known to have believed that the Temple of Romulus possessed miraculous powers of healing infants. Strange contradiction! while close at hand lay the sombre lake of the Velabrum, on whose marshy shores the offspring of illicit love, the children of slaves, and the weak and deformed infants of both patricians and plebeians, were barbarously exposed to perish.

San Teodoro, to whom the church is now dedicated, was a military martyr, soldier of Maximian. He suffered martyrdom for setting fire to a temple where the sight of some obscene Pagan rite roused his indignation. When asked by the magistrate why he had so acted, he replied, "I am a Christian, and should do the same again." He was torn with iron pincers until his veins and muscles were laid bare, and he expired. His church is opposite that of Santa Martina, on the other side of the Forum. Thus the Christian soldier and the consular virgin, both martyrs, stand glorious sentinels at the entrances to the classic valley—both victims of imperial butchers, who on these very spots glutted their rage with the blood of the saints, and now for centuries venerated and remembered by the whole Catholic Church, who chronicle their deeds with reverence.

The last of the churches surrounding the Forum, spread as it were with a holy garment in memory of the sacred blood which has been there spilt, is the small and quite modern church of Santa Maria Liberatrice, which, gay in whitewash and colours, certainly does not recal by its aspect the Temple of Vesta built by Numa, whose site it occupies.

I have now completed the "*giro*" of the modern Forum, and described it as at present it appears, giving "the very age and body of the time his form and pressure," accompanied by a review of Christian associations too much overlooked by the generality of strangers. If the heroic deeds of Roman history rendered this ground and these ruins famous, Christian fortitude and heavenly virtues; recorded in the ecclesiastical annals, have also set on them an indelible and immortal imprint. Many of that glorious army of martyrs whom we are taught to associate with the highest joys of heaven, who stand beside the great white throne, holding their crowns and singing eternal hosannas to the blessed Three, once traversed the Forum, passing along the "Sacred Way" to bear their cross within the walls of the Flavian Amphitheatre. They, too, gazed



on the stately buildings and lofty palaces as they took that one last look around on the outward world the dying love to cast ere they depart. Many of the Roman martyrs were of exalted rank, and claimed friends and relatives among the stern senators sitting on the curule-chairs under the long-drawn colonnades, or among the sculptured effigies erected for worship by the superstition of a grateful people in the surrounding temples. The Christian greatness of Rome yields neither in heroism, devotion, dramatic incident, thrilling interest, or unflinching stoicism, to the much-studied Pagan annals. Would that my pen were worthy to celebrate these deeds noted by the recording angel on the heavenly tablets! I do but indicate what each one must follow out alone.

I returned into the Forum; the afternoon was now come, together with a heterogeneous crowd lounging about in all directions. The modern Romans were easily recognised as they slowly sauntered along, without once raising their eyes on the celebrated scene of their ancestors' greatest triumphs. No wonder: they simply consider it as a dirty space devoted to the sale of cattle. We are not given to studying English history in Smithfield; and to them it affords as few attractions. As decidedly are the English recognised by their trivial and restless curiosity, the questions they ask, and the ignorance they betray. Carriage after carriage, filled with extravagantly-dressed ladies, may be seen dismounting in the dirt at various points of peculiar interest, and peeping and peering about as did the famous Davis for pickles in the vases of Pompeii. The vexatious mass of nameless temples particularly engage their attention, and they stand, "Murray" in hand, resolutely decided on understanding what is not understandable. When I see these antiquarian butterflies, attended generally by a servant in livery and a pet spaniel, I confess I am disgusted. Sure to abound in this high society, where *quattrini* are to be picked up, come the tormenting *valets-de-place*, whose dogged perseverance is really admirable; they save the indolent the trouble of thought as they run over every class of subjects from the best Roman pearl-shops to the column of Trajan, talking such abominable English one's own language in their mouths becomes an unintelligible jargon. Here and there a quiet, unassuming party of plainly-dressed Germans appear, industriously working their way along, really seeming to approach the place in a right spirit of earnest inquiry; or some solitary traveller, *en grande barbe*, and smoking a cigar—sure to be a French *savant*—evidently absorbed and overwhelmed by the rich tide of recollections rising around—*sans* eyes, *sans* ears, or sense, for anything else. A long procession of *frati*, enveloped in black robes, with only small slits for the eyes visible, stream along towards the Coliseum, carrying a large black cross, and chanting sad and dismal hymns that echo harmoniously amid the fallen and decaying precincts of the past. Americans abound, active, talkative, and unsympathetic. What sympathy can youth have with decrepitude?—the enterprising young world, springing into life and greatness—rejoicing in liberty and freedom—with the mouldering remains of former tyrants? But whether they come to *say* they have seen, or in reality to worship at the fallen altars of false gods, they come kindly, Christianly—neither morgue, nor reserve, nor pride mark their manners; nor do they affect the exclusive indifference of that young English lady, who, visiting the Forum for the *first time*, is seated in her carriage deeply engaged in reading the *Times*.

I was invited the other night by Lady Anne St. G—— to go with her and see the Coliseum lit up by coloured lights, in honour of some French notabilities arrived at Rome. I thought it sounded very barbarous; but I went. It was a lovely evening in May—that most charming of all the months in Italian climate. The Coliseum rose before us serenely, calmly beautiful, in the mournful moonlight, breathing a repose—a solemn contemplative melancholy, absolutely pathetic. Those almost articulate walls have an unspoken eloquence, felt by all nations and languages gathering here from the far-off corners of the globe; like the old Memnon statue they breathe out music; a chord, a note, a thought, a memory, here strikes home, and an undying recollection is borne away in every heart. At this season the great ruin is enveloped in delicious groves; beautiful walks are formed around it, planted with graceful acacia-trees, the branches, now weighed down by snowy blossoms, perfuming the night air almost oppressively. As we strolled about the gigantic ruins and up and down the avenues, chequered by the fitful rays of the moonlight, unspeakable hope and peace came into my soul; angels seemed to look down from the star-sown heavens, and the spirits of the slaughtered saints to sanctify the scene of their glorious martyrdom. Looking into the moon, clear and argentine as a silver mirror, the ills and troubles of this life faded away like a vain and troubled dream emerged from chaos to disturb for a brief space my happiness, and thither to return. I rejoiced that God had made the world so fair, and permitted me thus to enjoy it. Oh! it was well with me on that peaceful night—and with so congenial a companion as walked beside me! She being a devout Catholic, looked on the scene with a religious enthusiasm I could scarcely join in, and recalled to me that curious prophecy recorded by the venerable Bede, as repeated by the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims of his day:

While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;  
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;  
And when Rome falls—the world!

Standing under the black shadows, cutting the ground with almost palpable lines, how clear and bright shone out the snowy walls—beautiful as some fairy palace built for a magician's bride, and soft and mellow as the heavens above. The partial light, half concealing, half displaying the interminable succession of arches, and leading the eye down pillared aisles, through mysterious vistas, marked but by here and there an oblique ray of light, on to the central space, where the altars, and the mouldering galleries, and the terraced arcades swam in a sea of subdued light. Towards the Baths of Titus, on the rising ground, a wood of pomegranates descended towards the building, and we could just discern the thousand crimson flowers among the rich dark leaves. To the right, buried in deep shadow, rose the Arch of Constantine (that pregnant testimony of the victory achieved by the radiant vision of the cross), spanning the Via Triumphalis. Through the three arches that pierce its massive façade the moon cast long lines of light on the ruined mass of the once brilliant fountain of the Meta Sudans, where, through a perforated column, surmounted by a statue of Jupiter, an abundant stream descended into a vast marble-basin for the use of the athletes

and gladiators of the amphitheatre. Close by, a few rough stones indicate the pedestal where stood the colossal statue that gave its name to the beauteous structure. After decorating the golden house of Nero, it was removed by Vespasian beside the amphitheatre he was erecting, to perpetuate the Flavian name, at the extremity of the Via Sacra, and transformed into the image of Apollo: colossal rays of glory surrounded the head. Adrian removed it a second time, and Commodus changed it into a likeness of himself. The golden house of Nero and the Coliseum! What a whole history lies in those names!—what deeds—what emperors—what saints—what crimes are invoked! Whole centuries unfold before one pregnant with chronicles! Where we now stood in the peaceful moonlight a lake once existed; and, enclosing its shores, uprose that golden palace of Nero, which was a city in itself. Not satisfied with the already overgrown palace which had contented other Cæsars, on the Palatine, and also finding his abode at the Vatican too small, he enlarged his new palace over the entire extent of the Esquiline (Santa Maria Maggiore), the Cœlian (San Giovanni Laterano), and the Palatine, with which it was connected by a bridge: within its walls were “expansive lakes and fields of vast extent, intermixed with pleasing variety; woods and forests stretched to an interminable length, presenting gloom and solitude amidst scenes of open space, where the eye wandered with surprise over an unbounded prospect.”\* The building itself uprose in this elysium, colossal in proportions and fabulous in splendour. The Temple of Peace formed the vestibule, of prodigious height, surrounded by a triple range of columns of the most exquisite marble. From the vestibule opened the atrium, a hall of extraordinary magnificence, gorgeous with statues, paintings, stucco, mosaics, marbles, and gold, large enough to serve for the assembly of the senate, when it suited the caprice of the tyrant to gather them there. A splendid portal opened on the lake; Suetonius says, “it was like a sea surrounded by palaces,” which its waters doubled in reflecting. Opposite the portal was placed the colossal statue of Nero, 120 feet high, whose subsequent vicissitudes I have mentioned. Deified during his life, his image was surrounded by a golden nimbus, and, like Nabuchodonosor, Nero exacted divine honours in his own palace. The ceilings of the different halls were covered with plates of gold, set off by diamonds and precious stones; the walls decorated with gilding and the most exquisite paintings and statues, the floors inlaid, as with costly embroidery, with those finest mosaics, specimens taken from other ruins still remaining as evidences of the unrivalled skill with which they were executed. The triclinia, or eating-rooms, were surrounded by turning panels of ebony, from whence flowers and perfumes descended on the guests, stretched on couches spread with roses and myrtles, and wearing garlands of odoriferous flowers. All that earth, sea, or air furnished most rare and delicate, was served up in vases of gold and silver, sometimes to the number of twenty-two different courses. Several slaves were placed near each guest, to refresh the air by fans, and chase away the flies with branches of myrtle. Musicians filled the air with delicious symphonies, and troops of young children executed voluptuous dances,

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\* Tacitus.

singing bacchanalian songs, accompanied by the merry click of the castanets. Anon the walls folded away like a screen, and displayed the theatre, where the sight of the gladiators' bloody combats gave the last gusto to the banquet; they were even introduced into the very room, and slew each other in the imperial presence. Sometimes combats of men and animals, at a safe distance, gave a variety to the entertainments. Artificial groves surrounded the lake, where, among the branches, silver birds of the finest workmanship represented peacocks, swans, and doves, deceiving the eye. The baths presented every refinement of luxury, glittering with gold, silver, marble, and mosaic, and were often used three times in one day.

Within these halls of fabulous luxury did the voluptuous Nero—the tyrant, comedian, and poet—abandon himself to every vice; he sang, he wrestled, he drove chariots, whilst ordering countless cruel executions; here his passion kindled for Poppæa, during the lifetime of the innocent Octavia, who expiated the crime of having thwarted the monster's caprice by her speedy banishment and murder in the island of Pandataria. Poppæa's voice, which had often woke the echoes of these golden halls by her violent reproaches, was heard no more upbraiding; in becoming empress, she was satisfied. Cui bono? she in her turn soon fell a victim to Nero's cruelty.

Here died Britannicus, poisoned while his brother's guest at one of the epicurian banquets; and here did Nero meditate over the murder of his mother Agrippina, who also thwarted him—a crime so unnatural, it even startled the depraved and animalised Romans! But—and what remains of this imperial pomp? A few stones and lime, the ruined pedestal where once stood the colossal image, and some deep-buried subterraneous chambers, filled with bricks and rubbish, under the neighbouring Baths of Titus, built over part of the golden house—and why? Because the memory of Nero was so execrated that Rome considered it a scandal and a disgrace to allow one stone to rest upon another of the golden mansion which had sheltered him.

Then there came a great change over that world-stage. A notable act was finished in the universal drama, and the curtain of oblivion fell on many actors. When it again rose a new dynasty sat on the throne of the Cæsars, and victories and triumphs, the glory of the Roman eagles, and the iron bravery of the Legions, filled the heart of the great city with joy.

Where had stood the golden house appeared now two remarkable objects—the Arch of Titus and the Flavian Amphitheatre; and later came the Arch of Constantine, forming a mystic triangle, standing as it were on the confines of ancient and modern Rome, and symbolising Judaism and its conquest, Paganism and its crimes, and Christianity bringing down heaven to earth in its angelic creed.

The mighty ruin standing before me was raised on a theatre of blood, and faithful to the traditions of the former palace, amid blood and tears, sorrow and despair, did those gigantic walls arise, under the hands of the Jews brought captive by Titus from Jerusalem. Thousands and thousands laid them down to die, wearied out and faint, beside their labour; for, incredible though it seems, the vast pile was certainly completed in *ten*, if not, according to some authorities, in *four* years.

Never were the four orders of architecture so harmoniously combined as on those arched walls, formed of large blocks of Tivoli marble, on which the shadows fall so heavily in the moonlight. Successive masses of gloom indicate some of the many entrances, of which there are eighty, all numbered except one—the imperial ingress opposite the Palatine Hill—with a subterranean passage constructed by Commodus beside the royal entrance, and in which he was very nearly assassinated.

Among these openings one was named *Sandapilaria*, or *Libitinalis*; the other, *Sanavivaria*. Near the former was the Spoliarium, where the bodies of men and beasts killed on the arena were thrown pell-mell—an awful charnel-house, which must have overflowed when imperial Titus inaugurated his amphitheatre by games which lasted one hundred days, when five thousand wild beasts and many thousand gladiators were killed.

Waiting for the arrival of the company, we had quietly paced round and round the Coliseum. I devoutly hoped they would not come, but at last, after a long space, Count Z—— and a whole tribe of French ladies made their appearance. The French sentry at first positively refused to let us enter.

“On ne passe pas par ici,” echoed through the colonnade.

“Comment,” cried one of his countrywomen; “vous êtes Français et si peu galant? Mon Dieu,” added she, turning to Count Z——; “c’est qu’il faut qu’il y ait bien longtemps qu’il a quitté la France!”

Count Z—— expostulated in Italian, talking as rapidly as Figaro—declared he had a *permesso*—at last got furious and excited, and swore at the sentry classical oaths; but it was of no manner of use, the musket still barred the entrance, and the man was immovable. To be sure, it was enough to anger any one less excitable than an Italian, to have invited a large party there and not to be able to get in. Count Z—— rushed frantically about, his hands clutching his hair, and looked quite melodramatic, gesticulating in his full Spanish cloak draped around him. At last the scena ended in our favour by the appearance of the custode from within, who at once cleared the way.

“Mon ami,” said the French lady to the sentinel as she passed him, “souvenez-vous toujours qu’un Français doit faire partout place aux dames.”

The Coliseum by moonlight is very beautiful; a dim mysterious look hangs about the walls, half sunk in deepest gloom, half revealed in the clear argentine light of the moon, riding above in the blue heavens; yet I cannot say that to me it appeared more impressive than by day, though certainly more poetical. I had gone with a vague, undefined idea of something wonderful, and I was disappointed—the coloured lights were barbarous, and made the venerable ruin look like a painted pasteboard scene on the other side of the lake (Anglicè—*pond*) at the Surrey Gardens. One only effect was fine torches of pitch, planted under a series of arches in the upper stories, bringing out grandly every over-arching line and pillar, even the long grass trailing in the breeze, while all near was buried in gloom. To my own taste, I prefer the Coliseum as I have described it on a Friday afternoon, when the black penitents are grouped round the altars and about the central cross, mingled with

rich picturesque dresses of the Roman women, all kneeling in various attitudes of deep devotion, a mellow wintry sun lighting up the whole.—While the French ladies, attended by the now radiant count, raced about the galleries, appearing and disappearing among the arches in the red and blue lights, looking like a sabbat of witches, I sat down on the steps of the black cross planted in the centre of the arena, and fell to rebuilding and repeopling those mighty galleries.

The space around is deep in sand, and the lions, and panthers, and bears hoarsely roar in their barred cages on a level with the arena. The imperial door (which bears no name engraven on it) opens, and the emperor enters, gorgeously apparelled in the imperial purple, wearing on his head a crown of gold. He is followed by the court, glistening and quivering in magnificent apparel, like stars, but of inferior magnitude. Next following are the vestal virgins, robed in white draperies and purple mantles, and the senate arrayed in white togas, with embroidered borders of gold. These all take their places on the lowest gallery, the *podium*, protected by a golden network. Eighty-seven thousand spectators fill those ranges of seats in an instant, as if by magic; the matrons and virgins resplendent in scarlet, purple, gold, and diamonds, forming a brilliant circle apart among the darker-robed men.

After the sacrifices, which always preceded the games, martial music thunders forth, and the gladiators appear, ranging themselves in two parallel lines, bearing whips, with which they scourge the wretched *bestiarii*, who in a long line pass between them—slaves, prisoners, Christians, children, women, and old men—all devoted to die in the coming games. Preceded by a herald, the gladiators now pass in procession round the amphitheatre, bowing to the emperor, and exclaiming, “*Cæsar, morituri te salutant.*” (“*Cæsar, those about to die salute thee.*”) But the opening ceremonies appear tedious to the impatient plebs, who roar and cry in the upper galleries, and will wait no longer, so the *vestals* give the signal to begin. The grated doors are raised, and the wild beasts rush like a hurricane over the arena; a hurricane that rains blood, for see in a moment the arms, legs, heads, and entrails that cover the sand! Troop after troop of *bestiarii* appear—the excitement is inflamed to madness—emperor, people, women, vestals, long for and gloat upon the sight of blood, and applaud and incite the hideous carnage. The *bestiarii* being all despatched, next are to come the gladiators. The attendants, too, are there, and drag off the bodies into the Spoliarium; one of them is called Mercury, the other Pluto, and they bear the attributes of these divinities. Mercury touches the dead with a red hot iron, and Pluto gives the *coup de grace*. Handsome slaves, elegantly dressed, appear and rake over the sand to obliterate the traces of blood, while ingeniously-contrived gratings exude showers of perfumes over the amphitheatre to refresh the air heavy with the strong smell of blood. The velarium at the top, arranged so as to exclude the sun, undulates with an artificial movement, serving as a great fan, or gigantic ventilator, while songs and symphonies are accompanied by an harmonious orchestra, and buffoons and tumblers amuse the audience.

But see! the gladiators mounted on splendid cars appear, and driving round again salute the emperor. “*Cæsar, morituri te salutant*” resounds in

chorus. They are dressed in a short red or white tunic, with a cincture of worked leather, and bear a small shield, a trident, and a net; some have only a larger shield, and others carry a noose, or are armed with swords. They are mostly Gauls by birth, and are to fight both on horse-back and on foot successively, one troop after another, to vary the games by their particular modes of combat. Some there are, "*sine missione*," self-doomed to death, and this fact has been duly noticed on the *manifestoes* in order to draw more company. The trumpets sound—the fight has begun! The swords cross—lances meet—and blood again flows in copious streams. Yet the people grumble and hiss—death is too sudden; the combatants are to eke out life by wounds to the utmost moment—not to strike and kill. "There is no amusement in seeing a man die," shouts one. "They are cowards, these gladiators," cries another. "They want to live," roars a third—but "They shall die," sounds all around. And die they shall, for their life rests on the *vox populi*. And that is now raised in horrid yells and shouts, hoarse as with blood. The spectators *en masse* rise—the vestals, too, stretch forth their arms, and threaten with gestures worthy of the Furies, terrible, convulsive—and the wretched gladiators are doomed, and fall to a man. Sometimes ten thousand fall on the ground where I now sit. Fresh gladiators appear, and are more prodigal of their blood, and as hideous wounds are inflicted, the cry, "*Hoc habet!—Hoc habet!*" flies round. Perhaps when one, who has fought nobly and interested the audience, is about to receive a death-blow, the thumb is *raised*, as the just dying gladiator appeals to the people, and he is spared; or, if the thumb be *lowered*, it is the sign of instant death, and the gladiator, holding in his hand the sword of his adversary, must direct the point against his own throat.

This is a glorious exhibition, and entrances every one as often as it occurs. The vestals, more ferocious than the one-breasted Amazons of yore, clap their hands in loud applause, and the whole amphitheatre thrills with transports of savage satisfaction. Three times have the hand-slaves cleared the sand of the arena, three times the odoriferous perfumes have descended. The combats of man to man are over for this day, but yet the audience is not contented—more blood must flow; blood always, but with a variety. Some richly-dressed slaves appear with a brazier filled with burning coals. What can this signify? The people have heard of the heroic action of Mutius Scaevola, but have not seen it; the degenerate descendants of the ancient Romans desire to behold represented the stoic fortitude of their republican ancestor. A man advances into the midst of the arena, dressed in a *tunica incendialis* of sulphur—a lighted torch is held on each side—if he moves, he burns; and in this position he parodies Mutius, and his right hand is burnt off! *Bestiarii* are again dragged forth, while, moving from the principal entrance, appear artificial mounds covered with trees, shrubs, and herbage; suddenly their sides collapse, and lions, bears, panthers, and bisons rush forward on the arena. The carnage recommences—blood again scents the air—and men and animals sink down on the sand in hideous death embraces. At last no more victims are left. A few savage animals remain masters of the field, and quietly sit down to crack the human bones around them.

Thus perished St. Ignatius, the Christian bishop, sent from the far east expressly to die in the Roman amphitheatre. He kneels in the midst of the arena, and the eyes of a hundred thousand spectators are bent upon him. "I am the Lord's wheat," exclaims he, "and I must be broken by the teeth of the beasts before I can become the bread of Jesus Christ." While he yet speaks, two lions fling themselves upon him, and in a moment nothing is left but a few large bones. Armies of martyrs perished within these walls—perished by a like death, and died rejoicing. Already heaven opened before them, and ecstatic visions saluted their closing eyes of ineffable radiance! They heard not the cries, the yells of the spectators: that holy and sainted band—Eustace, and the Virgins Martina, Tatiana, and Prisca; Julius and Marius, and the rest—whose spirits now rejoice in glory! Oh! sublime and immortal idea of the Catholic Church, to consecrate this detested arena! and plant a cross in the centre! "In hoc signo vici." Here, indeed, is the crosstriumphant!

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### THE PARAPLUIE VERT.

WHEN Mr. Sevenoaks (a name now shamefully abbreviated) paid his first visit to Paris, on the eve of the great dynastic changes which placed the younger branch of the Bourbons upon the throne of the elder, he determined, in honour of England, that everything he took with him should be of the best quality and description.

His hat was the finest beaver that *Christy* could produce. The *chapeau de soie*, now so universal, was then in its infancy. No one wore it but markers, *laquais de place*, and those doubtful members of the class *gentleman*, who, in various ways, lived upon their wits at the smallest possible cost. Why should it have gained the ascendant? It is Lord Bacon, I believe, who tells us that a state will never decay so long as the principles which led to its greatness are maintained. The chancellor's wisdom will equally apply to life's *minor* affairs. Had the manufacturers of beaver been true to the principles which brought it into favour, had they been less eager to economise labour to their own profit, and abstained from too ready a substitution of the furs of rabbits and of hares, it would never have given place to a rival. Alas! that it should: but those who knew it in the latest stages of its decline and fall may remember, that if its wearer walked upon the chain-pier at Brighton on a windy day, however it might have been smoothly brushed, it seemed on his return as if "each particular hair"—that formed its surface—"did stand on end," at the dangers it had encountered. Its glossy rotundity had become roughened into a resemblance of the restless billows which were dancing to the freshening breeze, imparting, on such occasions, a personal appearance which was the reverse of *knowing*. This gave one of its advantages to the advancing silk; and the good old British beaver was finally superseded. Less important changes were said to have endangered even our glorious constitution; but that sacred myth seems happily to



have a more than feline power of vitality; it has survived a good deal; and, if we get through our present difficulties, it will doubtless still go on, periodically expiring, for ages. The beaver was not so fortunate; though Mr. S., like a true Englishman, sported and supported it to the last.

His next favourite possession was his watch. It had been expressly made for him by *Baraud*. Very different from the celebrated watch of Captain Cuttle—it never required setting, but went to a second with progressive regularity; and Mr. S. was of opinion that it would continue to do so to the “last syllable of recorded time.” Of its outside appearance I cannot say much. Its exterior was not equal to its virtues. It was large, heavy, and inelegant; and his French acquaintance at the *cafés* were in the habit of asking him, over and over again, the hour, with the object of provoking a malicious smile when, dilating with all the importance of the possessor of something valuable, he gravely produced it in reply. Many men would have discovered that they were laughed at. Mr. S. merely noted in his diary that the Parisians had a troublesome habit of asking what o’clock it was.

But the property upon which he prided himself more than anything else was a green silk umbrella. It must have been made in some happy moment; and was universally admired for its combined elegance, lightness, and strength. Mr. S. carried it under his arm with an air of conscious superiority; but it gave him an infinitude of trouble. If he mislaid it, he was miserable. At his hotel it was continually “*Où est mon parapluie?*” If he dined at a *café*, his first attempt at French, after a fussing movement, was “*Garçon! Je cherche mon parapluie. C’est un parapluie vert, fabrique Anglaise.*” There was scarcely a shopkeeper in the *Rue de la Paix* whom he had not addressed, “*Madame, j’ai perdu mon parapluie. L’avez vous vu? C’est un parapluie vert, fabrique Anglaise.*”

On one occasion he visited the *Enfants Trouvés*. I went there myself about the same time; and a horrible sight I thought it. I may say, episodically, that it is truly a place of retribution, where the crimes of the fathers are visited upon the children. They are left at the porter’s lodge without formality or questioning, and sometimes as many as thirty are deposited in a day. Fifteen had been brought in, the morning I was there. Judging from those I saw, they have mostly the appearance of being the children of guilt and concealment. The nurses handle them pretty roughly while they fold them up in linen, very much after the fashion of an Egyptian mummy, and in this state they are laid upon the table, or passed from hand to hand like logs of wood or graven images. In the sick-room six or eight of the poor little wretches were lying, thus bound-up, upon a table before the fire, in the agonies of death; crying and moaning in a concert of misery which only a Dante could describe. I was attracted to a corner of the room by the same pitiable sounds, and upon drawing the curtain of a crib, a little object, with the shrunken features of suffering old age, fixed its haggard eyes upon me with one of those looks which it is impossible ever to forget. In a few months those who survive the first ordeal are sent to nurses in the country; and, including these out-pensioners, the whole number then on the establishment was five thousand. I do not know whether it made the same impression upon Mr. Sevenoaks as upon myself. Probably it

did : for on his return to the *Rue de la Paix*, being asked by a lady, who was a great admirer of the institution he had visited, "*Comment l'avez vous trouvé, monsieur ?*" "*Comme un enfer,*" replied Mr. S. ; continuing, in his most idiomatic French, "*pour ces enfans, je préférerais leur couper la gorge.*" "*Quel monstre !*" said the lady ; and Mr. S. just then remembered that he had left behind him his *parapluie vert*. "*Il faut le chercher bon matin.*" I must go for it, to that abominable place, before breakfast ;" and he went. "*Monsieur,*" he said, addressing the official at the lodge, "*Je—suis—venu—pour—chercher.*" "*Fils ou fille ?*" interrupted the official, for all Frenchmen are impatient of a slow or bungling delivery of their exquisitely conversational language—" *Fils ou fille, monsieur ?*" "*Ah ! no, no, no,*" cried Mr. S. "*Pas ça, pas ça !*" "*Qu'est-ce que monsieur cherche donc ?*" inquired the official. "*Je suis venu pour chercher un parapluie vert—fabrique Anglaise.*" "*Ah ! oui. Le voici, monsieur,*" said the official ; and Mr. S. returned, made once more happy by its restoration.

Other things he saw during his stay at Paris. He witnessed (yet anxious, all the time, at having to deposit his *parapluie*) the edifying spectacle of the king eating his dinner in presence of his people, which must have been a gratifying exhibition both to his majesty and to them. The Duchess d'Angoulême looked poison at them ; and, in return, they seemed to glare upon the whole party as their destined victims. He was also present at the king's *fête*, when decayed vocalists with sedgy voices were hired to sing his praises from orchestras placed in the *Champs Elysées*. One of the songs written for this interesting occasion described a being of ubiquitous benevolence, whose life was passed in spreading happiness around him, and every verse ended

*Charles Dix est-il, voilà !*

Yet in a few weeks he was on his way to England, leaving to Louis Philippe a vacant throne and a similar destiny. "*Tout change, monsieur,*" said a peasant, as I was looking at a ruin on the banks of the Loire. "*Oui, mon ami,*" I replied, "*et surtout en France.*"

But we must return to our compatriot and his umbrella. He was desirous of seeing the gallery of the Louvre on one of those days when it was open to the public. It would enable him, he said, to know something of the manners and habits of the people. Whether the knowledge he obtained was satisfactory I do not pretend to say. Owing to some peculiar circumstances, the afflux of visitors was excessive ; and the female functionary who took charge of sticks and umbrellas, at the counter of a booth erected near the principal entrance, was overwhelmed by the performance of her duties. Mr. S., as he gave her his *parapluie vert*, and received in exchange a ticket bearing *numéro 588*, had a sad foreboding that he should never see it again ; and there was something of tenderness in the last look with which he regarded it. He wandered through the gallery the mere fraction of an immense crowd,—the only thing he could make his remarks upon was the back of the person immediately before him—and, issuing from the impure atmosphere by which he had been surrounded, he presented his *numéro* at the counter of the booth. "*Le voilà, monsieur,*" said the dame in charge, at the same time presenting him with one of those rustic red deformities, in the shape

of an umbrella, which are carried by the French peasantry, and which had probably found its way to the Louvre from some distant *banlieue*. Mr. S. thought it so unlikely that this could by any possibility have been substituted for his own, that he merely said very mildly that it was not his. But when the woman told him that there could not be any mistake, and showed him that *numéro cinq cent quatre-vingt-huit* was attached to it, and therefore it must, of necessity, be the one he had left, his usually fair complexion deepened into scarlet. His, he explained, was a "*parapluie vert, fabrique Anglaise*." "*Mais voici votre numéro, monsieur*." "*Sacré mille diables, madame!*" cried Mr. S., to the astonishment of a gathering crowd; and, finding that rage impeded his utterance of a foreign language, he had recourse to gesticulations of an alarming description, till interrupted by the recommendation of one of the *gendarmes* that if he had "*des réclamations à faire*" he had better address himself, the following morning, to the proper *bureau*. "*Parbleu!*" said Mr. S. "*Il y a des lois, n'est-ce pas?*"—" *Oui, monsieur*," he was answered, "*on en fait tous les jours*." Mr. S. had a wholesome horror of the police; and, after again rejecting, with scorn and indignation, the flaming red machine of hideous shape, which was once more offered to him, he retired amidst the grins of a considerable gathering of lookers-on. But he was not a man who would tamely submit to wrong. He applied to the *bureau*. Morning after morning saw him on his way to the Louvre. "*Je viens encore, monsieur, pour chercher ce parapluie vert*." Again and again he announced himself on the same errand; till at last he was told that he could have no redress. He remonstrated. "*Monsieur*," blandly replied the official, "*votre affaire est faite*." The "*sacré mille diables*" were again upon the lips of Mr. S.; but he calmed himself by translating Shakespeare's "*insolence of office*" into choice French; and having ascertained that the head of the department, the *Directeur-Général des Musées Royaux*, was Monsieur le Comte de Forbin, he brought the *parapluie vert, fabrique Anglaise*, under the immediate notice of the minister. His memorial was favourably received; orders were given for the restitution of his umbrella, or payment of its value. Triumphantly he again went down to the Louvre; was asked the amount of his demand; and—now relenting—he said that, although the value of his *parapluie* was thirty-five francs, he did not wish to be *hard* upon the woman, and would take fifteen. The *chef de bureau* shrugged his shoulders with an expressive grimace; he could not have conceived that any man, after taking so much trouble to gain his object, would forego the advantages of his success; and when Mr. S., receiving his fifteen francs, returned them to be given to the poor, "*Ma foi!*" exclaimed the *chef*, "*que ces Anglais sont drôles de gens!*"

I was not ashamed, even then, to acknowledge Mr. Sevenoaks as my countryman. He took it kindly. Being past mid-day, he pressed me to partake of what he was pleased to term *a calf's head farcified*; and, over a bottle of Sauterne, he continued his laments on the loss of what he assured me was the best umbrella that had ever been made in England.

## ONE OR TWO HABITS OF YOUNG FRANCE.

THE Chinese, a people who may be said to have run the course of civilisation and attained its limits, have long ago given up tobacco for a more rapid and destructive narcotisation by opium. The French, and indeed the English, are following in the same path. The fragrance of Shiraz tambak, inhaled through rose-water; the gentle fumes of the *tetune* of Latakiah, imbibed through a long cherry-stick; mild Havannah, or more potent Orinoco, are alike disdained in England for pig-tail and Cavendish, in France for Strasbourg and Caporal, smoked in short cutty pipes, by which the little furnace where the tobacco burns is converted into an alembic, and the cherished smoke is distilled into oil, one drop of which, taken inwardly or applied to a flesh wound, is sufficient in most cases to destroy life!

No doubt some get so accustomed to it that five drops would not kill them; but there are on record many cases, and one of a French grenadier, who perished from inadvertently swallowing one drop. Some people get accustomed to anything, as Mithridates would possibly have digested all Orfila; but the results must be horribly pernicious. One of the princes of Condé put some snuff into the wine of the poet Santeuil: the poet drank it and died. Ramazzini relates a case of a girl who died in convulsions from merely having slept in a room where tobacco was ground down into snuff. Helwig narrates another case of two brothers who challenged one another to smoke the most. One fell asleep never to wake up again at his seventeenth, the other at his eighteenth pipe.

But, supposing life to be preserved by a confirmed smoker, it is at an expense that renders it no longer of any value. Stomach and brain are alike affected. Will, memory, spirit, passion, intelligence, activity, even personal dignity, are all sacrificed. All smokers are drinkers. They attempt to dissipate by alcohol the narcotisation of the tobacco.

In Paris, M. Auguste Luchet tells us,\* such is the passion for smoking, that home and theatres are alike abandoned for the *estaminet*. On the 23rd of February, 1848, two men sat down to smoke in the *café* of the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, and they sat there all day in that happy state of unconsciousness that they never knew that a revolution had taken place.

Walk some fine winter's evening into one of these *estaminets*—beer and tobacco-palaces—and before you have advanced three steps you will find yourself seized with the most extraordinary sensation; you are involved in a dense cloud of smoke, the lungs repel the noxious air by provoking a sudden cough, but the brain is stupified, and you have not even the power to fly; you must sit down, and after a short time become habituated to the pernicious poisonous atmosphere. People go to *cafés-concerts* now, where what they get is bad and dear, and what they hear is a disgrace to art; but they go because they can smoke. Any theatre which would authorise Strasbourg or Caporal between the acts

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\* Les Mœurs d'Anjourd'hui. Par Auguste Luchet. Le Tabac—Le Feu—Le Canot—Le Pourboire—La Blague—La Pose—Le Chantage—Le Loyer—Le Boutique—L'Exh.

would make its fortune now-a-days. If you go on the Boulevards, your predecessor leaves a cloud behind him. It is difficult to get a breath of fresh air now-a-days. If you get into a steamer, your next neighbour puffs away like a chimney; and if you mount the top of an omnibus, the fast young gent who cultivates the friendship of the dissipated-looking driver, sits in front, his smoke poisoning the atmosphere, and the dust of his cigar blowing into your eyes.

Even in a garden, amidst camelias, hyacinths, and roses, the gent smokes—no perfume to him is equal to that of the *Nicotiana Tabacum, rustica* or *repanda*. The wife in our times, if she wishes to enjoy the society of her husband, must tolerate smoking at home, if she does not smoke herself. The contagion of smoking is immediate. Exposed to an artillery of throats in combustion, one must either go out or smoke in self-defence.

Napoleon I. snuffed, and tried once to smoke. The result was, a sick headache, a death-like prostration, all the usual symptoms of poisoning by tobacco. The sleep of the confirmed smoker is heavy, feculent, fuliginous; he is aroused with difficulty; a torpor, which it is impossible to shake off, binds all his faculties. A confirmed smoker becomes too idle to confront the daily battle of life: he gives way before it, and sinks into poverty or imbecility.

Young Frenchmen of the rising generation not only smoke, they have also taken to boating—possibly from something they may have seen or heard of as performed on the Thames, or, still more likely, from an example set to them by some fast young Englishmen upon the Seine. Other Frenchmen of a more thoughtful cast have also, as an inevitable result, begun to study, *sous le point de vue social et philosophique*, what effect the practice of *canotage*, as they call it, has upon the finances, the habits, the tastes, and language of the said rising generation.

The first canotier in Paris, according to M. Auguste Luchet, was a French student, who had a marked predilection for the sea, so much so, that all his other studies were neglected. His friends lost patience, and his father stopped his allowance; he would have starved but for his mother, who sent him a stock of cheese and preserves. "One day," relates M. Luchet, "there was a feast of cutlets—good things among students are always in common—the young mariner brought his cheese and his preserves in exchange for a chop, and he was made welcome. A poor girl, an orphan, who had fallen upon our hands, no one knew how, acted as help. She was sorrowful that day, and had been weeping. The porter had scolded her, and said she could no longer sleep on some old baskets that lay in the garret, and which had hitherto been her place of refuge. She had no place to go to, and she said so. She had always been a kind of sister to us all, loyally and without preference; misery exchanged for youth, and youth for misery. We sent her to borrow some dominoes, and played for who should provide her with a home. The embryo mariner lost; a smile beamed forth out of the tears of the little girl; she liked the mariner best of us all." It was thus that Paris had its first canotier and its first canotière, for the mariner had a boat on the Seine, which he called the *Grand Sagamore*, and he took out his *petite* to have a row in it. Some archæologists declare that the *Belzebub* existed before the *Grand Sagamore*. We cannot decide the question. The student canotier is now a capitaine-marchand, and "la petite" has a

fine house near Honfleur, with a doorway fashioned out in the shape of a wherry, in commemoration of her early fortunes. The door is shown to strangers; and the story of her success in life is related to all who will stop and listen.

Since these primitive times canotage on the Seine has become the fashion, and has its especial club, the essentials for admission into which are to smoke Caporal and drink beer or via d'Argenteuil. It is not necessary that the candidate should know how to swim. One summer's day a picture-dealer was fishing, in company with a well-known artist, at the Pont d'Asnières. A four-oared boat, with four ladies and a steersman, came rapidly down the river, ran against one of the arches, and was upset. The whole party was thrown into the river. The artist possessed that kind of temperament which does not allow itself to be easily disturbed. Yet upon this occasion he could not help exclaiming, "Confound them, they made me lose a bite." Then, taking out his line very composedly, "Are you going to help them?" he said. But the picture-dealer was already undressed, and in a moment afterwards groping about in the water like a Newfoundland dog. The artist having the example thus set him, carefully deposited his paletot, hat, clothes, and boots, and then took to the water with the utmost gravity. The leader of the party had in the mean time reached the shore, where he was drying himself in the sun very unconcernedly. The two fishermen succeeded not only in bringing the rest of the crew, but also the ladies, and even a straw hat which was floating down with the stream, safe on shore. Of all these would-be mariners, only the leader knew how to swim, and he reserved his knowledge for his own especial benefit. But he lost upon this occasion the affections of his canotière, and it served him right.

After poisoning the air which they breathe, the next accomplishment most cultivated by the Parisian canotiers is orchestral singing, worthy of St. Lazare or La Roquette. A suitable costume is also a great point, and this is sometimes attained by walking barefoot with a belt and hatchet, or promenading with a lantern in open daylight, as if about to go the rounds. The canotiers have also an argot of their own, in which they introduce a few English words, as "Stop!" "Hard astern!" generally in their wrong places.

The Parisians are celebrated, when they do anything, for having some great national object in view. The institution of canotage upon the Seine was in anticipation of Saint Nicholas becoming a sea-port! Encouragement to naval construction was also another great object. There are now, it is said, some five hundred boats on the Seine, and the Société des Regates Parisiennes holds out promises of doubling the number. The boats are variously designated, as canots, clippers, yoles (yawls), gigs, skiffs, wherries, and godilles. We use the orthography accepted by the society.

M. le Comte de Maussion has, in the "*Livre des Cent-et-Un*," defined the word "*blague*" as meaning "the art of presenting oneself in a favourable light, of making oneself of value, and of doing that at the expense of men and things." At the expense of truth would have been more to the purpose. The word is derived from the name of the sack or bag of the pelican, and which was once much coveted for making bags for tobacco; but having been shamefully counterfeited by bladders of a

more vulgar origin, the word *blague* became synonymous with humbug and imposture.

"Without *blague*," says M. de Maussion, "one is nobody. One may rigorously be a respectable man and a *blagueur*, but, as a general rule, be a *blagueur* at all events. The word, limited in its acceptance and application in former times, has, we are informed, in our own days been taken in its most comprehensive moral expression, and placed on the right hand of French civilisation.

"*Le Français n'est pas précisément menteur*," says M. Auguste Luchet, "*mais il est essentiellement blagueur,—le Parisien surtout.*" The difference is this: one may be obliged to maintain a falsehood from feelings of pride or self-respect, but a *blague* can be given up without a scruple. "My dear father-in-law, you are only an old *blagueur*," said Robert Macaire to the Baron of Wormspire, and they embraced one another: M. Proudhon says the same thing to those who controvert him, and all parties laugh. *La blague* is more especially glorified in France because it is a pet child of revolutions, and of the *égalité* which is supposed to spring from them. "*Sans égalité point de blague*," says M. de Maussion. We do not *blaguer* to those whom we respect, but in times of a general and fraternal equality no one is respected; therefore is the *blague* a pet offspring of *égalité*. It is essentially a socialist and democratic word. Nobody now-a-days tells a falsehood—it is only a *blague*! A falsehood is a thing condemned and despised by all—it is a vice; *la blague* is not a vice—it is an intellectual exercise, an agreeable pastime between the ingenious who lead, and the ingenuous who are led. A *blagueur* is a jovial impostor, a liar is a melancholy one.

Some people are *blagueurs* by profession; notoriously, commercial travellers, dentists, horse-dealers, managers of theatres, upholsterers, and others. Some are ambulating *blagueurs*: they call themselves collaborators of Alexandre Dumas or Scribe, nephews of Victor Hugo, or sons of George Sand: they invent ancestors and inheritances with the same indifference that they give an age to their wine and a special fabrication to their cloth.

Of all *blagueurs* those to whom precedence is undoubtedly due are the political. What magnificent displays of virtue, what torrents of devotion, what promises of a wondrous future, were not poured forth at each successive revolution! What embracings, what cheers, what gigantic engagements for the future! There was the suppression of the army, the extinction of offices and privileges, the lowering of interest, the simplification of law, abolition of imprisonment for debt, gratuitous loans, abjuration of the treaties of 1815, reprisals on foreigners, the extermination of the maritime commerce of Great Britain by a company of national pirates at Havre, the repayment of a milliard to emigrants, obligatory instruction, right to labour, fraternity of the poor with the rich, friendship of masters and valets, phalansterianism, Icarianism, Proudhomanism—all political *blagues*!

Science has its *blagueurs* as well as politics, oratory, and poetry. Such was the seal that said "Papa," the toad that had lived two hundred years in a stone, the beast seen in the moon by a telescope which had never existed, the inhabitants of the sun, so ably depicted by a recent visitor—a great literary *blagueur*. Still more is this the case in medi-

cine. "I went the other day to see a friend," M. Auguste Luchet relates, "a man of honour and a loyal tradesman, who manufactures chemical products and furnishes pharmaceutical preparations to the homœopaths of all countries. He was gravely seated down before a number of pretty mahogany boxes, and a still greater number of phials, diversely and microscopically ticketed, one arnica, the other belladonna, the other aconite; and I saw that he was pouring into each, from out of a large paper horn, a certain quantity of those globules of sweetstuff, called by confectioners *nompaille blanche*. 'Why, friend,' I said, struck with admiration, 'you put the same thing into all the different bottles?' 'I know it,' he answered; 'the doctors know it also. We never do otherwise. The sick swallow them—faith does the rest.'" The honest and loyal tradesman no doubt treated M. Luchet to a blague—at least it is safest to suppose so—one more or less is nothing.

Then there are fashionable blagues, among which mesmerism takes a first rank. Imagine a person totally ignorant of pathology or therapeutics suddenly gifted with all the resources of the art of medicine merely from being mesmerised by a doctor, signalling disorders undetected by experience, and dictating modes of cure which extend the domains of science!

Granted that a table may be forced to move, or may be carried away by the magnetic current generated by a human chain—a very dubious thing—can anything be more absurd than to question that table, and to expect prophetic or inspired answers? Suppose if you will—and you must have the digestive powers of an ostrich to believe it—that you have the power to communicate to a table the fluid which belongs to you, and to make of it a new instrument, which shall manifest your thoughts. Well, agreed! What can that table tell you that you did not know before? What other tastes, what fears, what hopes can it entertain but those passed from yourself by your own fluid? It is not it that speaks or writes, it is you! If it acted differently it would be like the Irish echo.

In 1846, a year of renown for good claret, a captain of cavalry was in garrison on the Gironde. He was an amiable, educated man, of good family, refined manners, and remarkably handsome. Among other houses which he frequented was that of a wealthy vine-grower, who had an only daughter, a very pretty and a very spoilt child, of about ten years of age, but who took wonderfully to the gallant captain, and was playfully called his little wife.

Suddenly an order came for the regiment to embark for Africa; the captain had to bid his little friend farewell. It is needless to say that he covered himself with glory; he returned to France a major, decorated with the legion of honour, but with an arm, which, broken by a ball, had been badly set, and had remained ever since perfectly immovable. The officer had in the interval of six or seven years' absence kept up a regular correspondence with his friends on the Gironde; the memory of the pretty child, who promised to be so fine a woman, had lost none of its charms by absence. On his return he hastened to see her; she had grown up more beautiful than he anticipated. He was dazzled! He proposed to reward his long-tried constancy by marriage, and the parents did not object. But it was otherwise with the young lady. At first she



laughed at the captain's dead arm—a lame man is always so awkward—then she cried a little; and at last she took it in horror and aversion. Asleep or awake she saw nothing but that terrible, anachylosed, motionless arm; it terrified her, and nothing could induce her to marry a man so afflicted. The captain, in despair, went to Paris to consult the professors of the art. They recommended him to have his useless limb cut off, and replaced by another of flesh-coloured, vulcanised caoutchouc, with mother-of-pearl nails, of ravishing resemblance to reality, and which, fixed to the elbow joint, had established in it by the constant electricity emanating from the stump, a magazine of motive power, which the caoutchouc entertained and renewed at certain times, thus ensuring a constant and lively movement to the factitious member. The young lady had no longer any objections to make, and the gallant soldier won his little wife. Needless to say, a mesmeric blague.

The Exhibition at Paris is about to open; let us warn our readers against what are pompously designated as *brevets d'invention*. The generality of manufactures so announced are the veriest blagues in existence. This is so well known and understood, that government, whilst it accepts the payment of a tax for the registration of a pretended discovery, and gives a privilege to the assumed discoverer, carefully repudiates all responsibility, and inscribes upon every so-called brevet d'invention, *sans garantie du gouvernement*, or sometimes simply, S. G. D. G.

A Parisian manufacturer or tradesman—bourgeois and national guard—if he has what his fellow-citizens designate in their high-flown language, *des conceptions hautes et le génie de son état*, never stops at anything. If he has a brevet d'invention, and it does not sell, he uses it for something else; so also with a medal or a *décoration*. Not a bottle, nor a box, nor a ticket, is used now-a-days in business but is embellished with a portrait, a name, and a brevet. Sometimes a foreign medal is superadded. "Here is something," says the customer, "which is better than a brevet S. G. D. G." These lozenges have won a medal at the Universal Exhibition of London." "The man I deal with," says another, "has had a prize for his matches." Confiding customer! The gentleman who deals now in *chocolat armorié* formerly manufactured lamps and closets, which had no sale because they were essentially bad; and the medals which were awarded to him in that time by the Academy of Industry, the Athenæum, the Society of Encouragement, and other blind and stupid juries, is now used by him to adorn his chocolat with all kinds of armorial devices. The use of a medal, even of the *croix d'honneur*, may be borrowed for the benefit of a speculative business in ink, blacking, or any other commodity. It suffices that a member of the firm is an old soldier, and is entitled to wear such a medal, or that the manufacturer can refer to a cousin, an uncle, or a father-in-law, who is *décoré*, that he should also decorate his advertisements with the insignia of honour.

A trick well known in the United States is sometimes had recourse to in Paris. A man takes out a patent for some marvellous discovery which no one appreciates. He gets a friend to imitate it. To do this he even provides him with tools, models, and means. The counterfeiter then goes about from shop to shop praising his invention, and abusing the original. The patented individual is exasperated, and has the impostor

brought before the courts of law. There is a mock trial, newspaper reports, discussions as to the merits of the invention : it becomes known all over Paris, and the purpose is answered by the time that the discoverer has to pay the fine which his accomplices is mulcted in.

In Paris, it should be understood that every tradesman (*marchand*) is now a *fabricant*, and every shop (*boutique*) is a *magasin* : and as every individual represents his trade by himself, so his magazine signalises his business. A Parisian keeps a *boulangerie*, but he is not a *boulangier*, or a *boucherie*, without being a *boucher*; a *botterie civile et militaire*, without being a *bottier*. These refined abstractions must be understood to get on courteously in Paris. The individual is a bourgeois, a national guard, or tout bonnement, *monsieur*—best known at the nearest *estaminet*; madame does the business, and hence probably the reason why there are no longer any bakers, butchers, or shoemakers in Paris.

The blague of a name is well known. How many Jean Maria Farinas in Cologne! The only Anisette de Bordeaux that was permitted at table was that of Marie Brizard and Roger; there is no Mary Brizard nor Roger now alive, but the anisette still exists. "Tremper en hiver les bouteilles un instant dans l'eau tiède, pour rendre à cette liqueur sensible sa cristalline limpidité," is inscribed on the bottles. "Bonheur Français des beaux noms!" exclaims M. Auguste Luchet. Chronometers and mathematical instruments manufactured in Paris are inscribed with English names, and figure as the work of Johnson or Simpson, instead of Chevallier or Porc Epic. "French manufacturers," M. Luchet says, "send over good and inferior articles to this country. The Englishman divides them into two lots, engraves London on the good, Paris on the bad!" That is certainly not fair. We see that a mad project is under discussion, to separate at the forthcoming Exposition the good from the bad. Who will visit the latter department? If such a division were possible, it would be as well to do away with the bad altogether.

A blague in high life has revealed itself in modern times to Paris stupified! A gentleman arrives at the capital of the civilised world. (The idea entertained by every badaud, that Paris is the centre of the world, the point to which all roads are directed, the centre of all railway communications, a *port de mer*, the rendezvous of all that are wealthy, and the place from which no person absents himself in favour of Florence, Naples, Rome, Vienna, Constantinople, London, or any other city, if he can help it, peculiarly predisposes them to be taken in.) He comes from Africa or America, from St. Petersburg, or from Brives la Gaillarde, with an idea of his own. Naturally he wishes to make his fortune; that is the least he can do. The gentleman in question is an artist, great author of symphonies or harmonies, great player on the violin, or great poet; he has brought snuff-boxes from Russia, or violets from Toulouse, to attest to his wonderful ability. He asks in return praises from the Parisian press and a flattering reception from the fashionable world. Or it is some young gentleman that arrives, handsome, but without property; or some foreign general, with an old name of renown, which he is willing to give to a lady for a pecuniary equivalent. Speculator, artist, handsome young pretender, or ancient general, he must give an entertainment; without that there is no merit, no talent, no recommendations, no admissions. One fine morning he summons the *élite* of the capital, chief

editors and assistant editors, critics, professors, men of science, and literary men—men who patronise, who weigh a man's brains, and measure his intellect. Well, they all go. There is a grand ball and a tall Suisse. There are spacious rooms, handsome furniture, rich drapery, capital carpets, pictures, bronzes, great dog, piano, books, and pipes. Dinner is sumptuously served up, linen with crest, plate with crest, knives with crest, and liveried attendants. The dinner is *recherché*, the wines are good, the host agreeable and hospitable. It is quite clear all is right. There is nothing of the hotel or the restaurant there. The host is a charming man; he must be taken up. It is all *blague*. Everything can be hired in Paris. Your plate, napkins, and knives can be marked just as readily as your servant and your carriage. You can hire, if you want them, titles, state service, a genealogy, a known friend *et une maîtresse classée, lion ou lionne*.

Another still more common imposture is that of medical specialities. You are unwell; there is in Paris a special doctor for every class of diseases. They owe their success to the common belief that one man can only do one thing well. There is always a new and important discovery in vogue for the treatment of special disorders. You hasten to the point indicated by renown. There is a grand house with a great door, a row of carriages, the coachmen asleep on the boxes. You walk in and give your card. The ante-chamber is full of patients; you bow and take your place, laying in at the same time an unusual stock of patience. After the lapse of a short time, a servant, who appears to take a friendly interest in you, comes up and says he sees you are suffering; he will get you in before the others. A bell rings without: it is a patient dismissed; the sympathising domestic whispers, "Follow!" And you are introduced into the presence of the great specialist.

The doctor is busy writing: he asks pardon, will give you his attention in a moment. This allows you time to see piles of silver on the mantelpiece, not one of which contains less than four five-franc pieces. You see at once what is expected from you. Well, the whole affair is a *blague*. The carriages at the door, the crowd in the ante-chamber, the money upon the mantelpiece! The coachmen are hired, the patients are hired, the piles of silver are borrowed!

Some persons of a serious turn of mind would call all this imposture, falsehood, fraud. It is only substituting other words for *blague*—mere play upon synonyms. "Is it not," asks our author, "disgraceful to both parties, that before one man enters upon a conversation of serious import with another, he should be obliged to say to him: 'Ah! ça, pas de blagues,' when perhaps fortune, honour, or life are concerned? Is it not an outrage, the acme of reciprocal humiliation? Is it not a whole epoch, a whole generation, a whole people disgraced by a word?"

## MILITARY PROMOTION BY PURCHASE.

ONE of the many vexed questions which seem now to be engrossing public opinion is military promotion by purchase. The *Times*, and a numerous party, are for the immediate annihilation of our present system, establishing promotion simply as a cordon of merit, and exemplifying to every grade of our community the hackneyed aphorism that each private soldier carries a field-marshal's bâton in his knapsack. The *Times* is very sanguine on its present bantling of reform, and considers the plan feasible and easy of realisation. On the other hand, Lord Palmerston, and a still more numerous party—carrying with them on two occasions the majority of the Senate House—consider this new idea simply preposterous, or, in their own words, "Utopian."

Before entering into the subject in detail, we take it for granted every one of our readers are aware promotion in the army is by purchase—that is to say, each grade up to the rank of a lieutenant-colonel is to be *bought*. After that rank an officer is promoted by what is technically called "brevet." These commissions are sold by government, who, by-the-by, are only brokers in the matter, as the original price has been appropriated almost a century past. For instance, D—— is a captain, and wants to sell. He receives the regulated price of his company from Lieutenant B—— (the senior lieutenant), the price of his lieutenancy from Ensign C—— (the senior ensign), and the price of his ensigncy from A. E——, "gent," as he is very equivocally styled. It must therefore be patent to every understanding government reaps no pecuniary advantages from what the *Times* designates "these mercantile transactions." Officers who die in the service, or are dismissed by sentence of court-martial, have the prices of their commissions sequestered, which go towards a sinking-fund that covers the loss to the country of promotions *without* purchase. We shall now give a tabular statement of the prices of commissions, with the daily pay of their respective ranks:

PRICES OF COMMISSIONS AND DAILY PAY OF EACH RANK.

Corps.	Ranks.	Price of Commissions.	Daily Pay.
		£	£ s. d.
Life Guards.....	Lieutenant-Colonel .....	7250	Exact pay not obtainable, including contingents and allowances.
	Major .....	5350	
	Captain .....	3500	
	Lieutenant .....	1785	
	Cornet.....	1260	
Horse Guards, Blue .....	Lieutenant-Colonel .....	7250	
	Major .....	5350	
	Captain .....	3500	
	Lieutenant.....	1600	
	Cornet.....	1200	
Dragoon Guards and Dragoons	Lieutenant-Colonel .....	6175	1 3 0
	Major .....	4575	0 19 3
	Captain .....	3225	0 14 7
	Lieutenant.....	1190	0 9 0
	Cornet.....	840	0 8 0

Prices of Commissions and Daily Pay of each Rank—(continued).

Corps.	Ranks..	Price of Commissions.	Daily Pay.
		£	£ s. d.
Foot Guards .....	Lieutenant-Colonel .....	9000	Exact pay, not obtainable, as above.
	Major and Lieut.-Colonel .....	8300	
	Captain and Lieut.-Colonel .....	4800	
	Lieutenant and Captain .....	2050	
	Ensign and Lieutenant .....	1200	
Regiments of the Line .....	Lieutenant-Colonel .....	4540	0 17 0
	Major .....	3200	0 16 0
	Captain .....	1800	0 11 7
	Lieutenant .....	700	0 6 6*
	Ensign .....	450	0 5 3

It is estimated, that if the system of promotion by purchase was annulled, the legislators of such an act would saddle posterity with an increased debt of *between eight to nine million pounds sterling*, totally irrespective of the half-pay list, which may with perfect safety be estimated at four millions more, making, at the very lowest calculation, a national debt of *twelve millions sterling!* whilst the annual pay of officers alone is four hundred thousand a year. The question which naturally arises to every thinking person is: "Is England justified in saddling her posterity with such a sum upon two debates in the House of Commons, and upon four or five leading articles in the *Times* newspaper?"

At this time, engaged in the greatest war our kingdom ever has seen, when not only the sword, but famine, pestilence, and neglect are decimating our ranks, no lack is found in applications for commissions—it being notoriously the case that the general commanding-in-chief never had his list so full—and when officers themselves are all in favour of promotion by purchase, let us ask, "Is *this* the very period to select for annulling the system, for taking a clean wipe out of the state of figures, for saddling posterity with a debt of twelve millions sterling; and for favouring a 'whim of a moment' of the great Thunderer of Printing-house-square?"

Let us, however, take it for granted, simply for argument's sake, that promotion by purchase is annulled—that we have saddled the country with twelve millions sterling—shall we, pray, have obtained our ends, and have made promotion in the army the standard of merit and not money? Let us see. Are not all our readers aware that there is "extra money" given, nearly equalling the regulation price contained in the tabular form given above? Yes. Are they not aware such is contrary both to civil and military law? Yes. Is it not so laid down, both in the Mutiny Act and Act 49 George III., cap. 126, sec. 7? Yes. And yet most assuredly is it as well known as that the Nelson column stands in Trafalgar-square, that in a "crack cavalry corps" a lieutenant-colonel will give as much as fifteen thousand pounds for his command, being in excess over the regulated price of nine thousand eight hundred and twenty-five pounds; and a captain in the same distinguished branch of the service,

\* After seven years' service, one shilling per diem extra.

six thousand pounds, being an excess again of one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five pounds. This is done in the face of stringent laws, civil and military, which are unable to restrain this trafficking. Let us pause. Let us ask, inquire, and think whether any means, save Utopian ones, could be devised to prevent commissions becoming mercantile transactions? It must not, in the first place, be presumed for a moment that those two services, where commissions are not purchased—namely, the Royal Artillery and the East India Company—are exempt from the taint of filthy lucre. Far otherwise: money is the surest means of promotion in that intelligent and intellectual branch of her Majesty's army whose head-quarters are stationed at Woolwich, whilst our good friends the loyal and brave officers of dear old rich Nunky John Company—in many regiments, if not in all—have a fund with which the juniors purchase out the seniors. The *Times* may draw invidious comparisons, and pray the military service generally might be assimilated to the Indian one, where every officer looks upon his profession as his home, and his pay and emoluments as his patrimony; but rest assured that it is so inherent in our national natures; that, whether Royal or Indian officer, he will endeavour with that pay to improve that home; and as each succeeding step entails such benefit and comfort, he will endeavour to do that towards himself whereby he is most benefited, and whereby he is made most comfortable. Give an Englishman a mud hovel in the wilds of Galway, he will do his best with money and exertion to turn it into a cottage ornaée, and exactly in the same ratio are those effects felt in the British army.

"Ah! but we shall get a superior man to enlist!" exclaims pater-familias. Forsooth, we have heard that cry ere this! Mr. Layard told us of some such thing when in 1846 he reduced the term of service of the soldier to ten years; and now, when the popular mania is to do away with purchase, we have the same old song. A shilling a day, with deductions, is a vast inducement to any man, surely, to enlist, with even the certainty of after some fifty years becoming a major-general—eh, good gentleman? Nay, we will not presume so much on our reader's ignorance of human nature, of the world, of Byron's noblest study, "man," as to attempt to induce him to believe that yonder youngster, "taking the shilling" at the side of the Hampshire Hog, in Westminster, is calculating how many years he has to serve ere he mounts the sergent's stripes—how many it will be before he doffs the worsted epaulette and dons the golden one—and lastly, the exact year he finds that fabulous bâton which we are told is shortly to be hid in every man's knapsack? No! no! There are other reasons: the knit brow, the sullen look, tell of quarrels at home. Again: that sigh, those pale and haggard cheeks, those downcast, melancholy-looking eyes, bespeak poverty and neglect: some village philosopher, who has begged his way to London to earn fame, and honour, and riches, finds but too soon his equals and superiors, and reaps only poverty, neglect, and misery. Yet again: look on that merry-faced lad; his smiling lips, his dark, hazel eyes, his blithesome gait, and ringing whistle, tell of one whose spirit is above being chained to the loom or plough, and loves the stir, and danger, and excitement of war for such feelings themselves; he calculates on nought just now save which soldier he shall "stand" bear for

with the shilling he has taken. And finally, look again : that sharp-featured, emaciated, and trembling wretch, shivering in a midsummer's sun, tells too plainly the spendthrift, the drunkard, and the criminal. There you have, good, worthy, old gentleman, your party. The prodigal son, the village philosopher, the merry ploughboy, and the drunken criminal. Take a good look at them ; it is the last time you will see them so. To-morrow or the next day they will be in scarlet coat and blue "overalls," part and parcel of a huge machine, that, after all is said and done, is a "wee bit" feared, and laugh when foreigners talk of Inkerman, Alma, and Balaklava. Well, do you think one or either of these when they enlisted in that distinguished service, which you are now paying double income-tax to keep up, ever gave a thought of the field-marshal's bâton being in the valise ? Verily, verily ! no, no !

Well, to flatter your whim, good old paterfamilias, we will suppose an exception to our rule—we *will* suppose a recruit enlists solely for the chance of becoming an officer. Does any rational reader suppose that, without realising purchase-money, the non-commissioned officer would give up his pension which, as one, he receives ? But here let us again pause, and explain what "pensions" mean, at least for the benefit of our civilian readers. Every soldier discharged receives the following rate of pension for life :

	Service.	Rates.	
		s.	d.
Privates, Cavalry.....	{ 24 years.....	1	0 per diem
	{ 28 " .....	1	2 "
" Infantry ...	{ 21 " .....	1	0 "
	{ 25 " .....	1	2 "

Non-commissioned officers have, in addition to the above pensions, the following rates, computed from the date of enlistment, for every year of service as non-commissioned officers, viz. :

	s.	d.
Regimental sergeant-major .....	0	2½
Troop sergeant-majors and colour-sergeants .....	0	1
Sergeants.....	0	1
Corporals.....	0	0½

All these are independent of "blood money," loss of limbs in action, blindness, wounds, &c. &c.

Do you, therefore, good, worthy paterfamilias, suppose that *any* non-commissioned officer would give up the chance of such a comfortable retiring pension (which might, as a regimental sergeant-major of cavalry, amount to 3s. 6d. per diem) for the honour of being an officer and a gentleman, except he was safe of the contingency of the purchase-money of his promotion ? Nay, for both the regulation and the sum given over that regulation, amounting, as we have already stated, to—in a crack cavalry corps—for a lieutenant-colonelcy 15,000*l.*, for a captain 6000*l.* ? We fear not !

But another difficulty is now thrown in the way of eradicating the system of promotion by purchase, by the very pensions to which we have just made allusion, and the country must be prepared for an additional burden of several millions sterling to meet or remove this new obstacle as it now presents itself. The artillery have large retiring pensions, as we have no

doubt our readers are aware. Of course the line must have the same. You could not use the best term of a man's life, send him to every clime, making him serve "where the sun never sets,"—soldier from Canada to the West Indies—and when fairly worn out, and old, and useless, and fit for nothing but cackling of the old Duke of York or the iron Wellington, like our inestimable friend Joe Bagshot, we say you surely could not turn him to the barrack-gate and bid him "begone" like a drummed-out private? Nor could you make *all* generals, nor give to *all* appointments, or districts, or regiments, otherwise there would be nothing but "Richmonds in the field;" nor again could you, now the old boys are "past their work," their occupations, like Othello, "gone," turn them loose on the streets of London, until, passed to their parishes, they are compelled to seek workhouse relief? The idea is preposterous; the Chartist would sing pæans of ecstasy! You *must*, therefore, pension off these old boys, and the longer we were at peace, and the younger you wished your generals to be, so much the larger would your pension-list swell. Are you prepared, good, worthy John Bull, for all this? If you are—reform by all means; if not, if your army is satisfied, wait—wait a little longer—wait until farmers petition you for free trade, until peers legislate to be imprisoned for debt, until the Whitechapel thief solicits K 15 to take him up for "prigging an old lady's vipe at 'Xter 'all;" wait, good John, until "the sky drops, and the heavens rain larks!"

Merit, a cordon of merit, we must have for our army; education we must have, not the farce it is now; better pay we must have, not the miserable pittance you give now, where the private is not so well paid as the Irish bogtrotter, nor the officer as a master cotton-spinner. Besides all these, we must have a total annihilation of "police duty" for our troops. We must not send a company to Ballymacrowdy, in Mayo, because the poor are starving and the landlord is an absentee; nor a troop to Donkeythorne because its captain is cousin to the great duke there. But we must concentrate them all at Chobham, or at Aldershott, or at the Curragh, and teach them what campaigning is really likely to be; and then, when the day of battle is at hand, when the first shot is fired, they will be ready prepared for the crisis, and the heartrending tales with which our newspapers and periodicals have so teemed with these last six months will remain as but legends of the past with the other stories of the instruments of torture in use in Great Britain's darker ages. Green coffee and the rack, base cloth and the stake, "ammunition" boots and the thumbscrew, will become relics of barbarity, treasured up in the Tower of London for our children's children to see, and mayhap form the material for some startling romance for a future Ainsworth!

If we reform these, and such as these, we shall do not only a great social good, but a holy and heavenly one; our regiments will no longer become the charnel-houses for our surplus population; and surrounding nations will with one accord allow that England's army is not only brave and loyal, but wise and moral.



## THE WOMEN AND THE SALONS OF FRANCE,

UNDER THE EMPIRE, THE RESTORATION, AND THE MONARCHY OF JULY.

CARDINAL MAZARIN said to Don. Louis de Haro, at the time of the peace of the Pyrenees: "How lucky you are in Spain: there, women are satisfied with being coquettish or devout; they obey their lover or their confessor, and interfere with nothing else. But here, they wish to govern the State. We have three such: the Duchess of Chevreuse, the Princess Palatine, and the Duchess of Longueville, women who would overthrow empires by their intrigues."

The Chancellor Maupeou used to say that women could not understand politics more than geese. A Duke of Wurtemberg held the intelligence of the fair sex in equally low estimation. His wife having ventured an observation upon the war which he had to sustain against Swabia, "Madame," he said, "we took you to give us a successor, and not to give us advice."

Jean V. of Brittany averred that a woman knew all that was wanted of her "*quand elle savoit mettre différence entre la chemise et le pourpoint de son mary.*" Molière has dramatised this historical saying, related by Montaigne, in his "*Femmes Savantes*:"

Nos pères, sur ce point, étaient gens bien sensés,

Qui disaient qu'une femme en sait toujours assez

Quand la capacité de son esprit se hausse

A combattre un pourpoint d'avec un haut-de-chausse.

In a letter of the 6th of November, 1806, the Emperor Napoleon I. wrote to Josephine: "You appear to be annoyed at the bad things I say of women. It is true I hate intriguing women above all things. I am accustomed to women who are good, mild, and conciliating; these are the women I like."

Always ready to enter the lists with the conqueror of Italy, Madame de Staël asked him one day, in a large circle of society, who in his estimation was the first woman in the world, dead or alive?

"Celle qui a fait le plus d'enfants," answered Napoleon, smiling.

Notwithstanding these records of ungallant attacks made by authority upon the fair sex, Dr. Véron justly remarks, that in France women have always exercised a certain empire upon society as it existed in their time; they have known how to change their parts, their attitudes, and their seductions under different *régimes*; and, at many epochs of French history, they have even pretended to govern the State.\*

The empire of women was of brief duration at the breaking out of the revolution of 1789: the salons, at that epoch so numerous, so brilliant, and a few nights previously so powerful, were speedily dispersed by brutal and threatening influences—those of the clubs and the street; influences which put to the rout all assemblages which required a certain quietude for their effective development.

Madame de Staël, at that time in her *première jeunesse*, made an attempt, during the administration of M. de Narbonne and of the Legislative Assembly, to exercise a certain influence upon that assembly in her salon, and to rally and to direct its principal members, as at a

\* *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris.* Par Le Docteur Véron. Tome Sixième.

later period was done, in the midst of the animated but regular movements of a constitutional monarchy. These precocious political reunions were overthrown by the same impetuous torrent which carried away the throne of the 10th of August.

The vast influence of Madame Roland's salon is now a matter of history. This remarkable woman, clever and ambitious, ruled over the men of her party as if she had been their chief. She was the first who endeavoured to organise the bourgeoisie of France of '89. She was in the possession of more graces and amiability than is generally supposed, but her projects for the future, perchance reasonable, but certainly premature, were quickly upset by catastrophes. There were no more salons when the scaffold became permanent!

Women, however, began to regain power the moment the days of Terror had gone by. The beauties of the epoch, among whom Madame Tallien occupies historically the first rank, assured their empire by the pity and humanity shown to the victims. The goodness of their hearts, the cynical ex-Director of the Opera would make us believe, sympathising with all forms of suffering, *les entraînait même à de faciles tendresses!*

Under the Directory, Madame de Staël saw, on her return from Switzerland, the leaders of all shades of the old party reassembled in her salons. Her doors were only closed to the Jacobins. The author of "Corinne" was indebted for this great influence to the remarkable qualities of her heart and intellect, to an indefatigable activity, and to a certain prodigality of herself and of her sentiments. Those even whom she pleased least capitulated in the long run. She succeeded in bringing within the sphere of her attractions every person of distinction or renown. But these reunions, where Madame de Staël pretended to reign and govern, were deemed to be incompatible with the new order of things. Exiled to Switzerland, she regretted there for a long time her salon in Paris, or, as she used to call it, her rivulet of the Rue du Bac.

The Consulat saw several salons of more or less importance open their doors; and allowed them to exist. Madame de Montesson, widow of a Duke of Orleans, whose wife she had been, as Madame de Maintenon had been the wife of Louis XIV., assembled at her soirées persons attached to different parties, and sought to effect a fusion between different régimes. Madame de Montesson, friend of the Beauharnais, showed herself devoted to the Bonapartes, and she made converts among the emigrants, and even among the great names of the old nobility, to the new order of things.

At this epoch, the graces, the charms, and the intelligence of Madame Récamier, attracted within her circle a polished and amiable society, but more of a literary than of a political cast.

Under the Empire, the women whose society was most courted, who took the first places at the imperial court, and who graced the brilliant assemblies of the staff on days of festivals, revelled in that great and rich beauty, which inspires neither elegies, nor madrigals, nor sonnets, but which moves the senses before either heart or intellect know anything about it.

Madame la Duchesse de Bassano; Madame la Comtesse Duchâtel; Madame Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely, Madame la Duchesse de Vicence, Madame Visconti; and, in second rank, many a préfet's wife, give us an idea of that beauty which is compatible with elegance and grace, but

which, in order to conquer, disdains to borrow anything from the imagination, from the refinements of mind, or from all those subtle and studied coquetties which are requisite to impart passion in calmer and more tranquil epochs.

The numerous varieties, and different shades of beauty, are in all times represented among women; but the diverse *régimes* that govern society only place in the foremost rank those whose beauty, so to say, shows itself to be in perfect accordance with the spirit, with the ideas, it might almost be said with the philosophy, of the time. Thus, under the Empire, an upright, imposing bearing, a Greek outline, a look full of fire, a power of attraction which would no more admit of being questioned than the bravery of French warriors, some sense and intelligence,—but an intelligence unclouded by chimeras or vain misgivings, keeping within the circle marked out for it, appreciating only positive things, and preferring in love a sustained heroism to a languishing sentimentality,—such were, in the first years of the century, the principal moral and physical features of the women who were celebrated by their triumphs in salons, as also perhaps by the glory of those who loved them.

The women of the Empire entertained the most tender enthusiasm, the most sympathising weakness for living illustrations of the field of battle; for those brilliant officers whose persons revealed force, vigour, and courage. The Lauzuns of that epoch were so many heroes.

Nevertheless, towards the end of the imperial *régime*, a new group of women gathered round Queen Hortense, and, taking after her, came under the influence of more refined graces, and more chaste and delicate sensibilities.

A new reign of women was inaugurated with the Restoration. Clever women, with some pretensions to beauty, aristocratic manners, and a simplicity which took uncommonly, shone with great lustre in the salons, where they were surrounded with homages and distinguished by a discreet and reputable celebrity. Lamartine came, and the political, the poetic and literary woman, once more took the lead. It would be necessary to resuscitate the different classes, the different opinions of societies, as at that time constituted, to do justice to all the women that were then met with, distinguished in their own circles and their own little worlds, and who rivalled with one another in charms, in wit, and in emulation.

After the renowned salons of Madame de Montcalm, Madame de Duras, and a few others, which M. de Villemain has lately described, with expressions of deep regret for times now gone by, a whole youthful world might be quoted, who, bursting into bloom under the Restoration, heralded its chief features by a poetic physiognomy, a graceful melancholy, and a Christian philosophy.

Who has not seen a young woman with light hair at the balls of Madame the Duchess of Berry, gliding lightly by, scarcely touching the ground, every movement impressed with so much elegance that one was struck with her gracefulness before knowing she was a beauty? Who then recognised the young Marchioness of Castries, and cannot now embody the idea of that youthful, charming, aerial beauty, which was applauded and honoured in the salons of the Restoration? The society of the time, which had been carried away by the sentimental Elvira of the "*Méditations*," was less terrestrial and less pagan in its tastes than it had been in the time of the Empire. Nevertheless, the grandiose and

imposing style of beauty was still worthily upheld, with the aid of a certain elegance derived from blood and descent, by the Duchess of Guiche, since Duchess of Grammont. A young girl was also at the same epoch much sought after in all the aristocratic salons, where she was not less admired for her rare and splendid beauty than she was for that poetic talent which made of her "la Muse de la Patrie."

Political men were at that time entertained, if not presided over, in the salons of Madame de Saint Aulaire and of the young Duchess of Broglio. There was in these two distinguished ladies a delightful harmony of intelligence and thought, and of elevated and religious sentiments not incompatible with worldly and political pursuits.

The somewhat despotic power of handsome swordsmen was put down in the boudoirs and salons. There were other things to talk about besides duels, bulletins of the *grande armée*, and cavalry charges. Celebrated preachers, bishops of a rather worldly turn, people of talent and of irreproachable character, and political men of a certain importance, were now the chief persons who obtained favour in these eloquent and aristocratic assemblies.

Fashionable ladies even attended the more interesting debates of the Chamber of Deputies. Each orator filled the galleries with his friends upon the days when he was to address the house. The secret of a feminine protection could be detected even in the highest political destinies of the time; every minister had his Egeria. Princess Bagration, whose beauty, graces, and wit, admired at more than one congress, have become a matter of history, encouraged and fostered, by her attendance at the tribune, the easy yet spirited eloquence of M. de Martignac.

A new era commenced with the Monarchy of July. The salons of the preceding régime continued open, but they were filled with regrets, spite, and bad humour against the government which had just been installed. Then a new and distinct race of women sprang into existence, took the impression of the day, and soon imparted a tone to all around. These young women, of a beauty which held a middle place between the beauty of the Empire and that of the Restoration, making their entrance into the world after the government of July was established and consolidated, knew only it, troubled themselves very little with the pretensions of those who had preceded them, and who were now in no small degree faded, and launched forth in a career of their own, full of charms and delights. Paris had experienced the reign of the Faubourg Saint Germain, and afterwards that of the Faubourg Saint Honoré; it was now the turn of the Place Saint Georges. Every quarter of Paris has, in reality, its distinctive manners, the contrast between which can neither be calculated nor appreciated by distance. Young women made their appearance at this moment, and aspired to the frivolous and evanescent celebrity of fashion, who were possessed of charms, and always dressed in a style alike rich and *recherché*, who were intellectual but inclined to the positive, and no longer carried away by the imagination, and who were possessed of a determination of will, which was sustained without an effort in the midst of the most varied and most brilliant dissipation. In the world of that time, fortune held as great a place as ever, and even greater than heretofore. People took a pleasure in displaying their riches, either by costly dress, by the splendour of their equipages, or by their luxurious furniture, extending itself to the fine arts and objects of vertu. These

distinctive features of fashionable ladies, some of whom attracted even the attention of the young heir to the throne under the Monarchy of July, are well known. It would be sufficient to quote a few names, but discretion forbids.

Without the circle of the court of King Louis Philippe it is impossible to seize upon and describe the numerous forms which vanity assumed in the ever-renewing confusion and agitation of the day. It was the great era for dressing for effect and for coquetry without disguise.

In 1831, the wealthy bourgeoisie made the Opera their home; they took the place there of the great families and the great names of the Restoration.

More than one young woman established her reputation as a lady of fashion in a box of the Royal Academy of Music. There are some beauties with whom the brilliancy of the lights and the staring of the crowd impart additional animation to their countenances and enhance their attractions.

Who has not had the indiscretion to allow his lorgnette to rest upon a charming lady full of smiles, with black eyes and eyebrows, whose neck and shoulders presented the most exquisite outlines and the most graceful movements? Her expressive physiognomy depicted almost instantaneously the lively emotions which she received from the theatre, and the pleasure which the homage by which she was surrounded gave to her. The most wealthy and distinguished young men, as well as many old men, proverbial for their gallantry, rivalled with one another in the vigour of their assaults upon her youth and heart, in despite of the foot-lights and a husband. Nor was she wanting in spirit to repel these assiduities. "Take care," she said to a septuagenary one day, who was harassing her with his attentions, "*je vais vous céder.*"

This young lady, whose name was in every one's mouth, and whose position placed her alongside of the court, was to be seen at the most fashionable balls as well as in the most prominent and *recherché* seat at the race-course. Her absence from any one of these rendezvous of opulence, luxury, and frivolity, would have been felt by all. She eclipsed all competitors wherever she showed herself, and according to the Latin historian, "*eo magis præfulgebat quod non videbatur.*"

During this *régime* of eighteen years' duration, the romances of Madame Sand and of Balzac, and the poetry of Alfred de Musset, imparted a peculiar character to young women. Boldness of conception, cavalier-like manners, a sensibility susceptible of deep emotions, but only for positive things, or where their interests were concerned, constituted the distinctive features of the more or less political and more or less fashionable women of the time of Louis Philippe.

Some, of good birth, charming manners, and high spirits, indulged in eccentricities of conduct not altogether feminine. One of these, who was indefatigable in field sports, a first-rate rider, ready to engage any Madame Patin who should cross her path with sword or pistol, who smoked egregiously, and never cared to control the fantasies of either her heart or her head, had still the power to attract round her, whether at the theatre, at the steeple-chase, or in the salons, serious and important personages, as well as "the fine flower of our golden youth." Free-thinker, if you so will it, untameable in character, taking life boldly,

profoundly philosophical, she would, like the Duchess of Bourgogne, have cheered the old age of Louis XIV. by her witty sayings; she would, in the early days of her youth, have roused, by her numerous attractions, the worn-out passions of Louis XV.

All this, let it be said without sarcasm for that vast number of young women, amiable, well-informed, regular, reasonable, and far from void of beauty, whom the higher classes and the middle classes rival one another in bringing up in a style which tends every day to confound the two classes more and more together.

Those exchanges of titles of nobility for large fortunes, which were so common under the Restoration, continued under the Monarchy of July. Under this latter régime, the balance to be made in a contract between a coat of arms and a dowry was regulated with increased parsimony, and not always so much in favour of the escutcheon. Many a young woman, inheritor of the paternal millions, laboriously accumulated in the practice of a more or less liberal profession, purchased her title of countess, and her right of presentation in the salons of the Faubourg of St. Germain, for a very modest annuity settled upon the husband, who was in no way allowed to interfere with the capital from whence it was derived. Under the junior branch, the purchase of a title of nobility experienced a great decline in value.

The parliamentary government upheld, it must be acknowledged, if not an elegant and refined phraseology in the salons, at least a certain degree of taste and ability. But still it cannot be gainsaid, that among the women who gave themselves the greatest trouble to lead the fashion, no small number were also "women of business." Many a beauty with charming eyes and most attractive and poetic countenance, in the midst of the emotions of daily life and the thousand cares and anxieties inseparable from their pretensions, would exhibit greater skill in detecting the combinations of the *Bourse* than her husband, absorbed in stock-exchange speculations, and having little or nothing else to think of.

One of the most fashionable women of the Government of July, and whose exceeding beauty would have filled the salons of the Empire and the Restoration with admiration, allowed herself to be particularly carried away by what, in her case, was a family passion for gambling in the funds. She would conceive and follow out combinations of the most extensive bearing, and often conduct them to a fortunate result such as she herself had alone foreseen; and all that united to a noble patronage of art, and an admirable appreciation for intelligence and originality of views.

The most modest artist was favoured with the same delicate attentions in the salons of that lady, whose aspect and attitudes were those of a duchess, as the leading diplomatists, financiers, or statesmen of the day. A strong inclination for all that is beautiful and rare creates the love of money, and hence it is that, amidst the progress of commerce and of industry, many women, who, one would think, could have nothing better to do than to cultivate their beauty and study their dress, display a practical capacity for the most difficult and complicated affairs.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the great ladies of the court had nothing but gambling with which to ruin or to enrich themselves: in our times, intellect and talent play a far greater part in the

combinations which propose to themselves the acquiring of a large fortune as a result. The possession of riches has not, however, the effect of deadening the sympathies of these great ladies; on the contrary, their natural tendencies are always towards generous and noble actions.

The women in that numerous gallery of portraits sketched by the masterly hand of Saint Simon, ever absorbed in their beauty, their great luxury, and their brilliant pleasures, combined with the transaction of a serious business, are wanting in this last great feature. None showed themselves equal to the task of uniting the imagination of a Law or a Colbert with the severe and charming attitudes of a Maintenon, the lovely coquetry of a Duchess of Bourgogne, or the tender and loving heart of a La Vallière.

A few political salons flourished under the Monarchy of July. A title of nobility, a large fortune, a graceful hospitality, personal charms, or the reputation of beauty, do not suffice for a person of distinction, loving the world, to draw around her men of standing, occupying or having occupied high stations, and to create a centre of conversation which shall above all things be well informed upon the affairs of the moment. It requires, to produce such a result, to have kept up intimate relations with the distinguished men of other countries as well as of one's own. How clever and ready must the hostess also be, who has always at her command the language which is best adapted for those whom she has to address, and finds words to gratify every one?

Members of the two chambers—ministers, artists, and literary men—were among the privileged classes in the salons of the time of Louis Philippe, sometimes presided over by a great foreign lady. These intimate and familiar reunions brought political men together, and more than one result, useful to the country, was thus often brought about amidst those conflicts of opinion which arise from parliamentary discussion. Many an academical election was also decided by the influences of the salons, and there still exist little groups of academicians, who, by their worldly habits, evidently consider themselves as necessary elements of fashionable society.

Women have been sovereigns, and have seen themselves surrounded by flatterers in all ages. In Homer we find old men admiring the graces of Helen, exalting her charms and attractions, and grieving over the power of such fatal seductions. Theocritus, full of sentiment and passion, makes his companions and rivals join with him in singing the beauty of the daughter of Tyndarus. The munificence of emperors and kings has raised statues and palaces to those whom they have loved. This somewhat pagan worship for the beauty of women no longer exists in our times. Women reign, and always will reign, over the heart; but in the present day the young woman and wife is rather an object of respect and esteem than of attentions and gallantry. Clubs, which multiply every day, keep men away from female society; they lose the influence of their mild and beneficial example, and they oblige the more refined sex to put up with their own rude and masculine habits, even to the smoking of cigars. The nineteenth century is very far removed from the time when a La Rochefoucauld said to a Duchess of Longueville:

Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,  
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois; je l'aurai faite aux dieux!

## SKETCHES OF THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

## PART I.

I HAVE ever been a lover of the “*dolce far niente*,” and I have always found this favourite pursuit most to my taste when I could indulge it beneath the blue skies and amidst the balmy breezes of the sweet South. This lazy disposition led me into Italy in the winter of 1845: and I was not driven away by the approach of spring—the usual signal for the flight of travellers, who, swallow-like, migrate in a body towards the chilly North at the first ray of the bright sunshine which ushers in the luxurious summer of the favoured peninsula.

On the morning of the 1st of June, 1846, I was sauntering down the Corso at Rome, resolved to lounge away the summer day, until the hour at which I was invited, together with the whole Roman society, to a *fête* at Prince Torlonia's villa, beyond the Porta Pia. I happened to enter a shop for some trifling purchase, and I soon learnt, from the eager questions of several persons whom I found there, that the expected entertainment was postponed. Upon inquiring the cause of this sudden change of intention, I received the first intimation of an event which was totally unforeseen by any person beyond the walls of the Vatican—“*E morto il Sovrano.*”

Gregory XVI. died that morning. No one had been apprised of his danger. Although he had been confined to his room for a few days by a swelling in the leg, so slight an inconvenience had created no alarm, and had scarcely been known to any but his immediate attendants. Mortification came on suddenly; and in a few hours the good old man had ceased to breathe. This Pope had been a monk; and when visiting his palaces, I have often seen, beneath the stately canopies and the gold-embroidered coverings which protect the slumbers of the Chief of Catholic Christendom, the hard sacking upon which he really slept after his elevation to the Roman purple, as he had previously done amidst the austerities of the cloister. But Gregory was not loved by his people. As a sovereign he was justly regarded as a systematic opposer of political reform; and the number of prisoners who crowded the fortresses of the State sufficiently attested his severity towards all those who strove to introduce innovations on the existing institutions of the country. The Roman States were notoriously the worse governed portion of Italy. Justice was exposed to every sordid influence by which it could be corrupted: the extensive brigandage, which had rendered the country so insecure under the reign of Gregory's predecessor, was barely repressed by large detachments of troops scattered amidst the hills that surround Rome; and, although crime was far less frequent here than in more thickly-peopled countries, this circumstance was to be attributed chiefly to the simple habits of the people, which reduced their wants within a narrow compass, and to the mildness of the climate, which renders the existence, even of the poorest classes, almost luxurious, if compared to the terrible destitution of northern countries.

The absolute necessity for a reformation in the institutions of the  
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country had been repeatedly urged upon Gregory's consideration; but he resolutely refused to adopt any measures that tended towards a change. Warned by the revolutionary movement which had threatened destruction to the Papacy in the first year of his reign, he resolved to keep the leaders of that formidable insurrection within his power, and to repress all attempts at political modifications, especially the long-desired measure of the secularisation of the government. Nor can we refuse to this pontiff the praise of political foresight at least, and a just estimate of the dangers that menaced him, when we find that the individuals who took a chief part in that insurrection, and who were expressly excluded from the amnesty which Gregory found himself compelled to give, were the same who drove his successor into exile, and conducted the mischievous farce of the Roman Republic of 1849. He was aware that the country was filled with secret associations, professing the most daring and dangerous political creeds; and that if once the system of repression was modified, he did not possess sufficient force to control the inevitable movement. Foreign bayonets or internal despotism seemed the only alternatives which their own weakness forced upon the too-willing governments of Italy as their sole refuge against the wild theorists of revolution.

Immediately after his death, the body of Gregory XVI. was embalmed, and laid in state in the Sistine Chapel, invested with the royal robes. The Noble Guard watched over it by night and day; and many of their number evinced sincere regret for a master who had shown constant kindness and consideration to all who approached him. The body was subsequently removed to the chapel of the Holy Sacrament in St. Peter's, where it remained until the preparations for the funeral were completed; and here the people were permitted to kiss the dead pontiff's shoe, as his foot rested against the grating of the chapel. The funeral ceremony was performed in St. Peter's with great pomp. A gigantic catafalque had been erected, proportioned to the vast dimensions of the great Basilica, and the funeral mass took place with the usual magnificent accompaniments. This ceremony terminated the public services of the interment, which was characterised by the accustomed splendour of the Catholic ritual, and by the frigid indifference which might be expected beside the grave of a prince who had no family and no friends around him; who died, as he had lived, alone, amidst a people who loved him not, surrounded by dependants who sought their personal interests only, or by priests whose lives were as lonely and as uncared for as his own.

The saddest sight of all was one to which the public were not admitted, although I chanced to witness it. There is a lofty doorway near the chapel, on the left-hand side of the great entrance to St. Peter's, almost opposite to the tomb, famous as the work of Canova, and erected by George IV. to the memory of the last princes of the house of Stuart. In a cavity over this door is the temporary resting-place of the popes, who, in accordance with long usage, are deposited here until the death of his successor ejects each occupant in turn from his strange burial-place; after which the body is removed, either to the subterranean vaults of St. Peter's, where many of the pontiffs are entombed, or to the burial-places of their family, if they prefer to sleep amidst the ashes of their own race. From this place the body of Pius VIII. had been removed privately, on the preceding evening, to its final resting-place in the vaults beneath.

At ten o'clock at night, the remains of Gregory XVI. were conveyed from the opposite chapel across the dimly-lighted church. The body was then deposited in its coffin; after which it was placed in a strange-looking box of common deal, that resembled an ordinary packing-case, and swung up by ropes into the hole over the door, where the masons proceeded to brick it up. During this operation—it cannot be called a ceremony—there were a few torches to enable the workmen to accomplish their task; a solemn chant burst at intervals from the choir, and the thrilling tones of the funeral dirge gave some relief to the dreariness of the vast temple, whose partial illumination cast its livid glare upon the features of a corpse—bedecked with royal robes. The creaking of the machinery by which the coffin was raised; the absence of all appearance of feeling or respect in the few spectators; the whispered conversation, and not unfrequent smiles of two cardinals, whose official station compelled them to be present on the occasion, added a still drearier effect to the cold reality of the scene, and recalled to my memory the vivid contrast of the spectacle which I had witnessed but a few weeks before, when he, who had been consigned with so little reverence to his last dwelling, had bestowed his benediction on a whole population, kneeling before him in the attitude of deepest humility.

The quaint and antique ceremonies of the Conclave, which was immediately assembled to proceed to the election of a new Pope, are too well known to be interesting in detail. Many and various rumours prevailed as to the candidate who had the best chance of succeeding to the vacant chair of St. Peter, but he who was chosen was, perhaps, the last that was expected to obtain a majority of the suffrages. The Conclave, often so slow in its deliberations, consumed but little time upon this occasion, and long before such a result was anticipated, Rome was astounded by the election of Cardinal Mastai. Cardinal Gizzi, a man eminent for his abilities, and popular from his liberal opinions, was the candidate towards whom the public wish had turned in anxious expectation; and his election was considered probable. The new Pope, though less remarkable for talent, was known to entertain liberal views, and had endeared himself to the Legation over which he had presided by his mild and amiable character. His election was, therefore, hailed with gladness, as giving a promise of improvement and progress. This favourable augury was further confirmed by the appointment of Cardinal Gizzi to the ministry; and seldom has a sovereign ascended the throne amidst more universal joy than that which hailed the election of Pius IX.

The ceremony of a papal coronation is less remarkable than the ordinary splendour of the Roman court would lead to expect. It is, in fact, but a repetition of the high mass which is celebrated in St. Peter's three times in every year, with such imposing effect, by the Pontiff himself, and which, considering the unequalled magnificence of the church, the antique splendour of the clerical costumes, the imposing appearance of the soldiers who line the long and lofty aisles, the solemnity of the Catholic ritual, which is here displayed in its most impressive form, is at all times one of the most gorgeous ceremonials that it is possible to behold. The only addition to the usual service, excepting some prayers adapted to the occasion, was the emblematic rite of burning ~~the~~ in a large censer

before the Pope, as he was carried up the church in his chair of state, whilst a voice in warning tones repeats aloud the words: "*Sic transit gloria mundi*;"—a record of the instability of his newly-acquired grandeur that was speedily impressed in a still more enduring manner upon the heart of Pius IX.

The act of inauguration takes place on the "Loggia," or gallery, over the great gate of the church, when the mitre is removed by the attendant bishops, and the triple tiara is placed on the new sovereign's head, whilst the cannon of St. Angelo and the bells of a hundred churches announce the event to his subjects. But from the great height of the porch, and the consequent distance of the spectators assembled in the square beneath, the ceremony is imperfectly seen, and produces but little effect.

The absolute necessity for immediate and extensive reforms had now become apparent to every rational observer. It was obvious that the Roman States had fallen far behind in the march of European progress, and that it would not be possible any longer to refuse a reasonable modification of institutions of which the abuses were notorious, and the unpopularity deeply rooted. The new Pope was well informed concerning the public feeling, and the natural mildness and docility of his character disposed him to lend a favourable ear to representations of the sufferings of his people, whilst he was not, perhaps, sufficiently acquainted with the evil designs that were mingled with the newly-awakened hopes. It would be incorrect to ascribe the events that ensued alone to a deficiency of foresight or energy in the Pope; no degree of firmness or political address in the sovereign could have sufficed to stem the torrent, unsupported as he was by any material force sufficient to resist the movement communicated to the masses, and fostered by the revolutionary clubs, as soon as the first impulse was given, by raising the cry of reform throughout Italy. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that the first liberal act of the new pontiff was in effect the first step of the revolution.

On the 17th of July, one month after his election was proclaimed, Pius gave forth an amnesty, which released upwards of three thousand political delinquents, upon the sole condition that the pardoned should pledge their *honour* not to enter into any future plots against the Roman government. How far these gentlemen redeemed their plighted words, the subsequent career of Sterbini, Galetti, Orioti, and others amongst the prisoners then emancipated, has informed the world!

No words can describe the wild enthusiasm with which this—the first popular act that had emanated for so long from any papal government—was received throughout Italy. One universal shout of triumph burst from the very heart of the people; the loud freedom-cry resounded from the Alps to the Bay of Naples; and "*Pio Nono*" became the national idol. Processions, composed of every class, rushed by torchlight to the Quirinal to express their gratitude, and to receive the Pope's benediction. Wherever he appeared his path was strewn with flowers; happy voices exultingly proclaimed him the saviour of his country; the people unharnessed his horses that they might themselves draw the carriage of their benefactor; whilst badges of white and yellow—Pius's colours—were worn on every breast, so soon to be replaced by the emblem of revolution. In every direction, whether at Rome or in the provinces,

triumphal arches recorded his services to his people ; hymns of praise repeated the joy and gratitude that he inspired. Nor is there any reason to doubt that this feeling was deep and sincere, until the dangerous perturbators, who sought subversion and not reform, gained an unhappy ascendancy, which terminated in the ruin of Italian liberty.

Soon the elements of the coming storm might be discerned amidst the universal gladness. The soldiery were permitted, individually, but in full uniform, to join the tumultuous assemblages, which now appeared constantly before the papal palace, to express their satisfaction for past favours, or to pray for more ; even some of the Pope's own guard, men of the noblest families in Rome, joined in the disorderly processions. Soon banners were displayed before the eyes of the sovereign, on which was inscribed the vow for national unity—the lure under cover of which the subversion of the existing governments was first indicated to the people—and all processions were now preceded by a large flag, covered with crape and other funeral ensigns, upon which the name of "*Alta Italia*" was written in black letters.

At length, when already too late, the government became alarmed at the extent and the uncontrollable nature of the demonstrations, which were perpetually repeated, and always with indications of increasing licence. Not only were the political functions of the priesthood loudly assailed, but the Church itself was openly attacked ; and as a first sign of hostility, the arms of Cardinal Lambruschini were publicly burnt. The most enlightened, and at the same time the most liberal, circles of Rome are composed of the second class of the citizens, and it is amongst the advocates and men of business that the energy, information, and ability of the country are chiefly to be found. In this class the temporal authority of the Pope was regarded as an abuse of feudal times, totally opposed to the rising spirit of improvement, and they had long looked to Piedmont and her sovereign as the means of restoring liberty to Italy. It was, then, from profound calculation amongst the most influential and popular persons of the country that the excitement of the people was fostered and encouraged ; and no sooner was an attempt made to put a stop to the constant meetings, under cover of which the general effervescence was gaining ground, than the enthusiasm which had greeted the first acts of Pius IX. vanished at once, and the discontent which had been industriously instilled into the public mind by revolutionary agents became immediately apparent. In the month of June, scarcely a year after his accession, as I passed the Alps into Switzerland, the Hymn of Pio Nono was the last sound that I heard upon Italian ground—the name of Pio Nono was carved upon the rudest rocks of the Simplon : when I returned to Rome, in November, I found that the idol had already been removed from its pedestal. Such and so fleeting is popular applause !

The 8th of November had been appointed for the ceremony which, from immemorial custom, follows the coronation of a newly-elected Pope, called the "*Possesso*," or taking possession of the cathedral of Rome, the ancient Basilica of St. John of Lateran. The procession was very numerous, and of great historic interest, from the dresses worn upon the occasion : chamberlains, pages, grooms, all were attired in the costumes of the earliest ages of the Christian Church ; and the pageant wore

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more the aspect of a scene in the Carnival than the grave ceremonial of the most ancient Christian bishop assuming his supremacy in the principal cathedral of Christendom. The whole body of the clergy, of every rank, rode on mules or ponies, led by grooms or equerries. The Pope departed from ancient usage upon this occasion, and joined the procession in his state carriage, whilst his mule was led before him, magnificently caparisoned. This curious and interesting sight was remarkable in a political point of view, as the occasion on which the declining popularity of the Pope was first publicly evinced, and some of the prelates who followed in his train were received with loud expressions of dissatisfaction.

Yet, in spite of the growing discontent, important measures for improving the condition of the people had made great progress. The Pope had given his sanction for the construction of four different lines of railway, destined to cross the country in every direction, in which the freedom of the communication and the encouragement of commerce could be facilitated. A commission was appointed to revise the criminal code, to render the execution of justice more efficient, and to prevent the corruption of the judges, which had hitherto been open and notorious. Some of the older tribunals were abolished, and united to the highest court of justice, denominated the "Sacra Consulta;" and, finally, a council of state was appointed, empowered to advise and direct the sovereign in all the measures of his government. A municipal council had been accorded, and a senate was instituted. The council of state, into which the prince endeavoured to introduce all the honest intelligence of the country, was inaugurated by a procession, in which the diplomatic agents of Tuscany and Sardinia took their place, amidst the frantic joy of the people, but in opposition to the wish of the minister. Cardinal Ferretti had replaced Cardinal Gizzi, whose failing health incapacitated him for the toils of office, amidst so many difficulties and dangers, and whose popularity had gradually faded away before his first attempts to repress disorder. Ferretti remonstrated against the perilous licence of permitting the representatives of the Italian sovereigns to associate themselves with those popular demonstrations, of which the tendency created so much uneasiness. But his wise foresight was disregarded; and, in spite of his remonstrances, the Pope was persuaded to give his consent.

The reforms which had been so long and so ardently wished, and which were now conceded, failed to satisfy the people, excited and urged forward by the emissaries of the revolutionary party. These active agents of mischief assiduously circulated false and alarming rumours of reactionary plots in order to create irritation and dread. All those who evinced the disposition to resist a headlong career of subversion were secretly marked out and threatened with assassination; and accusations of conspiracy with foreign powers were widely spread to increase the growing ill-will towards the Pope and the clergy. The people were thus constantly maddened by fear, and excited to fresh excesses by the arts of the secret societies, to whose daring and desperate machinations Italy owes her present slavery.

But this state of agitation and convulsion was not confined to Italy alone; and the success of the popular party in other countries served to strengthen and encourage the discontent, especially in Rome, where the abolition of the temporal power of the Papacy was the object really enter-

tained by the ultra-liberal party. Insurrectionary movements had taken place in the provinces, of which the object was to obtain a national guard; and after a slight attempt at resistance, this innovation was yielded to the wishes of the people, although it was contrary to the opinion of *Azeglío*, and many of the wiser and more far-sighted friends of reform. Rome soon followed the example, and on the 5th of July, 1847, the civic guard was instituted there at the demand of a mob.

At Naples and in Florence, in Sicily and Calabria, symptoms of a similar spirit had shown themselves. The Duke of Lucca had abdicated, and Genoa was in open revolt. In Switzerland, the Catholic cantons had been expected to oppose a desperate resistance to the demands of the more powerful States of the Federation, but they yielded after a feeble contention, and the news was received in Rome with extravagant exultation. The town was illuminated, and the tokens of the public joy were loud and universal. A short time after, when the Pope's intention of visiting the Jesuits' College was known, a disorderly mob rushed up to the Quirinal, resolved to prevent the execution of his design. But they found the palace-gates closed, and the Swiss guard in readiness to defend the entrance. After some parleying, the Pope consented to receive a deputation of his refractory subjects; and the tumult was finally appeased by his promise to appear in the Corso on the following day. Upon that occasion his carriage was followed by the cart of *Cicervacchio*, the popular demagogue, to the exclusion of his attendants. Insulting banners and rebellious cries arose in every direction, and it became completely obvious that nothing but force could avert the dangers which threatened the progress of events.

In the months of January and February, successive revolutions broke out in the other Italian States. At Palermo the insurgents obtained complete success, and proclaimed a provisional government; whilst the Duc di Majo, Governor of Sicily, offered no opposition to the insurrection. A force of seven thousand men was despatched from Naples to reduce the country to submission, under General Desauget, an officer of supposed ability; but whether unfaithful to the cause which he was sent to defend, or really incapable, he took no effectual steps to regain what Majo had lost, and after a short delay he evacuated Palermo. With the fort in his hands and the Neapolitan fleet in the harbour, he preferred a long march, across a hostile country, in order to embark at Messina; sustained considerable loss amidst some rocky defiles, in which he imprudently engaged his army, and was attacked by the national forces; and finally, after fighting his way to Villabate, where he defeated the Sicilians, embarked for Naples, leaving behind his horses and guns, whilst Sicily remained free under the provisional government.

The example of the Sicilians gave the signal, which Naples was not slow in obeying. Calabria, so long the stronghold of the Carbonari, had already risen against the royal authority; and on the 27th of January a tumultuous mob thronged the streets of the capital, and demanded a constitution. The cannon of St. Elmo gave a speedy response to the popular cry; and the blood-red flag, which soared aloft from the towers of the fortress, proclaimed that martial—and not constitutional—law was the boon which they were about to receive. But in spite of these first energetic measures of the government, a panic seems soon to have

paralysed the royal councils, for subsequent events forbid us to believe that they were alive to the wisdom of timely concession. Whatever motives led to the sudden change, it is certain that, upon the following day, the ministry was dismissed, and a constitution promised, amidst the acclamations of the delighted people. Peace seemed restored, although order was not in question amidst the tumult of that day. The troops were strictly confined to their barracks; the national guard held all the posts of the city; and the king and his brothers rode through the town with no other escort than a few attendants. On the 18th of February the promised constitution was promulgated; and the legislative powers were deputed to two chambers, of which one was to be elected by the people, and the other to be nominated by the monarch. And the same wild disorders, under the name of popular rejoicings, which had disgraced Rome, now signalled the political changes at Naples.

Turin next caught the contagion. The king—formerly distinguished by the ultra-liberalism of his views, which had led him into open resistance to the government—since his accession to the throne of Sardinia, had kept aloof from the liberal party, whose intentions he mistrusted. But seduced by the bright perspective of Italian independence, which was to owe its existence to him, and of which the chief recompense was reserved for him, Charles Albert soon suffered himself to be drawn into the movement; and on the 8th of February a constitution was given at Turin.

On the 18th of February the Grand-Duke of Tuscany accorded the same privileges to his subjects; and the Pope—unable to resist the general impulse, but now sincerely alarmed at the force of the torrent, which he possessed no material power to control—was compelled to promise a constitution to the Roman States, whose maxims of government had so long been regarded as totally inconsistent with popular institutions. How far the experiment might have proved practicable, if it had been fairly tried, and a sufficient force had been brought to bear upon the new order of things—to repress anarchy without smothering liberty—is still a problem to be solved, we will yet hope, by the wisdom of future statesmen, when the strong chains that now shackle the growth of Italian freedom shall be removed. At that time the attempt was futile, and promised little success, even had not events occurred in other parts of Europe which kindled into flames the smouldering agitation of Italy; for the spirit of revolution was abroad, strongly and energetically fostered by secret societies, which the government was unable to put down, and against which it had no means of defence. And the final catastrophe of the fall of the French monarchy, and the proclamation of a republic at Paris on the 24th of February, gave a power and impetus to the revolutionary party which henceforward proved irresistible.

A tumultuous mob received the news of the flight of Louis Philippe with frantic joy; they shouted their loud songs of triumph through the streets of Rome, and concluded their rejoicings by tearing down the Austrian arms from the palace of the embassy, and burning them publicly on the Piazza del Popolo. Every vestige of Austrian domination was hurled to instant destruction; and even the escutcheons which were placed over the palace-doors of the Roman princes met the same fate, wherever the eagle was to be seen in their arms as nobles of the holy

Roman Empire. Yet it is worthy of remark that, even amidst these outrages, the characteristic good-nature of the Italians was strongly evinced; and I chanced to witness the ready acquiescence of the crowd to a proposition made to them by Prince Chigi, when his abode was attacked in order to remove the obnoxious eagle from his doorway. At his suggestion, a few men consented to go up quietly to the second-floor of the palace and remove the arms from thence without breaking the windows or injuring the façade of the house; and having accomplished their purpose, they left the palace with loud cheers for the master of the mansion, in spite of his known opposition to the opinions of the popular party. Pursuing their course, they proceeded to burn the Chigi arms with those of all the other Roman nobles in which the hated ensign of Austria was found.

The clubs, which had now obtained complete mastery over the public mind, had resolved upon the subversion of the Papal power, and had already commenced their hostile measures by open attacks upon the clergy, who filled every office of importance, in all of which the abuses had long been exposed to the highest degree of unpopularity. A long system of misgovernment had impressed upon the Roman people the conviction that priestly rule was the source of all their sufferings; yet no proposition can be more inconsistent with fact and experience, than that a clerical domination is of itself feeble and incompetent. On the contrary, the ruler who adds spiritual influence to temporal authority enlists the most powerful of human passions in defence of the altar and the throne; as the Prophet of Arabia led the warlike tribes of the Desert to the conquest of the East, impelled by the religious fanaticism which their sagacious master recognised as the most invincible spirit that he could evoke to his aid. And the priestly ministers of France and Spain have proved to the world that some of the shrewdest intellects and the most comprehensive minds that ever conducted the administration of human affairs, have been found amidst the ranks of the Roman priesthood. Upon a people at once pious and superstitious, as the mass of the Italian population still are, such influence as churchmen can employ is calculated to create a profound impression. It is not then because Rome has been governed, but because she has been *mis-governed*, by priests, that her people have been goaded to so just a resentment for the wrongs and oppressions under which they have suffered so long.

As a political measure, the proclamation of the Roman constitution was useless. The moderate party had lost all influence, and sound maxims of good government were rejected by the adventurers who dominated the progress of the revolution. The conflagration was about to break forth which threatened destruction, not only to thrones and institutions, but to civilisation itself—the new social war, which well-nigh levelled all order and all governments alike into one sweeping and widely-spread ruin. But still Rome presented another imposing ceremonial to conceal with its flowery glitter the gulf that yawned beneath her feet. It is impossible to behold a finer sight than was presented when the civic guard, all brilliant in their new arms and accoutrements, marched to the Quirinal, to thank the sovereign, in the name of the citizens, for the constitution that he had bestowed on them. When the Pope appeared upon the balcony of the palace, 7000 men, drawn up in battalions



upon the open space of Monte Cavallo, raised their helmets on the point of their bayonets to salute him, whilst the exulting "Vivas!" which greeted his appearance were audible far away in the solitude of the desert Campagna, and the clash of arms upon the pavement announced that the army which he had just called into existence, and upon which his throne, and perhaps his life, depended, were prostrated, with uncovered heads, to receive his benediction. An English general officer, who has seen much service, and who was present on the occasion, pronounced the civic guard of Rome, as it passed before him that day, to be the finest body of men that he had ever seen under arms. Perhaps, if instead of a turbulent and undisciplined militia, these men had been formed into a well-trained and well-officered force, they might have proved the support of the throne which they helped to subvert, and of the constitution which that day they so gratefully acknowledged, and Rome might have been enabled to subdue anarchy without being subjected to the disgrace of foreign dictation.

On the 13th of March the revolution burst forth at Vienna, and Metternich—so long the chief prop of a system which his abilities had enabled him to uphold against general opinion—was forced to seek safety in flight. On the 18th of the same month the King of Prussia was driven from his capital. At the first announcement of the insurrection in Austria, Milan—long ripe for revolt—rushed to arms; and Count Casati, at the head of a large body of the people, demanded of the vice-regal government the institution of a civic guard and of a national representation. The government peremptorily refused to listen to their wishes; and the inhabitants of the capital resolved to vindicate their liberties by the sword. Barricades arose in every street, to the cry of "Viva Pio Nono;" and for five days and nights the undisciplined Milanese fought with resistless energy against the veteran troops of Austria. The Italian women—their resolute and fiery spirits aroused by the universal feeling—waged war from the windows of their houses on the hated oppressors of their country. They cast down stones and tiles upon the troops, and poured boiling oil upon their heads as they marched along the streets, and, rendered invincible by enthusiasm for the cause which inspired them, the Milanese succeeded in driving out of their town a garrison of fifteen thousand men, commanded by Marshal Radetzky. But, shut up within the walls from which they had expelled their conquerors, they could hold no communication with the inhabitants of the neighbouring country, whose assistance was absolutely needed to complete the great work which they had so gallantly commenced. With the fertility of invention which necessity teaches they sent up balloons, filled with proclamations, from the towers and belfreys of the city, which the Austrian soldiers from the fortress vainly endeavoured to intercept by firing at them as they rose in the air. The peasantry of the surrounding country were not slow in coming to the aid of their brave countrymen; and Radetzky, with his army, was compelled to retreat upon the strong fortresses of Venetian Lombardy. The Milanese immediately proclaimed a provisional government, of which Casati was the president.

On the 20th of March, Parma rose against its duke, Charles of Bourbon, who had lately succeeded to the dominions of the Archduchess Marie Louise. The troops prepared to defend their prince; weak and irresolute, he hesitated to employ the only means of preserving his au-

thority. The hereditary prince, in despair at the ruin which his father's indecision was bringing upon both, is said to have torn off his general's epaulettes, and to have flung them at the feet of the duke. The duke then created a commission, to whom he deputed powers to form a constitution, whilst he himself prepared to escape. But his intended flight was discovered and prevented; and the commission formed itself into a provisional government, instituted a national guard, proclaimed a democratic constitution, expelled the Austrian forces from the duchy, and finally ordered the hereditary prince to march with the Parmesan troops to aid the King of Sardinia in the war of independence. The prince was arrested on his march by the insurgents, and sent as a prisoner to Milan, from whence he afterwards escaped, and embarking in disguise at Genoa, repaired to Malta, and from thence to England.

On the 10th of the ensuing April, Charles was compelled to fly from his dominions, leaving behind his wife and daughter-in-law, who were not able to effect their escape at that time. The duchess found an asylum at Modena, where the revolutionary government afforded her protection, which the state of her health compelled her to seek, at no great distance from the home from which she was expelled. The young princess, sister to the Duc de Bordeaux, though in a situation which rendered a hasty journey inconvenient and dangerous for her, was forced to fly in a tempestuous night, and in an uncovered carriage, accompanied by only a single attendant, and without even a change of clothes. She was stopped by the insurgents at Bologna, who fortunately did not recognise her. It was alone, in a guard-house, at midnight, surrounded by a revolutionary horde of armed and savage men, that she was found by Mr. Charles Hamilton, the brother of the English minister in Tuscany, who had gone in search of her; and the daughter of St. Louis was, perhaps, threatened with a fate no less gloomy than that which had overwhelmed her race, when she was rescued and conveyed to Florence by that gentleman. Parma then voted its incorporation with Piedmont, as a portion of the projected kingdom of Upper Italy; and a Sardinian commission took possession of the duchy in the name of Charles Albert.

On the 22nd of March, a republic had been proclaimed within its ancient abode—*Venice*. The tumult had commenced on the 17th, by the liberation of two chiefs of the liberal party, Manin and Tomaseo—men of estimable character, but who had been subjected to imprisonment for the publication of political works offensive to the Austrian government. The people demanded that they should be set at liberty; the authorities refused; and a collision ensued, which, after some fighting, ended in the complete success of the populace. Manin was carried in triumph to the palace of the Doges; and the Austrian standard was torn down before the eyes of the troops. On the following day the people formed themselves into a national guard; and on the 22nd they attacked the arsenal, where the troops, after refusing to fire on the people, laid down their arms. General Martini, the Austrian governor, was compelled to resign his authority; and after a feeble resistance the garrison evacuated the town, and the republic was proclaimed.

In the mean time the disorders at Rome daily assumed a more threatening aspect. The civic guard attacked the convent of the Jesuits, and the lives and properties of its inmates were only saved by the interposi-

tion of a few men, who opposed themselves successfully to the violence of the assault. The general of the order applied for counsel to the Pope, who informed him in reply, that although he would not command their expulsion from Rome, yet the defection of the civic guard had deprived him of the means of defending them. The chief of the order then decreed their dispersion and retirement from the city, in which they could no longer hope for safety.

A new ministry was formed, composed of Recchi, Minghetti, and other leaders of the liberal party; and Cardinal Antonelli was chosen as president of the council. They instantly declared that the Jesuits had been expelled by the Pope's command; the Pope contradicted the statement of his government.

The hopes and wishes of Italy had long been directed towards the King of Piedmont, as the chief who was to lead her to national independence, and to expel the stranger from the Italian soil. That prince had formerly belonged to the political sect of the Carbonari, had favoured every liberal movement, and had placed himself at the head of the insurrection in Lombardy. He became king in 1831; but after his accession to the throne he met the advances of his former partisans with apparent coldness; and he was believed to have rejected the proposition of Mazzini and his party, that he should conquer and assume the crown of Italy. Yet when the demonstrations of the public will acquired a more determined form, and his aid was demanded to forward the great work of Italian independence, he began to listen to the suggestion, and finally acceded to it. But this unfortunate prince was peculiarly ill fitted, by his personal character, for an enterprise which required all the energy and decision in which he was eminently deficient. Hesitating and weak of purpose; sincere in good intentions, but easily turned aside by the persuasions of those who surrounded him, and whose interests and opinions pointed in various directions; true to the warlike traditions of the house of Savoy—a hero in the field, though a coward in the council—he rushed recklessly into a war which at first promised a glorious termination;—paused, wavered, and ruined his own and his country's cause. But though a bolder and more decisive prosecution of the war so successfully commenced might have prevented the reverses which were so soon and so sadly atoned by the lonely and exiled death-bed of the ill-fated prince, his want of success must not be too harshly imputed alone to his misconduct as a general, or his indecision as a statesman. On all sides harassed by the contentions of hostile factions, whose views were at variance, and whose individual interests were too often their chief motive—urged to the prosecution of the war by the partisans of independence—held constantly in check by fear of the republicans, the position of Charles Albert was one of almost insurmountable difficulty. When he became master of the whole Lombard kingdom, by a rapid and victorious campaign, the internal jealousies—which have ever proved the cause of ruin to Italy—again arose to prevent the immediate consolidation of the state with the Piedmontese monarchy. Milan could not consent to be second to Turin; and after drawing Charles Albert into the war, refused to receive him as a sovereign. Venice proclaimed the republic, which she had been unable to maintain half a century before; and after having hazarded his army and his crown, the king found that

he had only been forwarding the designs of the republican party to destroy both. At that period the Austrian government was willing to resign Lombardy—already lost—and to accept peace upon the grounds of mere financial remuneration. But Venice—or rather the republicans—insisted on being included in the treaty. Austria had time to rally; sent reinforcements into Italy; and all that had been so rapidly and so gallantly gained was as speedily lost. The Milanese received the king, whom they had invited to their rescue, with insult and opprobrium, whilst the courage of the officers who surrounded him alone saved Charles Albert in a dastardly attack that placed his life in danger; and Italy lost, through the false intrigues of the republican faction, all that she might have gained from the gallant efforts of the man whom she forced into action and then basely betrayed.

After long hesitation and indecision, Charles Albert declared war against Austria. He crossed the frontier of Lombardy on the 23rd of March, barricaded the roads, fortified the chief towns through which he passed, and on the 31st of the same month his army occupied the town of Lodi. Every Italian state sent reinforcements to his aid, and the war-cry against the oppressor sounded enthusiastically through the country. In the Coliseum at Rome, where the enrolment of the volunteers took place, thousands rushed to enlist in the "legions" which were destined to march, without delay, for the expulsion of the "barbarians;" and the Romans of the revolution seemed unconscious of the ridicule which they incurred by this adoption of the phraseology of their great forefathers. Untrained and disorderly mobs formed themselves hastily into regiments, led by officers as completely ignorant of military discipline as the men whom they commanded. Before they had proceeded many miles upon their march, they became footsore, and a great number of the soldiers fell ill. Such as finally escaped from the hospitals and reached their destination, proved a serious incumbrance to the army which they were intended to reinforce—drawing away food and money, already sufficiently scarce, and totally incapable of affording any aid.

The Pope, from the beginning, had firmly and resolutely opposed himself to the unequal and almost hopeless war. He had sanctioned the march of troops for the purpose of protecting the frontiers of his state, but he positively forbade any act of aggression against Austria; and fearing to give an excuse for the infringement of existing treaties, he refused the earnest prayer of the people that he would bless the banners under which they were to set forth. The people then rose simultaneously to overpower the resistance of their sovereign. The civic guard seized the gates of the town, to prevent escape from the wild scenes that were soon to be enacted within its walls, and remained under arms day and night. The Pope was held a prisoner in his palace on the Quirinal, surrounded by the armed factions, who wielded the sole remaining authority; and it was boldly intimated to him, that if he persisted in refusing his assent to the war, a provisional government would be proclaimed. The cardinals were kept prisoners in their own houses, exposed to every insult, and in the utmost peril from the fury of the mob. The Pope succeeded in procuring the release of four of their number, including Cardinal Gizzi, and caused them to be conveyed to his own palace; but when he sent his major-domo to the aid of Cardinals Bernetti and Della

Genga, those prelates were threatened by the muskets of the civic guard, and the rage of the infuriated populace. Cardinal Della Genga was at length rescued by the Duke of Salviati, a colonel of the civic guard, but no assistance could be rendered to Cardinal Bernetti. The Pope then sent Prince Rospigliosi, the civic general, to release the prelate, but the insurgents paid no more respect to the authority of their commandant than to the dignity of the churchman. Amidst insults and threats the prince persisted in forcing his way into the presence of Cardinal Bernetti, whose gardens had already been devastated by the people. But calm and unmoved amidst the danger that surrounded him, the prelate wisely resolved not to confront the enraged mob; and it is probable that he owed his life to this determination, as the civic guard awaited his appearance with loaded firelocks.

Meanwhile the clubs voted that their sittings should be permanent. The Becchi ministry gave in its resignation, and a provisional government was loudly called for by the people. In spite of every effort of the government to put an end to the disorders, the tumults lasted for three days and nights.

A short time before these events the Pope had been induced to consent to the alienation of a large portion of Church property, under the plea of arming the country against foreign invasion. He had been persuaded to this concession chiefly by the influence of Count Rossi, at that time ambassador from the court of France at Rome. In the month of May, Count Mamiani, formerly a political prisoner, who had recovered his liberty by the amnesty, was called upon to form a new ministry, which he endeavoured to strengthen and render popular by excluding priests from the high offices of government, and by admitting some Roman noblemen to official employment; but the names of Prince Doria and of the Duke de Rignano were not calculated to add much dignity or intelligence to the new administration.

The troops—or, to speak more accurately, the mob—which had proceeded towards the frontier, had selected as their commander the Piedmontese general, Durando. This officer—who subsequently displayed as much spirit and conduct as his means permitted him to exert in favour of the liberal cause, to which he was sincerely attached—had no sooner reached Ferrara, than setting at defiance the commands of the Pope, he gave the order to cross the frontier. The Pope, who had formally forbidden the war, published a fresh order, prohibiting his troops from attacking the Austrians. But these commands were worse than vain, opposed as they were by the determination of the popular leaders, and the enthusiastic wishes of the people, who blindly fulfilled their purposes; and the other governments of Italy, by yielding at once to the general will, increased to the utmost the danger and difficulty of the 'pontiff's situation.

Naples and Florence had sent large reinforcements to the war. Four thousand Tuscan volunteers, amongst whose ranks was the since famous Montanelli, marched to join the Sardinian army; the Grand-Duke, in the speech with which he opened the Constitutional Assembly, declared that Austria was now the only enemy of Tuscany, and war was declared against that power. When Montanelli was wounded at the subsequent fight of Montanara, and carried prisoner to Mantua, a false report of his

death which reached Florence was received with every demonstration of public grief, and funeral honours were decreed to his memory by his fellow-citizens.

Durando, with his corps, was advancing from Romagna; General Pepe marched from Naples with twelve thousand men; and a detachment of the Neapolitan army took possession of Bologna. At the same time Charles Albert's progress had been attended by the most signal success. At Curtalona and Montanara, at Pastrengo and San Lucia, he defeated the Austrians. The garrison of Como was compelled to surrender; that of Bergamo fled; Pavia, Pizzicatona, and Cremona forced the Austrians to retire from before their walls. At Monza, a whole battalion of Radetzky's army were taken prisoners; at Brescia equal success crowned the Italian arms; and the well-contested victory of Goito added the last laurel-branch to Charles Albert's wreath of glory. On the field of battle, the gallant king learned that the strong fortress of Peschiera had capitulated, and was in the possession of his troops; and Italy enthusiastically hailed her deliverer in the conqueror of the armies of Austria.

The Austrians were everywhere defeated, and everywhere in retreat. Lombardy and Venice were ready to declare themselves provinces of the kingdom of Upper Italy; Parma and Modena had already given themselves to Sardinia; and, in spite of the ardent patriotism at that time displayed by the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, it was more than doubtful whether an Austrian prince would be able to preserve his throne amidst the overthrow and abhorrence of German domination. It was at this bright moment in the destiny of the fated King of Sardinia that the hydra of the revolution raised its hundred heads for the consummation of his ruin, and the destruction of the cause to which he had devoted himself. Mazzini and the republican agents busily spread abroad a jealousy of the victor's power, and a mistrust of his authority. Now, as ever, where hope gleamed once more upon the brightening prospects of Italy, dissensions arose to divide the land, whose only chance of rescue depended on unity of action. The anarchists raised a republican cry throughout the peninsula in order to veil their own thirst for ruin and disorder; and they soon succeeded in destroying the hopes that had dawned so gloriously on their country, and as quickly died away beneath their baneful influence.

The king, astounded at his own success, did not pursue his triumphs with the necessary promptitude. Austria, weakened at home, defeated abroad, offered peace, with the cession of Lombardy, on the sole condition of pecuniary remuneration. Venice and the republicans insisted on being included in the treaty. Whilst the fate of his country was thus depending on the turn of a die, the king laid siege to the nearly impregnable fortress of Mantua, situated in an unhealthy country, and surrounded by impassable morasses. The precious moments flew by in this useless attempt, and the hours were lost on which the safety of Italy depended.

## A DANUBIAN ODYSSEY.

ALTHOUGH we have had already many and detailed accounts of the allied forces during their first campaign in the Principalities, all of these have been written by persons more or less interested in the issue of the struggle. With the Germans it is quite different: they take no more interest in the war than they do in the production of a new opera; all they care for is the excitement of hearing about gallant feats of arms; but as for their feeling a wish as to which side victory may eventually incline, or realising the fearful perils to which they, as well as all Europe, would be exposed by the Russ maintaining the upper hand, that is a consummation which we cannot anticipate—at least as long as Germany adheres to its present *régime*. The wish is only too frequently father to the thought, and from the very commencement of hostilities we have been deluding ourselves with the idea that Austria, at least, will furnish us material assistance. Our operations are at a stand-still; hardly a man is being sent from this country to aid Lord Raglan in his embarrassment. We are compelled to borrow troops, whom the Austrian regards with mingled contempt and aversion, and thus raise a barrier which will eternally keep us separated from him—while, at the same time, commencing a long series of subsidies which will cripple us and our posterity for generations. And yet, so great is our faith in princes, spite of the notorious instances we have had heretofore of the trust to be placed in them—and more especially is this referable to the House of Hapsburg,—that we very complacently satisfy our doubts by reading in the *Times* that the Austrians are going to commence operations forthwith, forgetting that such has been the cry from the commencement of negotiations up to the present time, and that there is every probability it will continue so until one of two events occur—that either of the belligerents gain the upper hand, or that an ignominious peace is concluded. So strong, in truth, is our disbelief in Austrian honesty, that we feel convinced that, if any sudden reverse were to occur to our forces in the Crimea—and we appear to be giving every opportunity for such a catastrophe—Austria and Prussia would at once coalesce, and help the Czar in humbling the pride of two nations, whom they necessarily hate, because they fear them. Austria was ever notorious for fishing in troubled waters—her hopes of gain are founded on her keeping her army in such a condition that her sword, when thrown in the balance, must turn the scale—and such time will eventually arrive. But, for Heaven's sake, let us not build on such assistance as certain—the only way of assuring the aid of Austria is by proving that we can do without her. The Prussian monarch—perhaps through his devotion to the widow Clicquot—showed his hand too soon, and he has been treated by the Allies with that withering contempt which is the just lot of all hypocrites and double-dealers; but Austria has fairly beaten us.

But where are we wandering?—we had meant by this time to have run down the Danube as far as Widdin with our good friend Hans Wachenhusen, "Own Correspondent" to the *Allgemeine Augsburg*, and we find ourselves trying conclusions with German potentates, at our writing-

desk in England (very fortunately for ourselves, by the way, for one tithe of such remarks in Austria would have booked us for Spielberg). But what we had intended to say was this : the indifference the Germans display anent the war, renders them, at any rate, impartial observers, and it is with the hope of being able to regard a well-worn subject from another stand-point, that we venture to introduce our readers to Hans Wachenhusen's little book, "*Von Widdin nach Stambul*."

On the 5th of June of the past year, our author left Widdin for Silistria, where he hoped to arrive in time for the great bombardment. He therefore hired a *kaïk*, pulled by two sturdy Turks, with the intention of going down the Danube as far as Sistowa. In vain did the Austrian consul try to dissuade him from so perilous an enterprise ; in vain did he support his statements by the production of various passports and *Wanderbücher*, which had been found on the highway *before* the war began—and what would it be now when *bashi-bazuks*, and all sorts of ragamuffins thronged the roads ? Our author was obstinate, the only precaution he took being to leave in the hands of the consul six ducats, the half of the passage money, to be paid the Turks when they brought him a receipt in our correspondent's handwriting, to prove that he had been landed safely. This is the description of the beginning of the *Odyssey* :

My *kaïkjis* had made me a comfortable seat on a mat of reeds in the stern of my nutshell, which was about two and a half feet broad, and were already at their posts. I was provided with my two *Arnaut* pistols, a large bottle holding three okas of wine, a leg of mutton, and half a dozen Turkish loaves ; my *kaïkjis* were also armed to the teeth : each had his *handjar*, his long Albanian gun, his pistols, and his knife ; with these a small battle could have been fought, and who could imagine that one of the belligerent powers on the banks of the Danube would bombard a wretched author ? In addition, the boatmen had for themselves a mountain of loaves, and all sorts of provisions, more especially an entire cargo of fragrant garlic, whose perfume I was to have in my nostrils the whole journey. I, poor fellow, did not conjecture, however, that probably no one had ever yet sailed down the Danube under more inauspicious circumstances than awaited me. But, as we make our bed, so we must lie on it.

The progress of the boat was fearfully slow, for the Turks, after rowing a few miles, made it an invariable rule to go to sleep, while our author amused himself by firing at wild ducks and herons that slowly sailed past. At last, however, they reached the first station, Lom Palanka, where they intended to pass the night. The inquiry after a lodging was met with the usual "*bilmem*" ("I don't know"), and our author felt at last that he would be compelled to keep the *Ramazan*, for which he felt very little inclination. After a long conversation—if conversation it could be called, when neither party understood the other—an elderly man in a Frankish costume addressed M. Wachenhusen in execrable French, and offered his services. By his interposition a Turkish *kavass* was hunted up, who found lodgings at the house of the steam-boat agent, though the owner had bolted at the outbreak of hostilities. In vain, though, was the attempt to procure a cup of coffee, which would have been highly beneficial after the general repast of sour wine and dry bread ; but it was *Ramazan*, the coffee-houses were closed, and not for a Jew's eye could a cup of coffee have been procured. The second day's journey was a repetition of



the first; but during the night the following agreeable adventure occurred:

Night came in. I was sleeping too. Suddenly I was awakened by the violent tossing of the boat: a storm had come on us, and the little *kaik* threatened to break away from the thin withies to which it was fastened. I waked the sleepers, who would not have stirred on their own accord if the sky had fallen in on them. With every minute the storm grew fiercer, the waves rose higher and higher, the storm agitated the willow bushes and hurled the little boat on to the island. Thunder and lightning followed; the rain poured down, the wind carried off the thin reed mat, which had hitherto guarded me against the sun; one of the *kaikjis* leaped out of the boat, and held on firmly to the withies. The water poured into the boat in bucketfuls; my books which I had been reading during the day were already washed out—bread, tobacco, all had followed them; my wine-bottle was broken, and I myself sat with my carpet-bag on my lap, not to lose everything in the water that was filling the *kaik*. Suddenly the other *kaikji* also disappeared. I heard a splash and fall in the water, but sought him in vain: at length, I heard his voice from the ozier-bed—he had taken refuge on land, but was unable to hold on to the boat. I tried to hand him an oar, but they had rolled overboard through the oscillation of the boat. Fortunately, the other boatman held on to the boat like grim death, or I must infallibly have been lost. This fearful situation lasted four hours; at length the storm lulled, but the rain held on. My clothes, my cloak, hung like lead around me: my fez had been a victim of the storm, and in this state we must wait at least three hours for day-break! My teeth chattered from cold; I sat there helplessly like a shipwrecked man; my boatmen laid themselves in the bow and stern of the boat in half a foot of water and *slept*. What a Turk can do in this respect I experienced on my voyage. At last day broke. To my great joy I found my Turkish lexicon, the only treasure of my wisdom, though wet through, still safe in a corner. The storm had left a favourable breeze behind; our sail was hoisted, but pressed the slight mast to such a pitch, that it broke, and it took us great trouble to repair it. Thus we managed to reach the village of Wadin, steering with a piece of board (for these little man-traps do not possess rudders), where we procured fresh oars. I asked for some warm food: the Bulgarian peasants brought me *yaourt*. Only imagine—after such a night, my teeth chattering with cold, unable to change my clothes, for my carpet-bag was wet through—in such a condition I was expected to drink cold sour milk! After great exertion I at last succeeded in obtaining half a jug of warm milk and a bottle of *rakih*.

But our author's misadventures were not yet ended. At about a league from Nikopoli they came in sight of a Russian entrenchment, which put the *kaikjis* in a state of considerable alarm, for, says M. Wachenhusen, "I have frequently noticed that the Turk is a coward, or at least undecided, unless he has a band of his countrymen round him." To humour their prejudices he pulled nearer the Turkish bank, but in doing so, only escaped from Scylla to rush into Charybdis; while his eyes were steadfastly fixed on the Russian earthworks, a shot whizzed over his head, and, on looking round to the Bulgarian bank, he noticed an Arnaut encampment of about sixty tents, which grew on the precipice like huge fungi. The sentry had fired this shot, which roused the whole camp in a second; fifty to sixty Arnauts rushed out of their dirty tents, all armed with their long guns and pistols. Before a moment had elapsed, two cannon were fired, a salvo of small arms followed it instantaneously; and while the cannon-balls whizzed through the air, the bullets splashed the water all around the boats. Thus the Turks bravely bombarded a single, harmless skiff!

This was no signalling, this was open hostilities; and had the encampment been in a right line with us, we should, assuredly, not have escaped so easily. No bullet had as yet struck us, but unless the fellows ceased firing we should inevitably be hit. I supposed there was some mistake (for how else would they fire at a Turkish boat), so I ordered my men to row straight to the foot of the mountain while I waved my white handkerchief as a signal of amity. Possibly this was not noticed by the Arnauts, possibly they regarded it as a demonstration, for they fired again, and I distinctly felt a blow in the folds of my cloak just above my right arm. My cloak was fearfully torn; two well-aimed bullets had passed through the folds of my cloak and the sleeve of my coat, and fell on the mat at my feet; a quarter of an inch deeper, an inch more to the right, and they would have been in my arm or side. At the same time, three other bullets whistled through the sail.

This was evidently past a joke; and so to prevent another salvo, our author seized an oar, and pulled as hard as he could towards the rock. This stopped any further hostilities, for when the Arnauts saw the boatmen obeyed their polite invitation, some twenty of them rushed noisily down the hill. The boat had just reached the bank, when our author heard a hollow sound from the Wallachian bank; one of the six Russian cannon up the river Aluta had been fired, but was badly aimed, for the ball struck against the rocks and fell with a splash in the river. The affair was now growing serious; and the Arnauts on the bank were the wildest ragamuffins M. Wachenhusen had ever had the misfortune of seeing anywhere out of a prison. The reception he met with was far from agreeable: four or five hands seized him by the collar, shouting, "Moscov Giaur!" and dragged him out of the boat. A blow from the butt-end of his pistol, given to the tallest of the band, caused the others to keep at a more respectful distance, and the fortunate idea of producing the bottle of *rakih* occasioned an armistice. Our author was then handed over to the charge of a redif corporal, and off they started for Nikopoli, where M. Wachenhusen was immediately set at liberty. But here he was as badly off as before; the Pacha could not, or would not, give him horses to continue his journey, and the *kaikjis* refused to take him further in their boat. The following extract is an amusing instance of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties:

At last I was told that close to the shore lived a Tartar who spoke "Frankish" famously. This Tartar—the sole person who could act as interpreter, and by whose assistance I hoped to come to a settlement with the obstinate Pacha—must now be looked up by means of a *kavass*. After much wandering here and there, the latter led me to a little wooden hut—a vegetable shop—which was closed, because the Turks, during Ramazan, only open their shops for a few hours in the day, or not at all. We drummed the Tartar out, and at last we had this wonderful animal—an elderly man with crafty black eyes—before us. I addressed him in German; "Nix versteh!" the man replied: this beginning was remarkably promising. I spoke to him in French; he answered, "Wui, monschir." I went on; he continued his "wui monschiring." I addressed him in bad Italian; he stuck to his "wui, monschir." I spoke to him in English; "Wui, monschir." I made a last desperate attempt by attacking him in Swedish and Danish, without expecting any better result, nor did I find it. Quite hot with annoyance, I turned my back on this Mezzofanti of Nikopoli, and determined on making a last attack on the Pacha on my own hook. Bathed in perspiration I at last rejoined the *konak* on the rocky plateau; there the Turks were still sitting as they had sat there hours before, and puffed; not one of them had probably moved a limb. "Pacha, wer bane begir"—("Pacha, give me horses")—

I cried, as I entered without any ceremony, and standing before the Arnaut chief. He did not stir, but only smacked his tongue in denial. I repeated my demand. "Yok," was the dry reply, "olmas!"—his ultimatum, after I had disputed with him for a quarter of an hour in my broken Turkish, without his losing the slightest of his peace of mind, or his "kef." Without doubt the mistrustful Turk still regarded me as a Russian spy.

After a vain attempt to induce the *kaikjis* to continue their voyage, M. Wackenhussen desperately hired an ox-cart to carry him as far as Sistowa. But he did not get any great distance with it, for, at every fifty paces, he found himself surrounded by Arnauts, who held the oxen by the horns and stretched out their hands with the categorical demand, "*Adam, wer para!*" ("Man, give money!") Had our author not given it, it was very plain they would have helped themselves, so, after getting rid of all his small change and his whole stock of patience, he suddenly returned to Nikopoli. On arriving here he sent for his old *kaikjis*, and bargained with them to carry him back to Rahova, where he intended to await the troops from Widdin and Kalafat, in which the boatmen gladly acquiesced. This voyage occupied *six* days, during which M. Wackenhussen was exposed to the utmost misery, though, fortunately, the bullets were on this occasion absent. On arriving at Rahova, however, our author discovered that not a single company of Turks had passed through, and he decided on returning to Lom Palanka, whence he would proceed by land to Widdin. In Lom the following occurred, which is an amusing instance how "Muscovy ducks" are hatched:

In the open Tchardagh of the steam-agent's house, I found two well-known faces; they belonged to the two German correspondents of Vienna papers, Dr. E—— and Dr. J——, whose acquaintance I had formed at Widdin, and who had come here with the steamers. I went into the house, and was received by my two colleagues with the inquiry, whether an engagement had really taken place last Wednesday at Nikopoli, as a trader had brought the news from *Islas* that a violent cannonade had been heard in the vicinity of Nikopoli, that the Russians had attempted to force a passage, but had been driven back by the Turks with considerable loss. I was naturally in a position to confirm the news of the cannonade, but as regarded the wounded they were limited to a single victim—my injured cloak. Thus, then, report had once again converted a fly into an elephant, which will always remain an interesting reminiscence for myself and cloak.

After a day's rest our author set out with his friends for Tirnova, in the heart of the Balkans, which place they reached after a pleasant ride. Tirnova was formerly the residence of the Bulgarian kings, the Holy City, and a degree of luxury is to be found in the *bizistans* or bazars surpassing Shumla and Varna, and rendering the town a miniature Constantinople. It contains houses built after a European style, and one of them, belonging to a Greek, actually possessed Gothic windows and a verandah! Our readers must know that this is a species of miracle in the interior of Turkey. There is also an apothecary's shop, in such excellent condition, that those found at Pera might really envy it. After a few days' stay here, which was only remarkable for the extraordinary length of the reckoning, and off which the *kavass* very calmly docked two-thirds, the party set out again *en route* for Shumla, where our author had the extreme gratification of finding that the Russians had raised the

siege of Silistria on the previous day and recrossed the Danube. He was disappointed, as may be anticipated, and he gives vent to his discontent in the following Jeremiad: "I really ought to have seven-leagued boots to catch up this war. Had I not been sent back up the Danube under protest, I should have arrived just in time. I had lost a fortnight by this round-about road, and the Russians could not wait so long. I could only account for it by presuming there was something extraordinarily peaceable about me: for when I arrived at Widdin the Russians fell back on Kalafat: now, when I came to Shumla, with the firm intention of getting as near as I could to Silistria, the Russians again retreated. I am, consequently, convinced that it would have sufficed to send me to Sevastopol, to cause the immediate surrender of that fortress." Such being the case, it was necessary to make the best of a bad job, and in this our author was materially aided by finding a German locanda kept by an Hungarian. It is the only one in all Turkey worthy of mention, of course excepting Constantinople; there was certainly one at Widdin, kept by Alexi, a Greek, which was a miserable hole, and the landlord an impudent fellow. On the first evening our author visited this locanda he found all the tables occupied by officers and strangers. Skender Bey, Jacouba, Omar Bey, and other acquaintances he found here, and they were all excessively jolly. The latest events at Silistria formed the subject of conversation, and M. Wachenhusen was especially pleased with the description given here by a young Turkish captain, Mehemed Ali Effendi, who had returned from Silistria on the previous evening, where he had been very active in the trenches. Mehemed Ali was a Prussian, born in Magdeburg, of the name of Detroit, who had run away from home as cabin-boy, entered the military school at Constantinople, and so made his fortune. Another interesting acquaintance was Lieutenant Von der Becke: he is one of those officers who went as artillery instructors from Prussia to Turkey seven years ago, and who have done so much to place the Turkish artillery on its present excellent basis. From these officers, too, M. Wachenhusen contrived to pick up various details about Omar Pacha, which possess so much novelty, that we transcribe them in their entirety:

It would be a superfluous task were I only to repeat the stories hitherto told about the generalissimo in the newspapers and elsewhere: my purpose is rather to rectify these statements which have been made known about the life of this man, and in some measure to contradict them, for what I now narrate I heard from persons who had been his comrades for years, or at least in his immediate vicinity. I only propose, however, to tell such anecdotes as are not generally known, and beg to state that the part relating to Omar's former life is taken from his own lips, and is written in similar terms in his journal.

Omar Pacha is descended from a Croatian family, neither rich nor well-born, and served under the name of Latas in the Austrian Grenzer, as sub-officer. In consequence of some unpleasantness with one of his superiors, which he probably describes differently from the way I heard it from an old captain on the military frontier, who remembered Latas perfectly well, Omar secretly left the service, and fled to Turkish Croatia as far as the town of Banyaluka, on the river Verbas. Here he looked for work, and found a Turkish tradesman, who received him into his house, as the fugitive understood German, wrote a good hand, and so could be excellently employed in mercantile affairs. He took him into his store, appointed him

assistant, and soon grew so fond of him, that he proposed to him to be converted to Islamism, and marry his daughter. Omar acquiesced, and became a renegade. But he was soon assailed by great despondency; he felt unhappy in this new state, and at last made up his mind to fly privily from Banyaluka, and proceed to Widdin. This design he executed soon after: in the night he set out with only 30 piastres in his pocket, and arrived at Gulhissan, a small town on the same river. Here, just before the town, he sank exhausted on a stone by the wayside; his shoes were burst, he had no money to buy new ones, he knew not whither to turn nor what to do. Crying bitterly, he looked for something to mend his shoes, and at last found a little piece of cord, with which he tied them together. Slowly, and plucking up a heart, he continued his journey, and at last reached Widdin with twenty paras (half a piastre) in his pocket.

Here in Widdin he seated himself in a coffee-house, and heard several persons conversing about the circumstance that Ibrahim Pacha wanted to draw a plan of Widdin, but could find no one to execute it. Omar here saw a way of release: he went to the Turks and stated that he was ready to draw the plan, if they would tell him how to procure the job. The Turks informed Ibrahim that there was a young man in the town who would draw the required plans. Ibrahim sent for him, gave him the necessary materials, and Omar set about his task. He did it to Ibrahim's complete satisfaction; so he gave Omar new clothes, and kept him near his person in the capacity of private engineer. When Ibrahim was afterwards removed to Mostar, Omar begged him to make an officer of him. Ibrahim possessed great influence in Constantinople; he wrote to the minister of war, and Omar was appointed kol-aghassi (wing-major). In a short time he was promoted to a majority, and as such went through the Kurdistan campaign. He distinguished himself greatly in it, was made lieutenant-colonel and colonel, and after the termination of the campaign returned to Constantinople as commander of an infantry regiment. Here he was made brigadier, and then was attached to the Rumelian corps, but the intrigues of several Pachas compelled him to send in his papers. He retired to Adrianople, and lived for three years on a monthly pension of fifteen ducats. At the period of the Moldo-Wallachian disturbances he was recalled to Constantinople, and promoted to the rank of lieutenant field-marshal; he proceeded to the Principalities, and managed matters there so entirely to his master's satisfaction, that he was made marshal, and received the Nischan Medjidie, first class, as well as a sword of honour decorated with diamonds. He also received a decoration from the Russians. On the outbreak of the revolution in Bosnia he proceeded thither as commander-in-chief of the Rumelian corps, defeated the Bosnians on all sides, and sent the two rebellious Pachas prisoners to Constantinople. The Sultan made him a present of 3,000,000 piastres to pay his debts, for Omar Pacha is always burdened with them. He afterwards suppressed the Montenegrine insurrection, and finally proceeded to Shumla, when he was appointed generalissimo of the whole Turkish army, a rank which renders him in his forty-eighth year the third person in the empire.

His game of chess with Riza Pacha, which plays no inconsiderable part in Omar Pacha's career, as well as the share which the Sultana Validé had in his advancement, I pass over. Riza and Omar are deadly foes; and thus Omar, when he heard that Riza was appointed minister of war, became so excited, that he demanded leave to retire. Riza naturally does all in his power to hurl Omar from his saddle; and when from time to time reports are propagated that Omar is in disgrace, as was the case last summer, they have generally a good foundation. In private life Omar Pacha is most amiable; he is willing to do kindnesses to every one, and is remarkably affable. He loves the fair sex excessively, and has had already ten wives, who were generally Circassians and his slaves. By his "penultimate" wife he has one daughter, Etima Hanum, who has enjoyed a first-rate education. Since he has been separated from this wife, he pays her monthly 12,000 piastres, on condition that she will not marry again; she is said to be very beautiful, and lives in the vicinity of Constantinople. His present wife is a German, whom he brought with him from Wallachia; she was

governess in the family of a boyar at Bucharest, and is only remarkable for red hair and freckles. She now resides with her husband at Shumla.\*

Omar Pacha has two names, Omar Ludovik; his monetary circumstances are never brilliant, though he receives the enormous salary of 6000 ducats monthly: he has spent a fortune on women; his sole property consists of a small house in Stambul, which the Sultan gave him. Of his own family, a nephew is now with him, who was formerly a journeyman saddler in Trieste, but is now a colonel, and will probably become a general; he is twenty-three years of age, without any education, but has a good share of mother wit, and speaks German and French. About a year ago Omar's brother joined him: till 1831 he was in the Polish service, and lived from that date in Lithuania. Omar appears rather vexed with his brother because he will not become a convert to Islamism. In his family circle Omar Pacha is very good-humoured and amiable; his desire to be agreeable frequently causes him to promise things he afterwards forgets. During the Bosnian campaign, when he once came to the spot where he had sat years before, desolate, weeping, and with torn shoes, he pointed out the stone to his comrades, and described to them what a part this stone had played in his former life. His constant comrade is an Arab mare, now eighteen years of age, for which he once paid 80,000 piastres, but he would not sell her for a million, as he has ridden this beautiful animal through all his campaigns, and is extraordinarily attached to it.

Just as little as I feel disposed to overestimate Omar Pacha's services, do I wish to undervalue them. I heard in Turkey, especially from military men, the most contradictory opinions about him: I was even in society where Omar Pacha's name was only mentioned with a shrug of the shoulders, and as that of a common parvenu. Omar Pacha's career has been extremely fortunate, though he has already felt the weight of the Padishah's displeasure, and spent years in "asylum"—that is, in exile. But the same circumstance which procured him his momentary brilliancy brought him once more into active service, namely, the melancholy truth, that he is the most competent person among more or less incompetent ones. I will not attempt to judge how far the present generalissimo profited by the protection he enjoyed in a certain well-known quarter, but so much is certain, he distinguished himself in every campaign in which he has taken part. He is the greatest man among a quantity of small fry, but he would obtain an honourable place among great names; and every commission, either military or diplomatic, which the Porte has entrusted to him, he has managed to perform with undeniable talent.

Though Omar Pacha is so amiable as a private man, he is abrupt and uncourteous in service, more especially (and this is unpardonable) towards those Europeans in the Turkish army, while he behaves with a great deal more indulgence to the national Turkish Pachas. He cannot be charged with trying to enlist European talent in his staff: all these are evidently kept away from the council of war, for it might be very easy for talented men to display their skill there. His whole staff is, consequently, composed of Turkish officers, though he likes to have German and other civilians about him: his physician, Dr. Redenbacher, is a Viennese, and his artist, Sutter, also a German. He showed the same want of courtesy, after his entrance into Wallachia, to the foreign correspondents, whom he expelled from Bucharest in a very rude manner. But, for all that, Omar Pacha is aware how much of his European popularity he owes to the press, which continually exalted him, but to whose representatives he, out of gratitude, gave marching orders. With regard to his personal appearance, it is not very striking: he is powerfully and compactly built, and far from stout; his face is marked, without possessing any noble features; his nose broad and flat; his cheek-bones project in the true Slavon style; his chin is broad and angular; his beard already grey. He is generally very simply dressed, in the soldier's red fez, a blue tunic, white trousers, and polished boots. The latter are *de rigueur*

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\* The newspapers have not informed us whether this lady has accompanied her husband to Eupatoria.

with Turkish dignitaries. Such is Omar Pacha, the Turkish Serdar. If I have at all assailed my reader's unbounded sympathies for this commander, he must remember that things, when closely inspected, frequently look very different from the aspect they assume at a distance.\*

While the trumpet was blown in every quarter in honour of the living, attempts were made here and there to lop the hardly-earned laurels of a dead man—we mean Mussa Pacha—who was carried off in the mid-career of his heroic defence of Silistria. At head-quarters and elsewhere stories were told of bribery which the besiegers had attempted: Mussa Pacha had been offered 100,000 roubles to give up the fortress. It was even stated that Colonel Dieu, a Frenchman, who noticed that negotiations were going on between Mussa and the Russians, had publicly stated he would shoot the Pacha, if he saw anything suspicious. Such nursery-tales were narrated ere the grave had been closed over the brave Mussa! Mussa Pacha was one of the most active and boldest Turkish officers of artillery. He had declared, prior to the commencement of the siege, that he would not leave the fortress alive; and he kept his word, for, on the 2nd of June, a piece of shell struck him in the side, just as he was wiping his hands, and handing the towel to Lieutenant Grach, his constant companion. A few moments later he was dead. None of the officers in the fortress could remember the slightest circumstance tending to compromise Mussa Pacha; and Grach repelled the charges with horror, and asserted no attempts at corruption had been made by the besiegers. The flags sent in always referred to the burial of the dead: only once did the Russians summon the commandant to surrender; but the offer was laughingly declined. Grach managed *all* the negotiations. The best light is thrown on Mussa Pacha by the following circumstance: General Schilder once sent him several bottles of preserved fruit. Mussa received the envoy in the presence of all his chief officers, and had the contents of the bottles emptied before them, because they might contain something suspicious; but such was not the case.

At this period it was a matter of excessive difficulty for a European to enter the Turkish service; and Omar Pacha has made it a *sine quâ non* that all applicants should be acquainted with the Turkish language. Our author met on his travels a pensioned Austrian officer on his road to Shumla, who stated that he would be appointed a captain, he knew that for certain: had he understood Turkish, they would have made him a major. M. Wachenhusen gave him to understand that he did not share in this certainty, for he knew several instances recently of the contrary. He met this officer again in Shumla, just as he was on the point of setting out for Varna. Finally, he saw him in Constantinople, as porter at the *Hôtel de Paris*. He complained that he could not get a situation at Shumla; he was sent to Constantinople; there he had found nothing but promises; and, having expended his little capital, he was only too glad to fill this humble post. In the same manner, our author met in Varna two Holstein officers, who, deceived in their expectations, were awaiting

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\* Our extract has grown to an unconscionable length, but it will be excused, we trust, from the interest of the subject, and the unwillingness we felt to take any of the responsibility on ourselves. It does certainly seem rather cruel to point to the "feet of clay" of such a popular idol as Omar Pacha; but our German author is to blame for it. We are only the scribe, and leave it to our readers to form their own opinion.

the formation of a foreign legion by General Yussuf, and had received satisfactory assurances from him; and, lastly, our author met with two Prussian artillery officers in Constantinople, on the point of starting for Asia, after being deluded by General Stein (Ferhad Pacha) for weeks. They went to Kars in the hope of being appointed, and eventually entered the service of the Shah of Persia.

But we are delaying most shamefully at Shumla, while metal more attractive is awaiting us at Varna. Let us then mount and be off at once with our author. The first place we meet with English troops is at Pravadi, where Colonel Newton received M. Wachenhusen most hospitably, and regaled him with a camp breakfast, consisting of ship's biscuit, a tall, splendid Cheshire cheese, cold mutton, and famous Madeira! What a feast for half-starved men, who had hitherto been glad to get *yaourt*. In fact, the brandy and wine had such an effect on our author, that, on the road to Varna, he pounded to dust twelve regalias, which a Lieutenant Smith, on hospitable cares intent, slipped into his pocket as a *viaticum*. But before leaving Devno we must find room for the following tribute of respect, probably penned with a grateful reminiscence of the brandy:

We passed five batteries which were planted here in the camp: the whole encampment offered an instance of painful precision, which was the more remarkable to me, as I was not at all accustomed to it in the Turkish camps. The regularity obtaining in an English camp is almost incredible! Astonishing to me was the colossal load the English soldier has to drag, and which is heavier than that of any other European soldier, for it weighs eighty-two pounds. The English soldier carries, in addition to his knapsack, not only his great-coat with its small collar, which gives him a very *bourgeois* appearance, but also a heavy woollen blanket and provisions for three days. Equally striking was the size of the Englishmen, who were perfect giants. The English guardsman, with his tall bearskin schako, appeared to me, when I saw him on guard, a true son of Anak. Equally gigantic were their horses—a colossal sight—this heavy English cavalry. However, the soldiers complained grievously, not only about their heavy baggage, but also about the uniform, which was not suited to the climate. The tall horses were also discovered to be very troublesome, as many of them fell down after the shortest march.

On arriving at Varna, there was an exceeding difficulty about procuring lodging. A visit to the Pacha, and another to the town commandant were equally fruitless, and, at last, our travellers were compelled to take a khan by storm, where they put up with a miserable loft over a stable, and had a regular engagement with the *cimici* and *pulci*—only too glad, however, to put up with such a slight annoyance, when compared with the previous prospect of sleeping in the street. Varna, at this period, was a metropolis on a small scale: neither London, New York, nor Constantinople, could unroll such a picture as could be seen each morn in Varna. In the principal streets, especially the one leading to the port, with its French, Greek, and Turkish stores, there was a constant passage of perspiring, busy men of all nations; in the centre creaked the ox-carts of the Bulgarian, the French muleteers yelled: the whole picture was veiled in a cloud of dust, surrounded by an atmosphere of schnaps and garlic. It would have been a miracle had the epidemic not broken out which made such fearful gaps in the ranks of the Allies. The greatest confusion prevailed in the harbour: every hour ships were laden and unladen, guns and ammunition shipped, troops sent off or landed. The



English, French, and Turkish flags fluttered from the vessels of war in port; steamers came and went; military stores, sacks of corn, and pyramids of bales were piled up; among them the sailors of the various nations walked about singing or yelling: there were not gangways enough to land, hands enough to set about all that required doing. In a word, Turks, English, French, Egyptians, Greeks, camels, oxen, mules, horses, and dogs, all rushed back and forwards; all yelled or had already yelled themselves hoarse; all were sober or drunk; and over this Babylon waved the Crescent with the Star, and the French Eagle, and into the midst of the confusion Marshal St. Arnaud hurled every week a proclamation, "Comrades, we will conquer or die!"

Nothing more surprised M. Wachenhusen than to find that two nations who had not been able to agree for nine centuries, and for whose alliance a nation like the Russian was requisite, could fraternise in the way the English and French had done. He registers the fact, that he never saw English and French soldiers quarrelling in the East, and whenever there was any row, both parties forgot that the Turks were their allies as well, but pitched into them in unison. The commissariat, in addition, looked rather queer in Varna. In the khan where our author resided of course nothing was to be had, and the sole restaurants were limited to the *restaurant des officiers* who had first opened his establishment, and had written the above sign in letters a foot in length in front of his house. At his house you could, for a ducat, feed on a tough old *poulet*, which was rendered digestible by a decent Bordeaux. The second *restaurant* was kept by an Italian: and here, at least, it was possible to procure potatoes—a native dainty which M. Wachenhusen had dispensed with for three months. Any one, however, who did not arrive at a certain half hour in mid-day, must put up with what was left, or rather with what was *not* left. As a general rule, it was possible to feed here at a decent rate. Breakfast was a very simple affair: you took your seat in one of the stores the French had established, asked for a piece of cheese, a sausage, and a glass of Cognac or *absinthe*, and ate out of your fist. Our author, however, generally established his head-quarters at the above-mentioned *restaurant des officiers*. For when the vermin expelled him at night from his kennel, he retired to the salon of the restaurant, laid himself on a bench, and covered himself with the first table-cover he could lay hands on. The waiter had received a commission to sell their saddles, and they were bound to expend the proceeds in this house, which, unfortunately, was no difficult task.

Among the most original personages to be seen at this time in Varna was General Yussuf, the African, who was giving himself all possible trouble to form the unbridled bashi-bazuks into a regiment. Yussuf, although no African by birth (he was, as is well known, carried off by the Barbarese along with his parents, and afterwards entered the French service), is the true type of such a man: he is short in stature, his face is deeply bronzed, and a savage fire flashes from his eyes. In Algiers, he was known to be the severest as well as bravest French leader. Yussuf's portrait will be found very faithfully rendered in Horace Vernet's "Lion Hunt," and our readers will, probably, not have forgotten the enthusiasm which took possession of the Parisian dames when the handsome African was summoned to court by Louis Philippe. But was it astonishing?—Was there

not a story current about the *amour* which Yussuf carried on with the fair daughter of the Bey of Tunis, whose favourite he had been? How the princess was caught in Yussuf's arms by a Greek, who threatened to betray them, and how this *amour* was really discovered, although Yussuf had stabbed the Greek, and sent his *inamorata* "the hand which had touched her, the tongue which had slandered her, and the eye which had seen what no mortal was allowed to see?" How Yussuf was seized and would have been put to death, had he not saved himself by means of the subterraneous passage of the palace of Tunis, taken service with the French, and performed miracles of bravery? All these are things which can render a man interesting, even if he is not so handsome as the graceful little Yussuf.

Our tale is nearly told. With the departure of the Russians from Silistria the campaign on the Danube appeared to be terminated. The reconnoitring parties sent out from Varna proved that the enemy had quitted the Dobrudja, the Turks were *en route* for the Danube, and simultaneously the news was spread—though rather prematurely—that the Austrians were on the point of entering Wallachia from Transylvania. Our author, therefore, desirous of fresh fields and pastures new, set sail for Constantinople, whither our limits will not allow us to accompany him.

### THE ZOUAVES.

MUCH difference of opinion prevails as to the nature and character of the renowned Zouaves; some assert that they are Africans, others that they are Europeans, and, strange to say, both are right, for they are, or at least were, a semi-African, semi-European, corps. In their origin the Zouaves were almost purely African. When in July, 1830, Louis Philippe became King of the French, and Marshal Clausel was appointed to the command in Algeria, the Turks had been expelled the country, but the French were not sufficiently numerous to keep the Arab and Berber populations in subjection. The marshal resolved upon organising a native corps of cavalry and infantry. A decree, dated October 1st, 1830, and approved of by royal proclamation, dated March 21st, 1831, created two battalions, which received the name of Zouaves, from the Arabic Zouaoua.

This word is fearfully mutilated in its transformation into French. Zawawah is the name of a very ancient Berber, or as the French have it, Kabyle tribe in Morocco (Mughribu l'Aksa), but still more particularly in Algiers (Mughribu l'Ausat). Count Graberg notices this ancient tribe under this name in his "Vocabulary of Names and Places, &c., in the Empire of Morocco." ("Journal of the Royal Geographical Society," vol. vii. p. 270.) Out of Zawawah, we might by elision make Zawaws or Zuaves; but we cannot make Zouaves, if the *ou* is to be pronounced as in out, ounce, hound, mound, or as it is indeed commonly pronounced in English.

The word, however, with its French pronunciation, is now so univer-

sally accepted, that after protesting against its correctness, we must accept it, as we do Bombay for Mambij. The Zouaves of Algiers resided chiefly in the most remote parts of the Jurjura, and they were particularly known as an industrious, brave, haughty people, whose subjection to the Turks had never been but nominal, but who often came to Algiers to exchange their oils and other produce for such things as their rugged mountains did not afford them. As they had the reputation of being the best soldiers in the regency, and as they had under certain circumstances granted their military services to Barbarous princes, their name was given to the new militia. This corps, however, received into its ranks natives of all kinds, without distinction of origin : mountaineers or dwellers on the plains, townspeople or countrymen, Kabyles, Arabs, or Coulouglis (Kuluglis). French officers were appointed to instruct them, and to command them. They were volunteers from the army : and among the first were Levaillant, at present in command of the 5th division of the army of the East ; Vergé, also general of brigade ; Mollière, who died after the siege of Rome ; and Lamoricière, who has made for himself a name in history, albeit an exile. These were all at that time young men, full of courage and energy, perfectly disinterested, and who, in the charge they entered upon, neither looked to an advance of pay or to more comfortable quarters, but embraced cheerfully a career of continuous difficulties, certain privations, and incessant perils, sure, in the French military system, of promotion for services rendered.

The command of the 1st battalion was given to a distinguished staff officer, M. Maumet ; that of the 2nd, to the captain of Engineers, afterwards General, Duvivier, who died of his wounds in Paris in 1848. As the enlistment of the native population went on very slowly, and as it was moreover felt to be dangerous to leave a handful of officers isolated among men in whose fidelity no great confidence could be placed, and whose language was even unknown to the Frenchmen, a plan was adopted which might probably be also turned to good account in the constitution of a Turkish legion : it was that of enlisting Europeans into the ranks. A political body which had been troublesome in France, under the name of the Volunteers of the Charter (*Volontaires de la Charte*), had been lately transhipped to Algeria, and it was thought that the best thing that could be done with these hot-brained politicians would be to incorporate them into the Zouaves. Strangers from other countries, refugees from political and other causes, were also admitted into the ranks, till the numbers became so great that some sifting took place. The Europeans, not of French origin, were incorporated into the foreign legion, whilst a portion of the French were organised into a 67th regiment of the line. The first principle of the organisation of the Zouaves remained the same, and in the words of a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to whom we are indebted for this information, "on peut dire que le noyau des Zouaves fut composé d'enfans de Paris et d'indigènes des environs d'Alger."\*

The corps had been barely organised for six weeks when it was led by

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\* This article is attributed to the Duc d'Aumale, and it would appear, from the predilections of the author to Orleanist generals, with some justice. It is, however, in every respect, in an historical and military point of view, as also in the credit meted out to each and all, most honourable to its author.

General Clausel on the expedition of Medeah (Mediyah), and the Zouaves received what the French call their baptism of fire, and what we commonly designate as the first smell of gunpowder, at the Pass of Mouzaïa (Musaya), to which they were destined to give renown by their valour upon several subsequent occasions. The circumstances under which the Zouaves were placed at first were anything but agreeable. Isolated in small parties in the interior of the country, night and day they had only to lay down the pickaxe to take up their muskets, and they had the greatest difficulty to obtain the commonest necessities of life; as to comforts, they had none. One of their captains fell in this first campaign, the first of a long and glorious list, which comprises names illustrious in the annals of the army, a son of the Duke d'Harcourt, who had carried the knapsack and the musket; a nephew of Marshal Duke of Istria, the gallant Bessières; and a grenadier in the island of Elba, Peraguey, who had risen from the ranks to be *chef de bataillon*, when he was killed in 1845, and whose grey hairs were for a long time the object of the respectful affection of his younger comrades.

Medeah was evacuated by the French troops early in 1831, but in the month of June of the same year General Berthezène had to lead a division there, to enforce the authority of the Bey who had been appointed over the district. On returning from this expedition a furious onslaught was made upon the rear-guard, at a time when the soldiers, worn out with fatigue and excessive heat, were pursuing their painful way along a mountain path which only permitted of the passage of one man at a time. Duvivier returned to the succour with the 2nd battalion of Zouaves. The natives gave their shouts of war; the Volunteers of the Charter, who still wore *la blouse gauloise*, struck up "*La Marseillaise*," and falling together upon the Kabyles they checked the onslaught, and then retiring from eminence to eminence, and covering the march of the wearied troops, they enabled the whole force to reach and establish itself at the farm of Mouzaïa, without the loss of one trophy to the enemy.

The retreat of Medeah was most honourable to the Zouaves, and they assumed from that time a position in the French army. Still recruits came in so slowly that the two battalions were reunited into one, and a royal decree of the 7th of March, 1833, fixed the number of companies at ten, eight French and two native, and it was provided that there should be twelve French soldiers in every native company. The command of the battalion thus organised was given to De Lamoricière, he having particularly distinguished himself by his gallantry and military capabilities, by his acquaintance with the language of the country, and by his tact and judgment, as well as his zeal and audacity. Their head-quarters were Dely-Ibrahim (Dali-Ibrahim, Mad Abraham), where they established dwellings, forges, everything with their own hands. Frequent expeditions into the Sahel (Sahel, plain of grassy pasturage; Sâhil, coast), the Mitidja, and into the lower region of the Atlas varied the monotony of camp life. Every day the Zouaves became more industrious, more disciplined, and more warlike; they learnt to walk quick, and for a long time, to manœuvre with precision, and to fight with intelligence. Their uniform and equipments were regulated. They are now so well known, and so popular, that it is almost needless to describe them. Their dress is the Oriental garb with the colours of the French infantry, and is generally

supposed to be a style of dress better adapted for a variable climate, and for active military exercises, than any that has yet been adopted. The officers alone preserved the European dress, as an Oriental garb suited to their rank would have been too costly. They often exchanged the *képi*, however, for the red cap, called by the Turks fez, and by the Moors chechia. M. de Lamoricière was known in the province of Algiers by the name of Abu or Bu Chechia, Father Cap, but he exchanged this name in Oran for Abu Arana, Father Stick ! De Lamoricière was the founder of the Zouaves, a force which, whilst it has preserved that personal intelligence which is characteristic of irregular troops, and its members have continued to be true children of Paris by their liveliness and gaiety, has attained all the solidity and precision of the most brilliant regiment.

Marshal Clausel led the Zouaves, whose military value he was one of the first to appreciate, into Oran in 1835. They came under the cognisance of the Duke of Orleans on the occasion of the expedition of Mascara, and so great was the opinion which the prince entertained of their capabilities, that on his return to Paris he obtained a decree constituting the battalion into a regiment of two battalions of six companies each, with permission to raise them to ten. M. de Lamoricière retained the command, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

On their return to the province of Algeria early in 1836, the Zouaves were once more directed upon the old theatre of their exploits—Mouzaïa. The point was more obstinately defended than before, but the marshal also knew his territory better, and the Zouaves were charged to carry the crest of the mountains instead of forcing the pass—a most laborious enterprise, which they achieved with perfect success.

The Zouaves did not make part of the first expedition of 1836, but the following year one of their battalions formed part of the advance-guard of the division, which was destined, under the orders of the Duke of Nemours, to revenge the check received the year before. The siege of Constantine is the great feature in the history of the Zouaves. They marched at the head of the first column of assault. Horace Vernet has immortalised the scene at Versailles. This was the last episode in the first epoch of African warfare: the treaty of Tafna was concluded, and the Turkish government was finally superseded throughout the country.

Marshal Valée, who had succeeded to the government of Algiers, attempted to carry out two different systems: one was to govern directly a certain portion of the territory, the other was to create a European society by the side of Arabic institutions, organised by the genius of Abd al Khadr. Placed at the advanced posts, the Zouaves had to accomplish at Coleah (Kuliyah) what they had done at Dali Ibrahim—to erect buildings, open roads, and drain the lands. But when Abd al Khadr, yielding to the irresistible influence by which he was surrounded on all sides, abandoned his allegiance and lit up a Holy War, it was more than native blood could stand. Large numbers of Zouaves went over to their countrymen, and carried into the ranks of the enemy the advantages of the military instruction which they had obtained under the French. But the regiment did not lose in strength; it had been before reinforced by a battalion of volunteers who had defended the citadel of Tlemcen in 1836, hence called that of Méchouar, and on the news of hostilities breaking out it received a large accession of recruits.

Upon the invasion of Abd al Khadr's territory the ensuing spring, the French having been obliged to act on the defensive all winter, the Zouaves formed part of the first division under the Duke of Orleans. It is needless to recapitulate the events of that sanguinary campaign, the plains scoured by the cavalry of all the tribes of Algeria and Oran, supported by the "rouges," as they were called—Abd al Khadr's regular cavalry—and every defile obstinately defended by a regular infantry and myriads of Kabyles. The Zouaves were, upon every expedition, engaged in every battle, and the well-known gathering sounds of their drums and trumpets were familiar to the whole army. Every regiment in Africa had a particular beat by which it could gather together its men when dispersed by night in a fog, or by the heat of a battle. Sometimes it was also sounded at a moment of extreme danger. The origin of this is attributed to the 2nd Light Infantry, General Changarnier's regiment.

Winter brought about little rest. The Zouaves had suffered severely, and were reorganised. Lamoricière, raised to the rank of a general officer, was succeeded in the command of the regiment by the then Lieutenant-Colonel Cavaignac; and the Commandants Regnault, killed in Paris, June, 1848, and Renault, now general of division, both promoted, were succeeded by the then Commandants Lefô and Saint Arnaud. Cavaignac had distinguished himself by the heroic defence of the citadel of Tlemcen, at the head of the 2nd African battalion, and his energetic character, his mind full of resources, and his calm yet effective courage, had already obtained for him a high renown in the army.

The Zouaves passed the winter at Medeah, amidst all kinds of privations and difficulties, yet were they ready in spring to follow Marshal Bugeaud on a campaign in the Atlas; and whilst one battalion proceeded in May, under the same marshal, into Oran, another remained, under General Baraguay d'Hilliers, in Algiers. The Zouaves thus assisted in the war of 1841 at two different points.

The war had assumed proportions which demanded an increase of means. The Zouaves were augmented to three battalions, with a complete regimental staff, but only one company could receive natives, and the corps assumed a purely French character. The mixture of French and natives did not work well, and the latter were enrolled in a new corps, called that of *tirailleurs indigènes*, or native riflemen; and these battalions, officered by brave, intrepid men, among whom are the now well-known General Bosquet, as also Generals Thomas, Vergé, and Bourbaki, all well versed in the language of their men, have testified in the Crimea that they are worthy younger brothers of the Zouaves.

No sooner had the regiment of Zouaves thus reconstituted received the colours which the king had sent them, than its three battalions were separated to go and serve each in a different province. War had, in fact, broken out in every direction. The Zouaves were represented by one or two of their battalions in most of the important battles fought in the campaigns of 1843 and 1844, obstinate struggles against the Kabyles, long marches in the desert, cavalry charges repelled, in the Jurjura, the Ouarsenis, among the Beni Menasser, at the capture of the Smalah, in the glorious engagements fought by General Bedeau against the Morocco cavalry, and lastly, in the memorable battle of Isly.

Cavaignac was succeeded in the command of the corps in 1844 by

Colonel Ladmiraunt, now general of division. The ensuing year the Zouaves were the first to sustain, on the frontiers of Marocco, the effects of an insurrection which gradually extended itself throughout the whole of the regency. The year 1846 gave them as little repose as any that had preceded. It was not till 1847 that the submission of Abd al Khadr brought about the entire subjection of the tribes of Algeria. The Zouaves were then posted at a site designated after the young prince of that name — Aumale. This site was at the extremity of the plain which stretches to the east of the Jurjura. It was the point where the submission of the tribes was the most precarious. The provisional government had replaced M. Ladmiraunt by Colonel Canrobert, now in command in the Crimea. General Canrobert began his African career under the auspices of the brave Colonel Combes, who fell at the assault of Constantine. He acquired habits of command, and was engaged in several brilliant feats of arms at the head of a battalion of Chasseurs in the districts of Tenes and Batna, his reputation soon ranking him among the very best officers of the army. His lieutenant-colonel, M. de Grandchamp, was so dreadfully wounded when captain of the Voltigeurs of the 24th Regiment of the Line, that the Arabs used his body as a block upon which to cut off the heads of forty of his men. His life was saved by the almost miraculous devotion of Commandant Morris, now in command of the cavalry in the Crimea.

In 1849 the Zouaves were called from their post, near the Jurjura, to take a part in the siege of Zaatcha, upon which occasion General Canrobert was the first to mount the breach. After this brilliant success they followed their gallant commander to the slopes of the Aures, and terminated a long and sanguinary campaign by the reduction of Narah.

On their return to their old quarters at Aumale, Canrobert was succeeded in the command of this distinguished corps by M. d'Aurelle, now general of brigade in the Crimea. A decree of the 13th of February, 1852, gave to them a new constitution. It was resolved to increase so serviceable a force by another regiment, thus making altogether three regiments of three battalions each. They were also armed with rifles. With these formidable weapons the rebel mountaineers could no longer stand before them. They were driven from their fastnesses, and, gathering together in the town of Laghouat, they hoisted there the flag of rebellion. General Péliissier led a division of the army to besiege this remote stronghold, and it was once more the Zouaves who had the greatest share in the honours and in the losses of the day; eight officers and one hundred and twenty-three men were put *hors de combat*, and one of their captains, M. Menouvrier Defresne, was the first to enter the town.

This was in 1852. In 1854 they received the reward of their numerous exploits by being called upon to serve with the French army in the East. Alma, Inkerman, numerous repulses of sorties, and other gallant struggles before the walls of Sebastopol, have testified that they are still the same gallant corps as in Africa, and their countrymen confidently look to their occupying, on the day of assault, the same place which they did at Constantine and at Zaatcha.

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.

ANOTHER month has elapsed, and we still are utterly ignorant of the course of policy which Austria intends to pursue in the forthcoming European struggle. Rumours are prevalent that she has proposed an armed neutrality to Prussia, while others assert, with equal confidence, that she has offered to join the Allies at the modest price of the Danubian Principalities. A paper in the *New Monthly Magazine* for May will have served to show how valuable her alliance would prove to us, for such a body of well-organised and efficient troops would indubitably turn the scale; and it is not surprising that the English and French governments strive their utmost to fix so vacillating a power. It has been our opinion from the outset, as expressed in the pages of this Magazine, that the House of Hapsburg will remain true to itself until the last tricky resource of diplomacy has been essayed; but, for all that, our readers may feel inclined to follow us, when we furnish a few further details about the Austrian army, which the more general nature of our previous article prevented us from introducing.

Austria certainly possesses a very splendid army. It is, at present, at the period of its greatest possible efficiency, is young, proud of its recent successes, and enthusiastically devoted to the emperor. He went through the last war as colonel, and is greatly attached to the trade of war. There is not a single soldier but knows that Field-Marshal Radetzky was compelled to warn the youthful colonel on the battle-field against exposing himself to useless danger; a warning which, whatever its effect might have been, did not, we fancy, injure the present emperor in the opinion of his troops. The army has retained all its good qualities; it is enduring, and does not lose its *esprit* under the severest misfortunes. It honestly fulfils its vocation as a truly civilised *corps*. In the Austrian officer the captured and wounded foeman will always find a protector. The greater portion of its defects has been removed; formerly cumbersome and so uncomfortably clothed that the soldier was impeded in marching, the troops may now be favourably compared with any in Europe, and the accoutrements are the best adapted for the free movements of the limbs. While the supreme command was rendered almost an impossibility by the ambiguous regulations of the supreme council of war, which pointed out an undeviating course of operations, the serious events of 1848 led to a complete alteration of the system, and the generals now act upon their own responsibility. There is, however, another defect in the Austrian army which it is not so easy to remove. In France, whether the soldier is a Fleming, Breton, Norman, or Alsatian, he has been French for centuries, and the same in laws, customs, and language. In the Austrian



army, however, Hungarians, Croats, and Bohemians have retained their peculiar nationality, and it is still very prominent; still, recent events, railways, and the undeniable skill of the government will assuredly hasten that fusion which will be of material advantage to the entire population. The various nationalities, it is true, are ever prominent, but they are all connected by one name, that of the emperor—the living palpable image of the great national unity. Thus, if Dalmatians, Bohemians, or Tyrolese are on terms of hostility toward each other, in the name of their emperor, king, duke, or count, they will unite for the benefit of their fatherland. The terrible events of 1848 furnish the most salient proof of this. Hungary in a state of insurrection, its capital in the power of insane revolutionaries, Italy triumphant, the monarchy almost overthrown, the monarch an exile, as it were, in his own states—such was Austria's position; but on the shout, "Long live the Emperor!" the army rose like one man, advanced on the foe, and all was saved.

In order to promote the fusion of all the various languages and components, the government has ordered German to be used as the military language. The officer may be a Servian, Italian, or Croat, but he must be acquainted with the German language, and the soldier understand it. For the same laudable end the emperor sedulously appointed many German officers to the non-German divisions, and *vice versa*. Though this produces numerous inconveniences and much discussion, at times even duels, it possesses, most undoubtedly, considerable advantages, and is of great service in promoting the fusion. For the same purpose the government also favours various customs: the officers, for instance, whatever nation they may belong to, address each other as "thou," and a species of freemasonry exists among them. More than this, if any unmerited misfortune has occurred to an officer, he need only apply to his nearest comrade in arms, even if unacquainted with him, and all the others will club together and find him the requisite funds to continue his journey, or to satisfy any other necessity. By a variety of means of a similar nature the government have succeeded in forming one compact whole out of heterogeneous, and frequently hostile, elements.

The recruiting of the army is effected by districts or provinces. At the head-quarters of each recruiting district an infantry officer is attached to keep the lists. The several regiments send an officer there, at the period of making up their strength, who selects the persons best suited for his arm, and takes them to the regiment. They enter the service at twenty years of age, and remain ten years in service—eight active, and two reserve. The re-engagements after the time of service has expired is promoted by the government by good pay, and is of frequent occurrence, especially among the Hungarians. Substitution is not known in Austria. The recruit who does not wish to serve pays in to the state treasury 600 florins (50*l.*) in the hereditary countries; 700 florins (58*l.*) in Italy. This fiscal measure is unjust, as the district has still to provide the regular number of men. It is really favouring the rich at the expense of the poor, as a greater number of the latter is entered in out of their turn. The French system of conscription, which is far from being perfect, has this advantage at least, that the rich classes purchase liberty to the profit of the poor, into whose pockets nearly a million of money is annually poured.

The system of promotion is perfectly free from any aristocratic privileges. Without regard to birth, the government select the right men for the right places; the only persons at all favoured are the sons of soldiers of all grades. So that nothing prevents the son of a private, at a later date, from becoming a field-marshal. The children of the regiment (*les enfants de troupe* of the French system) are not recognised in Austria officially; but the emperor provides most liberally for their education. They are sent at his expense to the schools of the third and fourth rank: those who distinguish themselves are removed to higher schools, and thence several of them are transferred to the academies, which they quit to become officers in scientific corps. It is impossible to devise a scheme less aristocratical than this; for it would be equally bad policy to promote men of moderate abilities, because they are soldiers' sons, as it is wise to render their path to promotion dependant on their actual or remarkable merit. The greater portion of the second-lieutenants is appointed, after passing an examination, from one of the imperial military academies. These establishments are most excellent: they furnish officers to the engineers, the état-major, the artillery, without possessing any exclusive monopoly: for every Austrian subject, no matter where he has been educated, can subject himself to the examination, which alone gives a claim for a commission. There is also another method by which officers are appointed. The sons of military men are attached to the regiments as cadets. Some of them are appointed supernumerary lieutenants, but the majority serve like privates. Lastly, the sergeants furnish their quota to the commissioned officers, and it is generally a large one in war times. Thus, during the last campaign as many as fifteen sergeants were promoted in several regiments.

The colonel-possessor of the regiment (*Oberst inhaber*) had only the right to nominate cadets and sergeants. He rarely takes advantage of it, but generally promotes those persons who are recommended by the colonel commanding. But though the colonel *en chef* generally exercises his privilege with great justice, this system of a merely nominal possession has great inconveniences, for a regiment frequently bears the name of its owner without having ever seen him. At his death it also loses his name, and perchance the renown it acquired is buried and forgotten with him. With the change of name the regiment loses in its own eyes a portion of its moral strength and self-confidence, and is at the same time depreciated by the enemy. As a proof of this, we will quote an instance. Archduke Charles, at the battle of Esslingen, saw the old dragoon regiment Latour, afterwards Vincent, repeatedly repulsed by a French battalion. He galloped up to them, and addressed them in the simple words: "Ah, Vincent, Vincent! you are no longer Latours," and the abashed regiment, excited and aroused by the recollection of the name under which it had been so glorious, rushed on the foe, and did its duty. This system is only applicable to the names of provinces, or great men, and they should be retained for ever, unless mutiny or any grave offence necessitated their withdrawal.

This statement, we fancy, will show that in the Austrian army there is no favour shown a separate class, and that talent and merit can force their way there as well as in the most democratic states. The government placed education above every other standard, and it cannot be justly

reproached for doing so. In Austria, education is not so disseminated among the lower classes as it is elsewhere. It is only general among the rich; it must, therefore, be sought where it can be found; and so, we repeat, that only soldiers' sons are favoured in this system, and this is certainly the best thing the government could do.

After describing the mode in which the sub-lieutenancies are filled up, we come naturally to the promotion of the officers of all grades. That of the first-lieutenant and captain is effected by seniority in every regiment. To fill up the higher charges, a list of the most deserving captains is kept in the chancellerie of the emperor, and from this list he selects the majors. All the higher charges depend on election.

The Austrian soldier receives daily  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pounds of ammunition-bread, which, if not so good as ours, is of decent quality, and better than the bread eaten by the lower classes. The soldier, however, is not sufficiently fed. He has only one meal a day, and this one is scarcely equal to one of the two given the French soldier. He generally pays 4 kreuzers, or 1½d. to the mess, and the remainder of his pay is expended in cleaning his accoutrements, or in fruit and other provisions, which are certainly not so good for him as another meal. The soldiers dine in parties of seven to nine men; they cook by means of portable stoves, something like the Russian tea-machines: charcoal alone is used to heat them. This way of living may possibly cost the state and the soldier more than our method, but at the same time possesses indubitable advantages. Those persons, intimate with each other, share the burden of duty more easily; the food is prepared in a more cleanly fashion, and is eaten while warm; in short, this mode of life more resembles a family circle than the usual barrack monotony. The Austrian soldier is excellently lodged; he lives in well-ventilated rooms, but does not sleep on mattresses, except in hospital and certain quarters in Italy, when this article of furniture is provided by the parochial authorities.

The Austrian officers do not mess together. Each lives separate, or with a few chums selected by himself; it is rare, however, to see four of them dining together. They only meet in larger numbers at coffee-houses or places of public resort. Undoubtedly this mode of life is more convenient for the individual, but the *esprit de corps* and the military feeling must suffer considerably by it. On one hand, the officers are not so intimately connected; and, on the other, they have not such opportunities for mutual instruction. Very few subalterns are married, for the Austrian government gives widows no pensions except when the husband has been killed in action; but to secure the widow from starvation, the sum of 600*l.* must be paid into the treasury, or the amount made a permanent charge on the estates of one of the couple before permission to marry is conceded. This prevents the trick so frequently played in France, of borrowing the money for a few days to show to the representative of the law, and then returning it.

The Austrian armies are under the supreme command of the emperor, and the generals receive their orders from his majesty through the war-minister. The staff consists of 5 field-m Marshals, 15 generals of cavalry, or quarter-masters, 87 lieutenant-field-m Marshals, and 123 major-generals. The army is composed of four great corps d'armée, subdivided into divi-

sions, brigades, &c. The troops are always ready to march; the staff, ambulances, and various branches are prepared, and can go directly into the field.

The first army is in Austria, and has its head-quarters at Vienna, under the command of Count Wratislaw, general of cavalry.

The second army is in Italy, head-quarters Verona, general-in-chief Field-Marshal Radetzky.

The third army is in occupation of Hungary, head-quarters Ofen, general-in-chief Archduke Albert, general of cavalry.

The fourth army is in Galicia and the Bukovina, commander-in-chief Prince Edmund Schwartzenberg, lieutenant-field-marshal, head-quarters Lemberg. It is composed of only one corps—the 14th.

We might add to these four armies that in Croatia, which holds the military frontier, the Banate and Servia, under the separate command of the Ban Jellachich, but this is such a peculiar, confused, and elastic organisation, that, in order to give an idea of it, we need only to mention a single fact. These provinces, which in ordinary times are only bound to supply the active army with a contingent of from 12,000 to 15,000 men, in 1848 sent above 120,000 combatants to Vienna.

The Austrian army has an état-major corps, composed of very distinguished officers, who before the commencement of their career passed a first-rate examination. This corps is less numerous than in France: it consists of a lieutenant-field-marshal as quartermaster-general, 2 major-generals, 13 lieutenant-colonels, 20 majors, 81 captains, and 5 first-lieutenants. These officers are rarely employed as adjutants, for the generals generally select their own from officers of all arms. The officers of the état-major generally restrict themselves to military operations, drawing up plans, &c. We may mention a fact which will show better than any argument the reservation in the employment of the officers of this corps, and the simplicity of the machinery of the supreme command and the administration. Marshal Radetzky, at the head of an army of 100,000 men, and viceroy of a kingdom containing five millions of inhabitants, has only one chief of the état-major for the management of this immense and difficult machine—certainly one of the most distinguished officers in Europe, General von Benedek—a colonel of the staff as *sous chef*, 4 captains, and 8 non-commissioned officers as clerks; and it must be borne in mind that the majority of the official documents are written in two languages.

All the articles the troops require are furnished by the state in Austria, and for this purpose it has large establishments, which are at the same time manufactories and central magazines. Some of them are so extensive that they rather resemble fortresses than a magazine. The one at Stockerau contains thousands of civil and military workmen and a numerous garrison. Immense quantities of raw material may be seen there—leather, cloth, felt, steel, &c., and the articles already made are stored in such large quantities, that if an entire army entered this building in a state of nudity, it could be turned out again in a few hours, fully equipped. This old system will explain the rapidity with which the Austrian armies were able to cover the most considerable losses; for, most assuredly, the greatest difficulty in forming an army is removed

when the government has the means at hand to equip and arm it: consequently, the Austrian arrangements in this respect cannot be too strongly recommended to the notice of our clothing-boards. The Austrian armies possess within themselves all the elements of existence, maintenance, and success. The state is contractor and manufacturer *en gros*. Arms and ammunition are furnished by the Ordnance: the military clothing-board provides for all the requirements of the soldier: it makes its own bread, and distributes forage through its own Imperial agents. It has always a stock on hand of every possible description, and administers and keeps it up at a remarkably small expense.

In all ages the uniform has been an object of great attention in all regular armies. An ornament, a strip of cloth, as a mark of distinction, has produced many a hero. After any military error or misfortune, the withdrawal of any mark of distinction impresses on a regiment the terrible necessity of recovering from this moral overthrow; and history tells us that no troops ever neglected it. In the Italian campaign, Marshal Radetzky deprived a battalion, which suffered the enemy to capture its colours, of the rose on the czako;—the battalion is now passionately awaiting the moment to retrieve its character. But, apart from this moral view of the subject, the uniform must be a subject of earnest thought to every commander, that it may not only please the eye, but be at the same time comfortable, not in any way impede the free movements of the soldier, protect him against the severity of the weather, cost as little as possible, and give all the various branches of the army a certain degree of resemblance. In all these points the Austrian army has nearly attained perfection. The only thing that may be criticised, perhaps, is the tightly-fitting costume of the Croats and Hungarians, who, however, wear their national garb. The whole army, with the exception of the light troops, wears the same light-blue trousers and a very convenient and elegant white tunic. The Croats and artillery are brown. The light infantry are all dressed in pearl-grey tunics, and wear a turned-up hat with cocks' feathers. The coat of the light cavalry varies according to the purpose to which they are applied, but in shape very much resembles the infantry pattern. With the exception of the German cavalry, who wear a helmet of black leather, with brass ornaments, and the Hulans, who wear the czapka, a most elegant and very light czako has been given to the whole army. The infantry cloak is of good dark grey cloth, very wide, and so made that it can be worn over the knapsack: it is usually drawn in by a buckle behind. The cavalry cloak has no sleeves; it is very wide and all white, but the cloth is rather thin. The officer wears precisely the same dress as the rank and file; the only distinction is on the front of his czako, and, according to his rank, consists of a single or double lace, with the gilded Austrian arms, and a gold embroidered peak. In the cavalry regiments the officer's helmet is almost entirely composed of gilded metal. Among the subaltern officers, the mark of distinction through the whole army is the scarf. It is of silk, and is made of the two Austrian colours, black and yellow: without being expensive it is excessively pleasing to the eye. The difference of grade is marked on the collar. The second-lieutenant has one embroidered star, the first-lieutenant two, the captain three; staff-

officers wear a broad lace on the cuff of the sleeve and the collar, on the last of which the major has one star, the lieutenant-colonel two, and the colonel three. The generals wear, according to their grades, similar lace and stars; but in ordinary service the colour of their coat is nearly a sky-blue grey, and they wear a gold-faced hat with green plumes.

The officer always wears his uniform—he is proud of himself in this attire—he honours it by obedience and excellent conduct; but, as he constantly wears it, some care is paid to the demands of convenience, and so the officer off duty wears a very elegant little blue cap, whose sole ornament is a rose, with the embroidered initials of the emperor's name: this cap is soft, and can be put in the pocket. The officer is allowed, when not on duty, to wear any trousers he pleases, but they must be either blue, white, or grey, according to the climate and season. He frequently wears a waistcoat too, which may be noticed under his half-opened coat; and he never lays aside his sabre, which, except when on parade, he wears under his tunic. The dress of the non-commissioned officers is of the same cloth as the privates, and their grades are distinguished like the officers, by stars on the collar, which, however, in their case are embroidered in wool.

Discipline in the Austrian army is very strictly observed, and till very recently was maintained by a plentiful use of the stick. It formed a peculiar ornament of the non-commissioned officers and corporals, who carried it attached to their sabres. It has now been abolished; and in the eyes of the public the regulation punishment of the stick has disappeared. We say purposely "in the eyes of the public," for we feel convinced that it still exists in the Austrian army, and will do so for a long time hence; as institutions of this nature cannot be abolished in a moment, without entailing serious dangers. Thus, then, the punishment has been deprived of that humiliation which it found in the sight of the Germans and foreign armies—public disgrace; but it is still flourishing. The common punishments are *corvées*, guard-mousings, and parades. More serious faults are punishable with arrest, with or without chains, and bread and water, or else by removal to a disciplinary company.

The system of rewards in the Austrian army is a subject of special attention for the government. Soldiers and non-commissioned officers can earn their medals in the field: 1. *The gold medal*, to which is attached the privilege of drawing the pay for life, of that grade which the soldier held at the time of the reception of the medal; 2. *The silver medal*, 1st class, with the privilege of drawing half-pay; 3. *The silver medal*, 2nd class, merely an honorary distinction. There are invalid hospitals for old or sickly soldiers; they have also a claim to a large number of civil offices; but the French system of *retraite* does not exist in Austria. The officers in the time of war can claim four honorary distinctions: the Maria Theresa Order, the Leopold Order, the Order of the Iron Crown, and the Cross of Military Merit. Several branches of these orders entitle the holder to elevation into the nobility; and we may repeatedly notice in the official journal the name of some officer, who, as commander or knight of one of these orders, has received the title of baron of the empire. Though not desirous to write a history of the orders of the Austrian monarchy, we cannot pass by in silence one of the

greatest military institutions of the country, and one of the most esteemed orders in Europe—the Maria Theresa Order. It was founded on the 17th of June, 1757, by the empress of that name, on occasion of the battle of Kollin, gained by Marshal Daun over Frederick the Great. The emperor is grand-master. Officers of all grades, strangers without distinction of birth and religion, can be received into it. The only requirement for investiture is the performance of some brilliant deed. The Grand Cross is given to those persons who have carried out any great operation, through their high position in the command of the army. Joseph II. founded a middle class, that of the commanders. It is a pity that no class has as yet been founded for non-commissioned officers and privates; for, though there may be a difference of rank among brave men, yet they all belong to one family; they are all brothers, and by this title they have an equal claim, though in different grades, to equal public honours. The order possesses a revenue of 400,000 florins, out of which the grand crosses receive a pension of 1500 florins (125*l.*). The remainder of this sum is paid to the elder knights, in pensions of 50*l.* and 36*l.* Widows receive one-half of the pension: those knights who are not pensioned receive them according to seniority: only foreigners have no claim. Up to the present, the Maria Theresa Order has been most scantily bestowed, for, in an army of 540,000 men, we only find 4 grand crosses (including the emperor as grand-master), 14 commanders, and 43 knights. This amount gives about one knight to every 9000 men, which is evidently too limited a number.

The Austrian infantry is of very noble appearance, and its behaviour under arms exceedingly soldierlike. Their immobility is not merely of an automatic nature—a reproach formerly cast on German troops,—but it proves the observance of a duty: the strictest silence is ordered. All that takes place in this army bears a dignified character. The highest officers, like the commonest soldier, when prayers are offered up for the emperor, and salvos are fired in his honour, bow reverentially and salute during the whole duration of the prayers or the salvo.

The infantry are armed with a firelock, much resembling our own in weight and calibre. It has neither percussion nor flint-lock; but the old pan has been so altered as to hold a very small cylinder filled with detonating powder, which is attached to a thin wire. This powder is covered by a spring-rack, after the fashion of the front hammer of the old wheel-lock. This spring-rack is provided with a cog pressing on the powder, and the gun is immediately discharged by the blow of the hammer on the cog. This arm is subjected to repeated trials, and can even be fired under water, which is, probably, unnecessary precaution. The regulation-musket is not the sole arm of the infantry. On the march each company has several tirailleurs on its flank, armed with rifles, rather shorter than the musket, but of greater range. These soldiers wear the regimental uniform, and are only distinguished by wearing a shoulder-strap of the same colour as the facings. The light infantry consists of 1 regiment of imperial chasseurs (Tyrolese), and 25 chasseur battalions, who are all first-rate troops, carefully selected from among the recruits. Their armament and equipment resembles that of the French chasseurs *au pied*; their uniform is well adapted to the service for which they are

intended, and, in spite of its grey colour, is pleasant to the eye. These troops served as the model for the organisation of the French chasseurs, who, however, are far superior to them in every respect. The Austrians, though picked men and well-built, have not the broad shoulders, the prominent chest, and iron muscles, or the incessant activity which characterise the French chasseurs.

The Austrian artillerymen do not differ much from the infantry. We find no giants among them, and the men are not picked for personal appearance, but those men are selected at recruiting who have a trade adapted for ordnance purposes, as the men are very clever in the management of every sort of tool. The train-horses are very handsome, and remarkable for well-formed limbs, and hoofs, and broad chests: they carry themselves well, and their heads are generally very small. Even the few faults which might be objected as to their appearances are really good qualities for their special service. Thus they have generally a short neck and very stout shoulders. The harness is elegant and solid; iron and steel are very much used in it, and are advantageously substituted in various portions which in other countries are made of leather or rope. Much has been recently done to improve this arm of the service, but any change is only effected with great caution, that they may not be compelled to return to the old system.

The Austrian cavalry enjoys in Europe an old and well-merited reputation. To judge from the events of the great French campaign, in which several Austrian cavalry officers who joined the armies of Napoleon distinguished themselves highly, we may form a very favourable idea of the school in which they were educated. We are speaking of a remote period, but, in a matter like this, traditions exercise a great influence on the state of the present. In the organisation of armies, more especially in a moral respect, nothing can be invented impromptu. Traditions are of more value to a regiment than is history: these are its property, its sole inheritance; it is proud of them, and justly so. In Austria these traditions are carefully treasured by the greatest lord and the lowest peasant. Some possess them in wretched daubs—wretched only with reference to their artistic merits—for the thought that created them is one of the most noble and honourable: others raise splendid monuments to them, like the one which a Prince of Liechtenstein, one of that family of great lords and heroes, erected in honour of four hussars who saved his life in an engagement, when the prince was wounded and could not extricate himself from his horse.

The Austrian cavalry is divided into two so materially different parts, that they only have the word of command and military regulations in common. Men, horses, arms, uniform, language, race and character, everything in these two descriptions of cavalry differ. The cuirassiers, dragoons, and chevaux legus are called "German cavalry," and correctly so, both men and horses being German or Bohemian. The hussars are all Hungarians or Transylvanians, and the hulans, Poles. Each of these varieties of cavalry possesses the qualities peculiar to its nation and the nature of the horses. The German cavalry have large men and horses: they are regular and solid, but perhaps still rather slow in their movements, in spite of the progress recently made under this head. But it must not



be forgotten that heavy cavalry cannot move rapidly for any length of time without suffering a terrible loss in horses. The Hungarian hussar has served as a model for the hussars of every country, and will remain so for ever. The Hungarian is almost born in a saddle, and is attached to his horse, not like a useful domestic animal, but as a friend. The hussars may be detached without taking any care for their horses; for they are sure to find them provender, and would sooner sleep on the hard ground than leave the horse without straw. The hussar is a true pattern of the mythic centaur. In the saddle he manages his weapons excellently: he has a sharp eye, is very determined, and possesses undeniable bravery. When to all these qualities we can add young and talented officers, as is the case at the present moment, this arm must be most valuable. The armament of the Austrian cavalry could be greatly improved. The fire-arms are heavy, clumsy, and of old pattern; and though carbines have been lately served out, of a very great range, they are awkward to handle as the others. The sabres are of various patterns, and many of them are too light to guard off a blow. Recently, sabres *à la Montmorency* have been introduced; they are straight and flat, and as the Austrian cavalry, especially the hussars, are much more skilled in thrusting than in cutting, this arm will be of great service to them. The lances, with a shorter shaft than the French, is far from being perfect. The point is flat, and not hollowed out; it has also an iron band about seven or eight inches from the point, which entirely displaces the centre of gravity. With respect to defensive arms, the helmet is of an ungraceful shape, made of black leather and brass ornaments; they do not sufficiently protect the head of the wearer, and the cuirass only covers them in front. The Austrian cavalry, however, has been recently undergoing great changes, and it is very probable that they have by this time been placed on a state of equal efficiency with the other arms.

After having thus described cursorily the various elements of which the Austrian army is composed, we cannot do better than complete our sketch by a tabular statement of its effective strength on the 25th of October, 1852. At that period it amounted to 477,069 men, and 54,620 horses, distributed in the following manner:

## I. INFANTRY.

REGIMENTS.	Number of Battalions.	Effective Strength of each Battalion.	TOTAL.	Effective Strength of each Arm.	
				Men.	Horses.
62 Line Regiments, of 4 Battalions.....	248	1278	316,944	379,594	
26 Battalions Chasseurs	25	946	23,650		
17 Acting Battalions Grenzer.....	17	1000	17,000		
1 Tyrolese Chasseur Regiment .....	6	1000	6,000		
1 Regiment of Pioneers	4	1000	4,000		
1 Battalion Czaikists..	1	1000	1,000		
5 Garrison Battalions..	5	1000	5,000		
Disciplinary Companies.	6	1000	6,000		

**II. CAVALRY.**

REGIMENTS.	Number of Squa- drons.	Effective Strength of each Squadron.		TOTAL.		Effective Strength of each Arm.	
		Men.	Horses.	Men.	Horses.	Men.	Horses.
8 Carabacier Regiments, of 6 Squadrons.....	48	162	150	7,776	7,200	50 460	46,620
7 Dragoon Regiments, of 6 Squadrons.....	42	162	150	6,804	6,300		
11 Hulan Regiments, of 8 Squadrons.....	88	195	180	17,160	15,840		
12 Hussar Regiments, of 8 Squadrons.....	96	195	180	18,720	17,280		

**III. ARTILLERY AND ENGINEERS.**

REGIMENTS.	TOTAL.		Effective Strength of each Arm.	
	Men.	Horses.	Men.	Horses.
5 Regiments of Artil- lery (132 Batteries, with 792 Guns) .....	13,815	.....	31,015	8000
14 Arsenal Divisions ...	3,000	.....		
8 Fortress Battalions...	3,200	.....		
2 Regiments of Engi- neers, Sappers, Pon- tooners, and Miners...	5,000	.....		
Drivers .....	6,000	8000		

**IV. GENDARMERIE.**

16 Regiments..... 16,000 men.

Total effective strength of Austrian Army.....477,069 men, 54,620 horses.

Though possessing such an imposing force Austria had, till very recently, no other reserve than the Landwehr, which was not even introduced through the whole of the empire. The present kaiser, seeing the disadvantage of such a system, abolished the Landwehr by a decree dated 30th July, 1862, and substituted for it a reserve, which embraces all the crown lands. The two last contingents to serve their time are intended to form a portion of the reserve. When we assume, then, that from 50,000 to 60,000 men are annually discharged, this new reserve may be safely estimated at 100,000 to 120,000 men; persons immediately at command, and still accustomed to the service, will continue to serve in the same arm to which they belonged, and their uniform and arms are now all in readiness for them. When we add to these the reserve naturally formed by the border regiments, of which only one battalion is attached to the active army, we may easily convince ourselves that the present reserve is very considerable, and that it could be incorporated with the active

army in a few weeks. This measure is very far-sighted; for in a military respect it is excellent, and in a political aspect it promotes the fusion of the various races composing the monarchy. It overthrows privileges which afforded no advantage to those holding them, but which injured the true national interests; and lastly, it shows that the Austrian government has cleverly employed the situation into which the events of the year 1848 brought it. Eight years ago the government would never have dared to form such a determination.

Another and very important measure has also been set about by the Austrian government. The emperor commanded the formation of a fifth battalion after the 1st of November, 1852—to be called the *Dépôt Battalion*—in every regiment. This battalion consists of 852 men. At the same time a *dépôt* of three companies was formed for the Tyrolese Chasseur regiment; a *dépôt* company for each chasseur battalion of six companies. These companies have a strength of 213 men. Lastly, the emperor formed a *dépôt* squadron for each cavalry regiment, with an effective strength of—Heavy cavalry, 139 men, 113 horses; light cavalry, 172 men, 143 horses. Consequently, from the 1st of November, 1852, the Austrian army received an augmentation of—

	Men.	Horses.
62 battalions of 852 men .....	52,824	...
18 <i>dépôt</i> companies of Tyrolese Chasseurs of } 213 men .....	3,834	...
15 squadrons of 139 men and 113 horses .....	2,085	1,695
23 squadrons of 172 men and 143 horses .....	3,956	3,289
Total augmentation .....	62,699	4,984
Total of active army (already stated) ...	477,069	54,620
Grand total of Austrian army, Nov. 1, } 1852 .....	539,768	59,604

*Viribus unitis!* Such is the proud motto of renovated Austria, and well may she feel her own importance at the present eventful moment, when her sword, thrown into the scale, would decide the future destinies of nations. But, whatever may be the intention of the government, we believe that the army itself would regard with great distrust any closer alliance with the northern neighbour. Leaving out of sight the recent wound inflicted on their self-love by the Russian intervention in the Hungarian war, the Austrian officers feel great repugnance to the Russian system, and that predilection for customs that are derived from a period of barbarism. Unfortunately, however, we cannot, from personal experience, hold out any hope that they would join cordially with the Allies in the prosecution of the war, for hatred of France, and jealousy of England, cannot be extirpated at a moment's notice. The present ambition of the Austrian army appears to be an armed neutrality in conjunction with Prussia—a neutrality which cannot permanently endure. The drain on the Austrian exchequer for the maintenance of such a gigantic force is too great to allow her to remain passive for any length of time, and she will probably find herself compelled to accept terms

eventually far below those now offered her by the Allies. But in this she remains true to her Hapsburg policy.

But there is one peculiar aspect under which the state of Germany at the present moment must be regarded—namely, the humiliating notion that petty jealousy and ill-concealed envy should so utterly neutralise the power of such armies as Germany can bring into the field. Instead of acting as arbitrator, and by a slight effort of her united strength, compelling the Czar to refrain from those ambitious projects which her dismemberment induced his predecessor to cherish, she stands on the verge of the precipice, uncertain, vacillating, and contemptible—by her obstinacy preventing that honourable issue on which both parties have set their hearts, and by every despicable effort of diplomatic chicanery rendering the *embroglio* still more entangled. But we may console ourselves with the reflection that the day of reckoning will eventually arrive for them: oppressed nationalities will one day find an opportunity for entering into a stern reckoning with the monarchs who conceal their autocracy under the garb of affected liberality or saintly hypocrisy. When that time arrives, *væ victis!* and Russia, we ardently trust, will by that period have received such a lesson, that she will lack either the ability or the will to purchase gratitude and forbearance by the timely assistance her cohorts may afford.

We can hardly believe that the German nation is, of itself, so blinded that it cannot receive the inestimable advantages which must accrue to it from the humiliation of the Czaric power: but, alas! their sympathies may be with the right cause, but those are of little avail in a contest where physical, and not moral, force must decide. And yet, the early events of 1848 might have taught them a salutary lesson; then, they learned what a nation, in the consciousness of right, can effect, and though they lost the advantages they acquired, almost as soon as attained, by their own apathy, still, the feeling that, when united, they can overthrow the most powerful monarchical combinations, cannot have been thoroughly eradicated. The contest between the Allies and the Czar will speedily assume gigantic proportions: the whole of Europe must, of necessity, be drawn into the vortex, and when that period arrives, it will not be a question of Austria or Prussia having their special interests jeopardised, but we trust that a common danger will cause the Germans to combine and throw off that yoke, which is the more galling as it is sedulously concealed from sight. Germanism and Slavonism will then enter on a contest which must decide the fate of Central Europe, not whether it shall be Republican or Cossack in the strict sense of the terms, but whether liberty or autocracy shall be the ruling principle. But to attain such a result much must be effected: the Allies must develop their strength in a manner to which they are yet strangers; the war must be carried on with that stern, uncompromising spirit which characterised a "Heaven-born Minister:" only one object must be kept in view, and to that every other feeling must be sacrificed. We have taken the initiative in fighting the good fight of liberty, and no consideration of possible injury which might accrue to such faint-hearted friends as our German allies have proved themselves to be, must be allowed to bear weight for a moment. The principle must be distinctly enunciated, that "he

who is not for us is against us"—our friends must be those who are willing to be tried in the furnace—for we cannot any longer bear with half measures. We have entered on a contest for which the whole world will owe us the deepest gratitude—we have determined on putting a check upon the progress of barbarism in Europe—and, though the regents may feel offended at our interference with their prejudices and their sympathies, the stake for which we are playing is so enormous, and its results so incalculable, that we cannot allow any further hesitation.

Great hopes were entertained upon the formation of the present Ministry that the honour of England was entrusted to safe hands, and the unanimous voice of the nation joined in one cry of satisfaction on the appointment of our new Premier. But how have our hopes been belied! The same shilly-shallying—the same want of comprehension that we are engaged in a war of which, probably, few of the present generation will see the result—appear to rule in Downing-street; and it seems as if there were some peculiar atmosphere pervading these apartments, which paralyzes the energies of even the most energetic men. We are willing to make any sacrifice to bring the war to an honourable, or even satisfactory issue, but we do ask, in return, that the conduct of that war should be entrusted to men who will keep only that one object in view, and consult the interests of nations rather than of dynasties, as has hitherto been, unfortunately, too much the animating principle in our councils.

But these evils, we confidently hope, will cure themselves: the *fiat* has gone forth: *Carthago est defendenda*—and, no matter the sacrifice, Englishmen will not be driven from their purpose. We ask of ministers but a slight thing—that they will prosecute the war with vigour—and for that object we will supply the means, but we will not endure any compromise. The object at stake is immense, and we will not have it said that we were backward in attempting to gain it—for that both our pride and our honour will forbid. If the war has, hitherto, been carried on under a mistake, or an erroneous estimate of our opponent's strength, the remedy can be easily applied: the means are in the hands of ministers, and to them we look—we wish we could say confidently—for these means being used promptly, energetically, and successfully.

# ENSIGN PEPPER'S LETTERS FROM THE CRIMEA.

## BATCH THE SIXTH.

The Trenches, before Sebastopol, April, 1855.

DEAR GUARDIAN,—I have just received the letters from home, all safe, but I am unable to send you back any news worth reading. We are not a bit nearer taking the stubborn place in front of us than we were, before; or—many of us think, now—than we ever shall be. We have latterly been very busy, our engineers especially, erecting works here, and batteries there, and after they are completed, we always find the Russians have been as industrious and watchful as ourselves, and have thrown up new works, in the very teeth of ours. We have got the old riddle in the camp now, “What’s that that’s always coming, and never comes?” “To-morrow: and that’s when we are to go in and take Sebastopol.”

The weather continues quite as peculiar as Lord Raglan described it in his despatch; the copy of which I sent you. Sometimes it’s fine, and sometimes it’s not. Now, we shall be revelling in a hot sun and clear sky, treading on warm grass and other spring flowers; and then it will change into everlasting days of pelting rain; or, what’s worse, a cold, black, murky sea-fog, in which you can hardly see your hand at noon-day. We hope the frost is gone, for this season, so that we may keep our toes and fingers on us for another year, but some of the nights feel downright bitter.

A wonderful change has taken place since I last wrote. Somebody, perhaps government, has sent out orders that we are to be turned upside down. Lord Raglan comes out, like a brick, and by the help of a good glass we may see him almost any day. Even bets are laid that, ere long, some of us—a general or even a colonel—will be promoted to the honour of exchanging personal salutations with him. General Jones, or some other general, periodically looks us up in the trenches. Admiral Boxer is come up, and is turning himself, and everybody else, about Balaklava; and the railroad stands out in full glory amidst its navvies. A place is built on the heights of Balaklava for those recovering from sickness, which they have called a Sanatorium (as if there could be anything sanatory in the atmosphere of Balaklava!), and you may count the wooden huts by the score. Illness is very much on the decrease—so we are assured—and we are quite revelling in the matter of medicine. Several cargoes of “Dalby’s Carminative” have arrived, and several more of “Mrs. Johnston’s American Soothing Syrup.” As they are infantile cordials, we expected the next consignment would be a few ship-loads of babies; but the doctors, who seemed very savage over the new medicines, said the Soothing Syrup was invoiced to the elderly officers who have got false teeth.

Eupatoria is swarming with Turks, and the country between that place and Balaklava is swarming with Russians. The consequence is pitched battles. And between each shindy, they meet, on the plain, and exchange courtesies. The Turks offer presents of wine and tobacco, and receive

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in exchange deputations bearing sucking-pigs and calves' hearts, ready stuffed and roasted. We thought we smelt sage and onions very strong, one day, when the wind blew direct to our camp from Eupatoria. If the same agreeable odour should again set-in, our way, I and Gill and Tubbs and Stiffing mean to mount Stiffing's new horse, and gallop over to Eupatoria and see what we can come in for. You are aware, of course, that for difficulty it will be something like crossing from London to Calais on horseback, as we shall have to dodge the Russians, in getting round Sebastopol: but Tubbs says he knows a plan and a short cut, so we intend to try it on.

I must not omit to tell you that I have been down to Scutari. It was soon after I wrote in February. A friend of mine, Ensign Randal, was ordered down on a mission, but, being ill, he felt himself unequal to the horrors of the sea passage, so I undertook it for him—for if we did not help each other, out here, dear sir, who is there that will help us? But I am pleased to tell you that great improvements have taken place in the transport-service, and it was better than I had expected. The vessel was the —, but I suppose I must not let it out, for we have been forbidden to mention the names of the sick-transports, lest those adders who write for the newspapers should get hold of something to fasten on. There were a lot of sick on board and some wounded, all very well provided for. There were not any cots, it's true; or conveniences for washing, and the mattresses were—well, I didn't go within a few yards of them; but we had a liberal supply of disinfecting stuff, chloride of lime, and the rest. The poor fellows themselves were in a dreadful state, quite eaten up with dirt and live animals, so, if their bedding was not perfectly clean and sweet, it could not matter. I stopped on deck, night and day, to sniff the fresh air, for, below, it was rather stale and musty. I am quite proud to tell you we had plenty of fresh meat; it was a little tough, and the men could not eat it, but there it was, ready for them, so people cannot grumble now. We had a nice run to Scutari, but somehow we couldn't approach the landing-place, and the captain ordered boats to come out for the sick. After waiting three or four days, they came, and the men were got ashore: but the sick wretches were downhearted at being kept in the ship—or else their fevers took a bad turn, from the long spell in the close quarters—and several of them had to be chucked overboard before landing. The hospital is a great big giant of a building, very bare and ugly, with a cypress-grove behind it, crowded with graves. One of the fellows, as he dragged himself up the hill, and took his first view of it, said it didn't look a mighty healthy spot for an hospital, with them tombstones close to it. Some men were lounging round the entrance, convalescents, we heard, but they looked white and puny about the gills. I wanted to find Cornet Ellison, who had gone down to hospital about a month before, and asked them, but they said they had not heard of him, so I went hunting out for myself. I might as well have looked for a needle in a bottle of hay. Dirty corridors, without end, crammed with life, and whole streets of wards, full of rows of beds, in which every inmate, when you could see their heads, looked like each other. I should think it must be miles broad and long, that hospital. I was pushing along, very glumpy, fearing I should not find much fun at Scutari, when I came upon some officials, writing at a

bare table, and thought perhaps they might know of Ellison, and asked them.

"Who is that, inquiring after Ellison?" called out a squeaking, weak voice, from a corner; and, turning round, who should I see, leaning for support against a heap of rusty fire-arms, but Hunter, one of our comrades, who had gone down from camp in December. I did not know him at first, for he had got the ague, or palsy, or some shaking disorder, and he'd got on a white nightcap, coming down to his nose, and a brown gown, like a woman's, all loose and easy, and he looked seven-and-twenty, instead of seventeen.

"What has brought you here, Pepper?" he quaked out. "Is it fever or frost-bites?"

"It's neither, yet," I said. "Mendal was kicking it, and got ordered down, but they sent me instead. What on earth brings you here still, Hunter? I thought you were at home, weeks ago."

"It's this blessed fever that won't leave me," he said: but I don't think "blessed" was quite the word he used. "They call it the Bala-klava fever, and it's as obstinate as an old dromedary, and won't go away, drive it as you will. It's raging gloriously with us, and lets have got it who have never been to Balaklava. I was in bed till last week."

"Is it very jolly, down here?"

"As jolly as groans, and putrid smells, and corpses, can make it," answered Hunter. "I know this; it's so jolly, that if ever I get strength in my legs to get on board ship and reach home, I'll make a present of my commission to any chap that will say thankye for it. They won't entice me again into their 'Glorious British Army.' They flamed us up that we were going to overrun Russia, and take its cities, and crown ourselves with laurels; and when we come out, instead of victory and triumph, they clap us down, and keep us in a pestilential marsh that breeds agues and coffins. Is Sebastopol taken yet?"

"Is England come to its senses yet?" I retorted. "The one is about as likely as the other. If we are to wait in the Crimea till we take Sebastopol, we may send home for our nightcaps (we'll have them of your pattern, Hunter), and sleep upon it." And I am sorry to say I do think so, dear sir. "Is Ellison here now?"

"Well, he's here, and he's not here," returned Hunter. "His remains have got accommodation in the graveyard, close by the harbour. He caught hospital gangrene, after he came down, and that started him. I never saw him: he was in the operating ward, and I in one of the corridors; but Corporal Craggs—who is here, amongst others—told me Ellison had hooked it."

"How's the management with you?"

"Beautiful," said he; "especially the government regulations. The hospital at Kululee ran short of stores, and the patients were sitting up in bed, naked, licking their lips; which had got nothing else to lick. So they sent to our ladies to borrow some flannel shirts, and some broth, and some brandy. It's four or five miles off, and they calculated the reinforcements might be got there in a couple of hours. And they could have been, but for the government forms, which took up three days. So it is probable the broth arrived there sour."

"How's the grub, here?"



"Very fashionable, Pepper. Some of us dine at eight. After breakfast—if we are in luck and get any—it's usual to stay our stomachs till night. You have been ordered, perhaps, a mutton-chop, and you've been looking for it all day. The clock strikes eight, and up it comes, singed on one side, saignant on the other, and raw all through. I don't care so much about it, for by that hour the appetite has turned into sickness; and this ague sets one against eating. The worst is, the arrowroot's bad: the patients think it's made of birdlime and oatmeal."

"My eye! I should strike."

"All very fine to say that; but where are we to strike to? Why don't you strike, up at camp? it's worse there. Do you remember Jones, in yours?"

"Don't I? He tried to purchase his captaincy just before he left the camp. He was a——well, go on."

"Jones was ill for a long while in the second ward," continued Hunter, "and when he was well enough to go home, he asked Menzies, who was cock of the doctors down here, for a board to sit upon him to order him there. Some more fellows, invalided officers, also wanted to be sat upon, and be sent home, and Menzies said he would ask for it to be done. The application had to be made in writing, by three different persons besides Menzies, on so many different sheets of paper——"

"Who were the papers to go to?" I interrupted.

"Blowed if ever I heard," answered Hunter. "Perhaps Lord Stratford. He is our ambassador here: though we have never seen him. Well, the government law is, that these applications shall only be written, under pain of being took up for high treason, on a particular sort of paper, those long sheets, very thick; and Menzies was out of it, and the surgeons were out of it, and the stationers' shops were out of it. Jones was impatient to get off, for he said the bad air of this place was killing him, and he pressed them to make it on common writing-paper; but they called him an Atheist, and asked if he thought they would dare to fly in the face of the government regulations. Then a fellow, who knew of this, came up puffing and blowing in great haste from Constantinople, and said he had just seen some of this sort of paper in a bazaar. The doctors folded their arms and said they shouldn't meddle with it, for government would not be pleased if they bought things on their own responsibility. So Lieutenant Jones hobbled out, and managed to get across to Constantinople, and bought some, and brought it up to Menzies and the doctors. And it was such a glorious go, Pepper, they wouldn't touch the paper any more than if it had been a horse-stinger, because it's against the government laws to receive stores, except from their own authorised depôts. They were in a rage—rather, those invalids, Jones especially."

"How did it end?"

"It didn't end," returned Hunter. "Menzies, or some of the rest, have written home to government for a supply of the paper, but it may be a month of Sundays before it comes, and the invalid officers are airing their patience, and looking out for it." And so, dear sir, there's that admirable Lieutenant Jones, who was like a father to me and Gill, probably still waiting at Scutari.

I am proud to tell you—and perhaps you'll tell it to Aunt Pris-

oilla, and she to the Reverend—that they are very religious in Scutari hospital. There's a daily service in the barrack-chapel. I went once, to see what—I mean, to offer up my prayers. I am sorry to state that some of those who attend it grumble a little, and are profane enough to say they could be better employed aiding the sick than in dancing attendance on a chapel on week-days, where the smell's bad and the malaria worse. I perceived something not pleasant to the nose myself, while I stopped; the same odour that's exhaled from the wards. I saw Miss Nightingale, and spoke with her. She has a pleasant voice and countenance, and looks very sensible. Hunter thinks half the hospital would have died, but for her.

I did not stay long at Scutari, and a day or two after I got back to camp, news was spread through it that the Emperor of Russia was dead. Nobody believed it, and a regular chaff went through the camp. "Queen Anne's dead," one would say. "Queen Anne! Peace be to her memory. Let's put on mourning." "But the Emperor of all the Rushers is gone." "Is he? So's George the Fourth. Come and spread the news." Away we'd go to all the tents within reach, and would be saluted with "What do you youngsters want?" "If you please, colonel, a despatch has just arrived, black edges and seal. William the Fourth's gone dead, and is gathered to his forefathers in Windsor Castle." We kept the game alive all day, and made some of the old ones very mad. But soon we heard that the Emperor really was dead, and we are all speculating upon how long it will be before we are allowed to cut this blessed war, and we hope the Emperor is enjoying his deserts, whatever they may be, in the place assigned to Roman Catholic souls. I am not sure of the name: Gill says it's Paradise, and Stiffing says it's Purgatory.

No end of things are arriving, now we don't want them, and winter clothing is being dealt out from the mass of stores at Balaklava, now it is useless. I don't know where they'll stow away all the ship-loads of things that disgorge themselves: but it will come in for next winter, if they keep the moths out of it. Now, it's a cargo of wooden boots; now of bearskin trousers, with patent straps and bracers; now of shirts of a new make, fur inside and gutta-percha out; now its rabbit-skin waistcoats; and some lovely white swansdown coats have arrived for the staff, the tails lined with yellow plush. Tubbs saw them. Knitted comforters swarm in, without end, and nightcaps in crochet work. When the respirators arrived, they were taken for dogs' muzzles, and a council of war was held to decide upon whether or not they should be applied to the wild dogs that abound. Lord Raglan thought he had better write home for instructions, and whilst he was doing it, a doctor who had been down to examine the cargo came back in post-haste to head-quarters, and reported that they were not dogs' muzzles at all, but chest-respirators. The boas are stunning, and so will the muffs be, for frostbitten fingers, on trench nights, also the pattens for the feet. It's said they purpose to build places to stow away the things in, but nobody knows. A little while ago our respected government, hearing that Balaklava had got into a temporary state of confusion, and having deliberated on it for some months, despatched out Mr. Pratt, with a tail of helpers, to get it straight. Mr. Pratt arrived—gentlemanly man, officer of customs, very efficient, practical engineer, and all that. He was for going to work at once,

wanting to build wharves and landing-places for goods, roomy stores, dry shelves, good cupboards, &c. ; but the management, out here, got jealous and frightened at his activity, and they would not allow him to attempt anything. So he's fuming at having been sent on a fool's errand, and the masses of effects lie in piles of bother.

A great shock has been experienced here. It had been thought that Captain Christie was going to be presented to her Majesty as a reward for his services, and be decorated with the Order of the Garter. Some cantankerous, worriting spirits had been casting blame towards him, for that little affair of last November, when the transports were lost, so he thought he had a right to any reward or consolation that might be offered him by her Majesty personally, and had been practising backing out of a room, before a large glass, for three hours a day. A formidable despatch arrived for him one morning, very thick, and seal as red and big as the moon in a fog, "ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE." Christie's fingers could hardly come to the end of the seal with delight, for he concluded if it had not got the blue ribbon inside, it had got the order for him to go home and fetch it, and he made another bow before that glass of his, and took another back out, to judge of the effect he should produce before the Queen. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* When he opened the despatch, there was nothing in it but his supersedure, and a stern command for him to pack himself off home, and stand his trial, by court-martial, for his misdoings at Balaklava. This affair has considerably cowed many brave breasts out here. It is said, though I don't know with what truth, that Commissary-General Filder has been shaking in his shoes ever since, and that another general has experienced a slight trembling.

A desperate commotion was caused here when news came that the ministry had gone out on account of their mismanagement of the war; and when we heard that Palmerston was made prime minister, nothing could exceed our rejoicings. We said we should be made all right in no time, and a general illumination was proposed throughout the camp. But when we came to carry it into effect, somebody recollected that we had no candles, and no windows to put them in. We were waiting anxiously for the reform to be commenced, and felt disappointed at the delay which seemed to be occurring: and now some of the officers have received letters, which hint that this ministry is worse than the last. Dear sir, perhaps you can settle one point for us—*Is Lord P. falling into his dotage?* Some of the letters affirm so, and the camp are quarrelling about it. It is stated he passes his time laughing and joking, like a childish old man, and lets the war and the country go to the dev—I mean, the dogs. The commissariat and medical departments are in a foaming rage with him, for they hear he has told the House of Commons they don't class as gentlemen. His lordship had better not come within a mile of them, unless he would like to be tossed in a wet blanket.

We were sensibly affected, dear sir, when we heard that you, and the rest of England, had been holding a day of humiliation for us, and shall feel under everlasting obligations to the acting members of the government for ordering it. They could not have taken a more effectual mode of silencing the reproaches which have been thrown at them. The nation has been casting it in their teeth that their mismanagement has caused the miseries and mistakes of the war, so they, very naturally, turn round and

order the nation and the people to do penance and fast. Brigadier Caff says if the incense of the prayers and the fasting has ascended aloft as it ought, Sebastopol must fall whenever we like to attack it.

We have skirmishes without end, and occasionally a short armistice is agreed upon, for the ostensible purpose of burying the dead. White flags are hoisted from the contending batteries, and then English, French, and Russians swarm out, meeting and mingling together on the plain. The men collect the bodies, and the officers form knots for conversation. Our foes are gentlemanly, well-bred fellows, courteous and cordial, and of course we show out the same; and offerings of snuff, cigars, and allumettes pass freely. The French appear, at these times, in full fig, as if they were going to a court ball, the Russians wear the everlasting grey coat over their uniforms, and the less that's said about our toggery, the better. Tarpaulin attire has not gone clean out with us, neither have we received reinforcements of French cambric shirts with frilled wristbands; many of our tiles also are more airy than elegant. These conveniences in dress are, however, to be discarded, and we have been ordered to appear again in uniform and a sword. "How long will it be before we can take Sebastopol?" we asked a Russian officer one day, during a truce. "You'll never take it," he answered: "you missed your chance once, and you won't get it again." This may not be true, of course, but it has been the private opinion of many of us for several months past. At the end of the armistice, down go the white flags, both armies scudder back to quarters, and the firing begins again.

A report has reached us that Menschikoff is seriously wounded, and has lost all his arms and legs, but that as soon as the stumps are healed he means to come to battle again. We don't see how this will be, unless he's brought in a sedan with cushions, when we shall all flock out to see the sight.

Easter Monday, the 9th April, will be a memorable day with us, for it was on that day the Allies again opened fire on the fortifications and defences of Sebastopol. We began at five in the morning, and, in weather; it was another Inkerman. The rain drifted down in sheets, the gusts of wind blew us to the dev—the ground, and rooted up our tents, and a thick fog, black as night, enveloped the atmosphere. The ground had previously been tolerably hard, but in a few hours it was over the ankles, a thick sea of mud, the entire camp one vast swamp. The firing was not kept up very strongly—who was to keep it up, in such weather as that? Since that day, our guns have grown slack and slacker, and at the rate they are going on now, we may fire for ever, without making any impression on Sebastopol. Some say we are short of ammunition, others that we have got too much of it: we juniors don't know. We may expect some sharp work, for orders have been recently issued to the medical officers to make all possible preparation for more wounded. The Russians, meanwhile, have been filling Sebastopol with victualling stores, and we watch the heavily-laden waggons flocking into it day and night.

Dear sir, you desire me to convey a message for you to a captain in the 63rd, whom you knew in London, but I am unable to do it, for the 63rd has gone on a long excursion. I am grieved to infer, from your letter—where you ask whether the 46th has disgraced itself again, now it's in the Crimea—that you must have put some faith in the hallucina-

tions of that barefaced Perry. Allow me to tell you that the officers of this distinguished regiment were proved to have merited reward, instead of censure, and Lord Hardinge has given them their promotion. The regiment is not here—at least, none of it to speak of—having accompanied the 63rd on its tour.

Please present my kind love to Aunt Priscilla and Jessie; with compliments to the Reverend Mr. S., and believe me, dear sir,

Very dutifully yours,

T. PEPPER.

Stationary Trenches, before Sebastopol, April, 1855.

MR. GUS,—Fanny Green may go and be shot, and you with her. She's possessed of no more sense than a codfish. I got your letter, inside the governor's, with her message. "That the style in which we dressed ourselves—in shreds of upper garments, and without shreds of lower—was disgusting, not to say ungentlemanly; and that I had fallen down, besides, in her estimation, in common with the rest out here, for shirking the storming of Sebastopol!" Who wants to shirk it? And who cares for F. G.'s "estimation?" She had better come out and head us, and see how soon she'd go in and storm it. Why don't she set on and knit us some trousers, and buy us some stuff for waistcoats, and make it up, instead of throwing ridicule on our wardrobes? I should not have given you credit for lending yourself to report such girl's trash; unless you are degenerating into a girl yourself, which it is our belief you are—for I have shown your letter to Gill and Tubbs and Stiffing. I'll write to F. G. and blow her up. Stiffing says he wouldn't have her at a gift.

A precious chance we have of getting into Sebastopol! It is well known we might have taken it in September, when we first came, but we have let the chance slip by for doing it now, and I don't care who hears me say it. Tell F. G. to send a despatch by the electric telegraph (it will be open from here to Kensington before you get this) to our commander-in-chief, and demand of him and General Canrobert why they did not go in, at first, and take it. Marshal St. Arnaud was chief of the French army when we landed in the Crimea; he's dead, and some renowned generals of our own are since dead; but if she will send an atmospheric communication to the world of spirits, and put the same question there, perhaps she will be favoured with a reply. Tell her to try it on, Gus: she's green enough for that, or anything else. Gill says he does not care to know her now, and Tubbs says he wouldn't be introduced to her if he could.

I should like you to see the piles and miles of formidable batteries that have grown up round Sebastopol since last September. It's believed that we might have gone quietly in then, with a trifling loss of two or three thousand men: there would be a loss of thirty thousand now, for the whole army will be annihilated if it tries at it. That's our opinion, and time will prove whether we are right. For every fresh gun that we set up, the Russians set up five, and as to holding Sebastopol if we did get in, the thing's not in the range of possibility, as affairs are now. A nice condition we have been in all the winter, to attempt the storming of any impregnable place! In my last two letters I have told you the undis-

guised truth about our state, physical and bodily and ornamental, and the shameful straits we were reduced to : no food, no clothes, no huts, no beds, no medicine, no sleep ; weak, sick, frostbitten, and feverish ; and our horses working with their heads and tails off. I mean, ears and tails ; but your letter has so put me up, I don't know what I write. And now you say you have never had my letters ! Gus, you are a sneak. If you have not had them, where do you think they have got to—into the newspapers ? No, Spark, it won't do. The post is bad enough, but not so bad as all that.

Take Sebastopol ! In the last six months, fifteen thousand men have gone down to Scutari, ill, or dying, and about as many have gone into their graves. What do you suppose has sent us there ? Warm clothing, and good fires, and sumptuous dinners, and air-tight houses, and rooms finished off with gilt cornices ? If you choose to look at the returns, you'll see that some of the deaths are set down to fever, and some to scurvy, and some to dysentery, and some to cholera, and some to frost-bites ; but who has dared to set down the TRUTH—that nine-tenths of the whole have died of starvation and despondency ? If you and England and Fanny Green think we ought to have had health and life kept in us, so as to hold our ranks entire, and to have been able, any day, to march in, with a strong hand, and smash Sebastopol, go and ask your high and mighty British government why it was not done. Let censure fall upon *them* for their wretched indifference and incapacity, but don't reproach *us*. Who is it that has reduced us to the plight we have been in ? Who has exposed us to diseases, and then debarred us of the medicine to relieve them—who set us down in an unhealthy swamp, water above and below us, and would not send us huts to keep us dry—who let the frost and the snow of a northern winter come to us, and neglected to furnish us with means of shelter—who let our solitary suit of clothes wear off our backs into rags and live creepers, and gave us none to replace them—who undertakes to send us out bedsteads, and despatches the frames here, and the legs and sacking off to Egypt—who was it sent the tops and doors of our huts, and forgot the sides, and the nails to put them up with—who has kept our beer and our fuel and our physic, and our boots and shoes, swinging about in ships, now at Constantinople, now at Balaklava, and now back again at Woolwich, and never landed the cargoes anywhere—and who has winked at our mass of steamers skulking idly in Balaklava harbour, and doing no earthly thing but eating away the nation's money, while provisions were within reach, and we were famishing ? Go and ask the war-management who has done all this, and see if they can look you straight in the face, while they answer. There has been chaos and confusion and mismanagement out here, we all know, to our eternal cost, but that has not been the root of the evil. They'll punish the small fry, poor Christie and Filder, and those who were looking out for stars and garters, but your rich and powerful and *incapable* ministers will escape scot-free. They are going to hold up a mild general or two, who have not the luck of possessing influential connexions, to public opprobrium ; but another general, who showed the most perfect and unexplainable indifference during the long weeks of our greatest need, they'll decorate, along with themselves ! Major Gum declares he shudders to see a fresh batch of newspapers arrive in camp,

for the wilful misdoings, the unfortunate mistakes, and the universal imbecility, shew forth more plainly, day by day. And the effrontery of their wanting to shaffle off their responsibility upon the nation, and make it fast and pray and humiliate itself in sackcloth and ashes to atone for their blunders! The camp decided that fast to be the richest jest that has come out yet. We wonder England stands it. Cuff says he thinks it can't know the millions of its tin that are being wasted—wasted, mind you, not used. There are many serious misgivings out here upon the aspect of affairs in England: and it is asked, throughout the camp, "Can it be that some strange chastening from on High is falling on it, and depriving its rulers of their faculties and powers?" "*Quod Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*" Tell F. G., with my compliments, that if I have not kept my clothes, I have kept my Latin.

Go in and storm Sebastopol! Where's the army to do it? What's the good, to us, of the raw recruits they have sent out in place of the good regiments which have died away? To be of service, we must have experienced and efficient soldiers—but we don't get them. We don't believe England knows the jolly mess we are in; or takes account of the thousands that have gone into hospital, the thousands who have died, and the hundreds who have sneaked home and cut it altogether. The governor, in the very letter in which he enclosed yours, sends a message to an officer in the 63rd Regiment. I have written him word back that the 63rd is gone on an excursion. So it is: part of it into Scutari hospital, and the rest into the Crimean sod. The 63rd came out 900 strong; and, in a short time, it was reduced to nine men fit for duty. Tell that to England. The governor's letter also happened to mention that crack regiment the 46th—into which jolly corps Gilt and I have not yet given up hopes of exchanging. It has been annihilated, like the 63rd. It came out in November, 1000 strong; and 800 are dead or disabled. Do you *know* these facts in England? You are all wonderfully easy if you do. Why, months ago, if the government would not do anything for us, the people ought. Yah! you are all of a cheese—you, and F. G., and the country, and its ministers. The camp has, now, got letters that there's a committee sitting, to see who's in fault about the misdoings of the war; and the staff are crowing that though the mishaps come out pretty strong, the real authors don't. One officer (not on the staff) has got a friend, deep in the confidence of the executive government at home, and he has written to say it's all arranged about the evidence they are to give—nobody's to be in fault, and nobody to be proved responsible. Ministers, past and present, will deny or explain away everything that could tell against them—Admiralty, Ordnance, Medical, and all the rest of the departments, will do the same. Each set is to show out very bright and pure, and brag up the others: the conduct of the war will appear to have gone on admirably; and if the committee think to fix a hold upon any one for blame, they'll be diddled. This is not satisfactory news to us sufferers; and it's being asked, out here, "Will the people of England stand this? Will they let things go on, in this rumble-jumble, for another year or two, till the country's disgraced and done for, or will they take the reins of government into their own hands?" As true as that you are alive, Gus, I heard that said in Captain Carnegie's tent last night. Carnegie was the man who had the

confidential letter, and he, and Gum and Cuff, and some half-dozen more, were comparing other letters and newspapers; and, in talking it over, they got as red, and excited, as fire's hot. Carnegie leans to the Lords, because his aunt's grandmother was a marchioness; but Gum and Cuff and the rest, who have got no interest, don't. They think they are hardly dealt by; something about the promotion; they are obliged to stop out and rough it, they say, whilst others can go home and live at ease, and get promotion over their heads.

"I think it will now be 'Aristocracy *versus* Intelligence,'" cried Gum, "and if the trial does come off, intelligence will gain the day."

Carnegie was indignant: "D'y'e call blood nothing?" he asked; "look at that which flows in the veins of the nobility."

"Blood's good," returned Gum, "but brains are better. Look at our merchants and commercial men—if their talents had been brought, in the first instance, to bear upon the war, do you suppose we should have been gasping out our lives here, in nakedness and famine, paralysed and incompetent, a byword for other nations to laugh at?"

"Don't know about that," grunted Carnegie, "but a duke's a duke, and a baron's a baron; and if they do not display the business talents which seem to come natural to common people, their rank makes up for it. They have had the rule and swing of the country for ages, and John Bull, who's an easy, good-natured old soul, ought not to turn tail upon them now."

"We shall see," retorted the major; "it's turn tail, on the one hand, ruin on the other; and he must choose between them."

And, Gus, we *shall* see. I'm blest if I much care how things turn out, for we can't be worse off than we are. By the way, talking of our rulers, I want you to get a song called "Peter Dick," and send it out to us. We hear it is the crack song, just now, in the Admiralty and government offices; that the clerks whistle it all day, standing on their heads in cocked hats, and beat time with a gold-headed cane. Stiffing knows a very nice fellow who is in the Ordnance department, the Honourable Tom Fireaway, and he says he is a slap-up whistler.

We had the primest joke, out here. Bob Kendal, one of our chaps, was in the last stage of camp fever, and through somebody's unaccountable mistake, my name went up instead of his, and an order came for me to go into hospital at Scutari, whilst his name was entered for the trenches. I took care to be off before they found it out, and Bob died. Tubbs—he was only jealous—said he wouldn't take advantage of the error. The idea! I wanted to see the girls who have come out, and away I went. I ran rushing up to the hospital when we reached Scutari, and while I was looking out for the girls, in hopes there were some pretty ones, I inquired after Ellison, one of our set who had gone down there, but he had made himself scarce, or the hospital gangrene had done it for him; and, instead of him, I came upon Hunter, looking like a ghost in a white nightcap. I couldn't get up a shadow of flirtation with the girls; they were the wrong sort for it, very staid and cranky, especially the nuns; and two or three, whom, by way of trying it on, I politely accosted with "I hope, miss, you are quite well," looked as cross as old Nick. It was no go, and there was not a bit of fun going on, and Hunter was too shaky to come out. That beast of a Jones was at



Scutari! When he was our lieutenant he had used to lead me and Gill the devil's own life, playing the sneak and letting out about us to Gum. He wanted to be sent home, but they had no writing-paper to write the application on, and I hope he's stopping there yet, praising up the British government and all connected with it. I'll tell you what I saw one of the nuns do. She was very busy over a fellow's bed, counting her beads, and reading to him, and praying, and confessing. The chap seemed as if he would interrupt her, but the more he tried, the faster she prayed and talked. At last she began to think him worthy of the consecrated wafer—or whatever the Roman Catholics call it—when he burst out with "Ma'am, I'm deadly obleeged to ye, but I be a Wesleyan methodiss."

"You are a what?" she said, starting up and staring at him.

"A disciple of Wesley, ma'am. Folks call us methodisses."

"Your name is O'Connor; you are a Roman Catholic," cried the nun. "I was with you yesterday."

"Not a bit on't, ma'am," persisted the fellow. "I'm John Dobbs. O'Connor died in the bed this morning, and they have put me in his place."

The lady gave a gasp of horror, and went away; and Miss Nightingale said the nuns ought not to confess the men, for fear of these mistakes.

The telegraph's at work in the camp, from right to left, and across again. It's a stunning convenience. Captain Smith wants to send a message to Lieutenant Thompson—goes to telegraph and signals. "Hallo, old fellow! how's the grubblings in your quarter to-day; anything worth coming for? Short commons here." Back comes the answer, in a brace of shakes. "No go. Devilled scraps from yesterday. Out of everything." Smith growls, and tries it again: sends the same demand to Captain Dark, on the right attack, and gets the answer. "All right, old brick. Don't lose time. Turkey-pie and broiled ham; cigars and champagne-punch." Captain Smith goes tearing along, riding his pony's tail off, and gets there in time for a capital dinner with his friends. While they are making themselves jolly, afterwards, it occurs to them that Lieutenant Thompson would be an agreeable addition to the party, as he can sing a good song, so off goes one to the telegraph again, and signals the lieutenant. "Lieutenant Thompson wanted. Make good speed. Prime smoke; unlimited grog; going to make a night of it. Smith's here." "Can't," is the doleful answer, "those confounded trenches. Off at once. Wish the plague had the war." There are sea-gulls in England innocent enough to believe the telegraph's kept for official purposes, confined to Raglan and Canrobert, but I said I'd split about it. For, if you'll credit it, Gus, when I went to transmit a very important communication by it, to Stiffing, about some marmalade, the nasty shufflers refused to take it.

Don't you go writing me such messages again from that little ape, F. G. I am about to sit down now, and give her a blowing-up, and mind you smuggle the letter safely to her.—Yours,

TOM PEPPER.

Augustus Sparkinson, Esquire, junior.

Camp-of-the-Brave-Warriors, before Sebastopol, April, 1855.

MY EVER DEAR FANNY,—I've got an epistle from Spark, with the dearest message from you, which I should be puzzled how to thank you sufficiently for, only that I know it comes originally from that ugly pig of a governess. She has been poisoning your mind with suggestions that cornets and ensigns, airily clad, are not decent society for young ladies and London drawing-rooms. For your own darling ignorance on war and its tactics, I cannot express admiration enough—though I have tried to attempt it, in my answer to Spark. But now I must enlighten you. Our governors—I speak of those statesmen who rule in England, and enjoy the personal counsels and confidence of her Majesty—are trying to make us a hardy race of warriors, like the ancient Britons, and throughout last winter's severe weather, we had orders to do, as far as possible, without garments; no coats, no waistcoats, and no—well, continuations; but, now the summer's approaching, we have to be eased in furs. If your groaning governess could look at us now, she'd see a sight. We are smothered in wool from head to foot. Sheepskin waistcoats and trou—continuations, catskin head-dresses, sable muffs, boas, and gloves, and white swansdown coats with yellow plush tails. I can assure you, and you may assure *her*, that for warmth and elegance our present attire has never been surpassed. If swansdown and yellow silk plush are not decent enough for a drawing-room (besides the lovely contrast in the colours), perhaps you'll ask her what is. So you see, my little innocent, that if we have gone *in puris naturalibus* (which you may get your starchy governess to translate for you, if she can do it for blushing), it was in obedience to the secret orders of our commanders: and a soldier's duty is to obey, and make no bones over it. As to the taking of Sebastopol, that does not give us a moment's consideration, it is a thing of course—as you young ladies say, “*cela va sans dire*.” We are quite ready to pounce our claws upon it, and are only playing with it, for *their* torture and *our* sport, like a cat does with a mouse. I remonstrated with a general yesterday (a very exalted one, whom I mayn't name in a letter) that it was cruel, thus to keep the poor Russian creatures in hourly suspense of the allied attack and their own annihilation, and he agreed with me, and half proposed that I should go into Sebastopol, leading a chosen body, and put an end to it; but I fear he has, for the present, altered his mind.

The prodigies of valour we perform are incredible. Battles are fought continually, and if we have had the misfortune to be winged and legged (which means all four taken off, by the cannon-balls) we don't heed it, but cause ourselves still to be carried to the thick of the fight, in vehicles constructed for the purpose—a new invention, something between a sedan-chair and a bucket. Occasionally we allow the enemy to come out and exchange courtesies with us. Very gentlemanly fellows some of the Russian officers are, and speak capital French. They have to make offerings of dinners and suppers to the Turks. The savoury smell of the dishes is stunning, particularly the sage and onions, and the next time we sniff it, which we shall be sure to do, if the wind blows this way, I, and Cornet Stiffing, and Ensigns Gill and Tubbs, intend to mount our noble chargers and ride over to Eupatoria, the Turkish camp, and honour the dinner-table with our company. And you may judge of the dangers we

are ready to brave, when I tell you that, to effect this, we shall have to go right round by Sebastopol, and stand the firing from all the Russian batteries at once.

We amuse our time pleasantly here on the whole, and receive and give dinner-parties. The electric telegraph is established in the camp. The convenience of this is, that you can summons a friend to a speed at a moment's notice, obviating all that bothering ceremony of invitation notes and envelopes. We have good sport, too, shooting the mallard; and have to stand the chance of being shot ourselves at it, for the wild drake congregate close to the enemy's quarters. Our eaters have been recently landing some wild cattle, which causes indescribable confusion in our ranks. These savage animals are anything but polite: all they do is to tear about the camp, and butt at everybody. A very nice young fellow, in the artillery, had the misfortune to meet one, and the infuriated beast took him on his horns, and tossed him such a height into the air that he never came down again. Tabbs saw it, and came home and told us, and said they were still looking aloft for the body when he left.

We are treated to changes in the matter of weather. For days together, the camp will be an everlasting show of rain, mud, water, wind, rheumatism, and Black Sea fogs; and next, it will be an emblem of all that's pleasant. The sky as blue as a pretty girl's eyes (somebody's I know), and the sun bright and scorching—making us consign (in speech) our furs and woollen wrappers to the lower regions. I gathered to-day a variegated nosegay, hyacinths, crocuses, blue-bells, daffodils, sweet-briar, and others with foreign names, and I wished I could waft it as an offering to you. I would send you some crocus-petals in a letter, only I know that thundering thief of a post-office would be far boning them out of it. I should like to send you a bird—if I knew how to get it to England. We have larks, and sparrows, and tomtits, and water-wagtails, and shining goldfinches, and golden-wrens,—which would you like? Or would you prefer a vulture? You could have a great big cage built for him, and hang it between the two drawing-room windows, outside. We have had a large building run up on Balaklava heights, for the reception of the recovered troops who are still sickly. They are to go there for change of air—like your mamma goes to Brighton and Hastings. It is called a Sanatorium or place of health; and if you want to know what the real English for that is, as applied to *this* Sanatorium, it's "Hookey Walker."

My dear Fanny, I have great reason to complain. I sent you word to come out to Scutari, and I thought I could depend upon you. Two months ago, about which time I believed you might arrive, I determined to go down to meet you, so I applied at head-quarters for leave of absence. There was a deuce of a difficulty to get it granted me, my services are so efficient up in camp: but after about ten days' suspense and agitation, and ten signatures and counter-signatures, I got my name entered for Scutari. Down I rushed to Balaklava, without a moment's delay, and it was knee-deep in mud, just then, so you may suppose the pickle I was in, when I got there, and boarded a transport that was on the point of starting. I did not care for the state my lower legs were in, or for the inconveniences of the passage, which your ears must be familiar with, if you look at the newspapers, or for the groans of the poor sick

and wounded we carried, or for the want of refined food, or for the perfumes of the ship, which were not those of attar-of-rose and lavender-water, or for the five things which struck to us all. No: I never felt any of these, but I perched myself on the summit of the chimney, to obtain the quickest view of the place which, I fondly hoped, contained you, and drying the mud. Arrived at Scutari, I tramped up to the hospital—a place as big as all Kensington—and went flying through its wards and corridors, alarming the sick inmates with my frantic calls after you. Alas! you had never come. Though I saw Miss Nightingale, and the nuns, and sisters, and the charming white veils, I looked in vain for F. G. Several of the younger ladies cast upon me—well, if I must say it—an eye of favour, but what did I care? The only eye I cared for was not to be seen. I met a friend there, Ensign Hunter, but he had got the palsy, or something of that, and shook all over, and a white nightcap on, which is what they dress in. There was a sinful wretch of a Lieutenant Jones down there, who, when he was in camp, used to play jackall to Major Gum, on purpose to worry the life out of me and Gill. So indignant were our revered government at his having dared to circumvent me, Ensign Thomas Pepper, that when they had got him fast at Scutari, they would not fill up the necessary forms, in writing, for him to get away from it, and we hope he is cooling his heels there still.

Now—*will you come?* I can't journey periodically to Scutari, on the chance of finding you there, for the camp could afford for almost anybody to waste his time better than me; but if you will send a notification of the probable period of your arrival, I'll manage to get down for it. I don't see why you should shirk coming. Tell your mamma there are ladies of title out there. You need not know anything of nursing, or illness, or hospitals, that's quite superfluous; and I think you would find living there a very agreeable change, if you can stand fleas. You would live with Miss Nightingale and the lady-nurses, and attend my bedside every day in the ward, for I should borrow Hunter's cap and sham sickness. And when I had to go back to camp, you could report that your stamina was not equal to the exertion, and they'd thank you for what you had done, and escort you back to London again. You would get an agreeable trip without cost, and would become familiar with many agreeable foreign sights, funerals in particular. When children and young ladies die in Constantinople, they are carried to the grave in open coffins, with flowers strewing their cold white faces, and they are surrounded with lighted tapers, and the priests and bearers are dressed out in purple and scarlet, and go along the streets, singing the death-chant. It is all very romantic, and you could not fail to enjoy the sight amazingly; so you had better make up your mind without delay, and come where you can see it.

Gill and Tubbs and Stiffing wanted to send their love to you, but I would not allow it, which has made them corky. Do let me have a note from you; don't be cruel; and believe me, my dear Fanny,

Your ever devoted,

TOM.

Miss Fanny Green, Kensington.

## WESTWOOD'S "BERRIES AND BLOSSOMS."\*

OLD in heart must he be, older than the hills—for they, on occasion, can skip like young sheep—who shall find himself none the younger, none the kinder, none the gladder and wiser too, for a reading in this Verse-Book for Young People. There are things in it, which children, now made happy with the possession of it, will enjoy at once, but which they will probably—if they live—enjoy still more, when their children's children are beside them and around them. The book has about it the pervading grace of sympathy with childhood, with its fancies and reveries, its sports and frolics, its lovings and likings. There is much quaint humour; there is many a gleesome sally, many a bit of good-natured satire and bantering fun; there is a finely-touched love of nature, touched to fine issues—a healthy delight in vernal breezes, and summer meadows, and the ways and means of the fish in the sea and the fowl of the air, together with a poetical faculty of giving to these "dumb mouths" an articulate speech, and interpreting for child-listeners and lookers-on the sounds and symbols of the blue heavens above and the green earth beneath.

Mr. Westwood has already submitted his book to one critic, by whose judgment he will not be reluctant to abide—"No solemn elder," he tells us, "with a world of dusty wisdom in the wrinkles of his brow, but a little frolicsome child, wise only in the freshness of her heart and mind, and whose praises and penalties were alike spontaneous and sincere." He confesses that, having written books before, never has he written one in which he took greater pleasure or more entire interest. He calls it a play-book rather than a lesson-book, and, to those who shake their heads (there *are* such people, but we suppose they can't help it) at such an avowal, he addresses his opinion, that children should sometimes be sent into poetry, "just as they are sent into the June sunshine with hoop and skipping-rope, for pastime and relaxation." Let the mandarin heads wag on, if they must; but let not that deter Mr. Westwood from wending his "ain gate"

To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new,

and bringing us other clusters of big bright berries, and bonny spring-time blossoms that hang on the bough.

Various enow in subject and in treatment are the contents of this Verse-Book. There is the Confession of a Blue Bell, with its ring-a-ting obligato; there is a smart new version of the old fable of the Owl and the Hawk, which cleverly differentiates between the *tu-whit* and the *tu-whoo* of the former bird; there is a Ballad of Giant Despair and the little Prince Goodchild, and another, very notable, of Child Barbara and the Dragon; there is the Tragic History of Puffskin, the Frog, and Peter Piper, the Grasshopper; and again, in the way of simple

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\* Berries and Blossoms: a Verse-Book for Young People. By T. Westwood, Author of "The Burden of the Bell," &c. London: Darton and Co. 1855.

pathos, there is the "Lark's Grave," and the "Moorland Child," and the "Land of Long Ago," and a "Fireside Story;" while, in that characteristic style of piquant grace and graphic vivacity by which Mr. Westwood is best distinguished, there are such *morceaux* as "Under my Window," and "The Proudest Lady," and "Little Bell," and "Lily on the Hill-top"—the last a capital outburst of youthful spirits and buoyant health, pictured in the tiny maiden's romp with the North Wind himself. Some one "copy of verses" from this Verse-book we must select, to give a taste of its quality, and after due hesitation when only one is admissible *quoad* our space, and so many *quoad* their own merit, we fix on the piece intituled

## KITTEN GOSSIP.

Kitten, kitten, two months old,  
Woolly snow-ball, lying snug,  
Ourl'd up in the warmest fold  
Of the warm hearth-rug,  
Turn your drowsy head this way.  
What is life? Oh, Kitten, say!

"Life?" said the Kitten, winking her eyes,  
And twitching her tail, in a droll surprise—  
"Life?—Oh, it's racing over the floor,  
Out at the window and in at the door;  
Now on the chair-back, now on the table,  
'Mid balls of cotton and skeins of silk  
And crumbs of sugar and jugs of milk,  
All so cosy and comfortable.  
It's patting the little dog's ears, and leaping  
Round him and o'er him while he's sleeping—  
Waking him up in a sore affright,  
Then off and away, like a flash of light,  
Scouring and scampering out of sight.  
Life? Oh, it's rolling over and over  
On the summer-green turf and budding clover;  
Chasing the shadows as fast as they run,  
Down the garden-paths in the mid-day sun,  
Prancing and gambolling, brave and bold,  
Climbing the tree-stems, scratching the mould—  
*That's Life!*" said the Kitten two months old.

Kitten, Kitten, come sit on my knee,  
And lithe and listen, Kitten to me!  
One by one, oh! one by one,  
The sly, swift shadows sweep over the sun—  
Daylight dieth, and—kittenhood's done.  
And, Kitten, oh! the rain and the wind!  
For cat-hood cometh, with careful mind,  
And grave cat-duties follow behind.  
Hark! there's a sound you cannot hear;  
I'll whisper it's meaning in your ear:

*Mice!*

(The Kitten stared with her great green eyes,  
And twitch'd her tail in a queer surprise,—)

*Mice!*

No more tit-bits, dainty and nice;

No more mischief and no more play;  
 But watching by night, and sleeping by day,  
 Prowling wherever the foe doth lurk—  
 Very short commons and very sharp work.  
 And, Kitten, oh! the hail and the thunder!  
 That's a blackish cloud, but a blacker's under.  
 Hark! but you'll fall from my knee, I fear,  
 When I whisper that awful word in your ear—

*R-r-r-rats!*

(The Kitten's heart beat with great pit-pats,  
 But her whiskers quiver'd, and from their sheath  
 Flash'd out the sharp, white, pearly teeth.)

*R-r-r-rats!*

The scorn of dogs, but the terror of cats;  
 The cruellest foes and the fiercest fighters;  
 The sauciest thieves and the sharpest biters.  
 But Kitten, I see you've a stoutish heart,  
 So, courage! and play an honest part;

Use well your paws,

And strengthen your claws,

And sharpen your teeth and stretch your jaws—  
 Then woe to the tribe of pickers and stealers,  
 Nibblers, and gnawers, and evil dealers!  
 But now that you know Life's not precisely  
 The thing your fancy pictured so nicely,  
 Off and away! race over the floor,  
 Out at the window and in at the door;  
 Roll on the turf and bask in the sun,  
 Ere night-time cometh, and kittenhood's done.

The reader will have admired the highly-wrought effect of that mysterious whisper, *Mice!*—startling the ear of kittenhood with dim intimations of an eventful future. The condensed significance of that monosyllable is a masterly hit. But it is nothing to the thrilling revelation which follows it—to the awful roll, the ruthless reverberation of that other monosyllable, *R-r-r-rats!* We warrant, if Mr. Westwood has ever recited this piece before a select home circle of little ones, that he has been clamorously petitioned (the first sensation over and silence broken) to repeat the rolling *r's*, without bating a jot of the old emphasis. "*Please do the R-r-r-rats over again!*" And no wonder.

## LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. XXXII.—JAMES THOMSON.\*

THERE is, perhaps, no English poet of Thomson's kind of rank and reputation, about whose merits and claims to such distinction there is so little dispute. Wordsworth,† indeed, essayed to show that the general admiration expressed for the bard of the Seasons could only at the best be "blind wonderment," and to account for his popularity by, partly, the mere title of his chief poem, which seemed to "bring it home to the prepared sympathies of every one,"—partly, the use of just such a "vicious style" and just such "false ornaments," as would be most likely to strike the undiscerning,—and partly, the lavish introduction of "sentimental common-places," brought forward with an imposing air of novelty, and with palpable success, proved by the fact that in any well-used copy of "The Seasons," the book generally opens of itself with the Rhapsody on Love, or with one of the episodes, Damon and Musidora, or Palemon and Lavinia. But Wordsworth's own disciples have been backward to repeat his strictures; some, on the contrary, have been forward to confute them—Wilson, for instance, who kindles into enthusiasm as he intones in that poetical-prose of his (medley of the "raal fine" and "unco' coarse"), the praises of his illustrious countryman, and exults in the wide acceptance of the Seasons, and their cordial enjoyment, by all orders and degrees of men amongst us—telling how he had seen the book himself in the shepherd's shieling, and in the woodsman's bower—"small, yellow-leaved, tattered, mean, miserable, calf-skin bound, smoked, stinking copies," yet pored over by those "humble dwellers, by the winter-ingle or on the summer-brae, perhaps with as enlightened, certainly with as imagination-overmastering a delight, as ever enchained the spirits of the high-born and highly-taught to their splendid copies,"‡ of ne plus ultra pretensions as to paper and print, breadth of margin and pomp of illustration, binding the most superb and tooling the most exquisite. We do not quarrel over Thomson as we do over other poets beside or near whom he takes his stand. His popularity is less questionable than almost any other bard's, enrolled high on the list of British classics. It is more a true thing, an actual verity, real and practical; not merely a traditional pretence, not merely a hearsay renown, courteous and conventional. Possibly the tide has turned now, or is at the turning point; but for one clear century Thomson has enjoyed a degree of fame which, in quantity and quality, in extent and in intensity, deserves to be called "true fame," as Coleridge *did* call it, when he found a tattered copy of the "Seasons" lying on the window-sill of a little rustic ale-house. Possibly the next and succeeding generations may have less implicit faith in the accuracy and unbookish freshness of Thomson's descriptions of Nature, and make fewer calls upon

\* Poetical Works of James Thomson. Edited by Robert Bell. 2 vols. (Annotated Edition of the English Poets.) London: John W. Parker and Son. 1855.

† "Essay, supplementary to the Preface," &c.

‡ "Winter Rhapsody. Fytte First (1830)."



them in their Anthologies, and Elegant Extracts, and Modern Speakers ; but for a round hundred years at least he has been honoured with "true fame"—read (which is more than some greater bards may boast), marked (a new access of superiority), learnt (by heart, and with heart, as an out-of-school pleasure as well as an in-school task), and inwardly digested (with more or less ease in the process, and benefit in the result, according to the *eu* or *dys*-peptic powers of the agent). And the majority of general readers will probably scout our base insinuation that the tide, which has borne him so buoyantly, so royally, hitherto, has shown any the slightest symptom of turning, much less has already turned—and will deny that so deep and broad a stream, whose rolling waters wend on to immortality, can be subject to the check of tidal laws, or suffer a sea-change.

The truth and freshness of Thomson's transcripts from Nature drew no mean part of their effect upon the age, from the contrast they presented to the untruth and second-hand staleness of that age's poetry of description. They had, indeed, an absolute beauty and value of their own ; but their relative beauty and value, as compared with contemporary verse of a similar design, heightened as well it might the fervour of the welcome they received. Now that the same contrast between him and other descriptive poets no longer exists, now that he is not alone in his glory, now that his readers are readers also of Cowper, of Wordsworth, of Tennyson,—the relative value of his verse becomes a vanishing quantity, and, for his passport to immortality, or his claim to another century's lease of "true fame," it is to its absolute value, to its intrinsic vitality (*ζωήν 'εν εαυτῷ*), that regard must now be paid. Few but will recognise in his descriptions an absolute beauty, ever fresh and ever fair—and hence may be predicated for them a lease of perpetuity—such perpetuity as mortals may predicate at all ; his portraiture of Nature is a thing of beauty, and that, says another poet, is a joy for ever. How much this absolute beauty was seemingly magnified by relative "co-efficients," and to what extent the reputation of the "Seasons" for descriptive fidelity may be impaired, and their "glorious summer" be overshadowed by advent glooms of a "winter of discontent," it is for time to test ; and time is testing it accordingly.

In speaking of Thomson's truthfulness as a descriptive poet, we do not here allude to the minor details of his poem, illustrative of zoological and vegetable life. Of these illustrations, which are open to the matter-of-fact criticism of science, some are demonstrably inaccurate, the most are admirably correct. His namesake, Dr. A. T. Thomson, has furnished many interesting observations on this head ; and Mr. Bell, in his careful edition of the poet, draws liberally on the Doctor's storehouse, and confronts Thomson the man of imagination and song with Thomson the man of natural history and fact. Now and then the minstrel is a little beside the mark, in his ornithological and kindred researches ; but, as a rule, his eye is a seeing eye, and peers inquiringly into the privacies of animal life, as well as rolls in a fine frenzy in vision of whirlwind and storm. If he is in error when he refers to early Spring the "clammy mildew" which does not appear till Autumn,—or when he ranks the woodlark among those birds that sing in copses, whereas it sings on the

wing,—or when, in common with so many others, he makes the sunflower shut up her yellow leaves in sadness when sets her god, the sun, and, when he warm returns, “point her enamoured bosom to his ray,” whereas prosy science, or rather plain observation, tells us that if we examine a bed of sunflowers at any period of the day we shall find them looking in every direction, and only by poetic fiction, and to an Irish melody, turning on their god when he sets the same look that they turned when he rose,—or when he derives pestilence from a living cloud of insects, uprising from the hoary fen in putrid streams,—or when he sends the swallow to bed and sleep for the winter, whereas that judicious bird, at once epicurean in taste and eclectic in philosophy, eschews such an idea (much more such a fact) as Winter altogether, and so arranges its periodical fittings as to renew in the south what was failing it in the north,—if in a few instances of this trivial sort, Thomson is open to the demurrers of his learned friends, in how many others does he extort from them a homage of admiration for the minuteness of his observance, and the accuracy of his details. As where he sketches out the physiology of the vegetable tribes, that, wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves, draw the live ether and imbibe the dew—each plant in the twining mass of tubes a thing “attractive,” that sucks, and swells the juicy tide—the vernal sun awakening the torpid sap from its wintry root-asylum, till it mounts in lively fermentation, and spreads “all this innumerable-coloured scene of things;”—or where he pictures the nightingale in his exemplary capacity as a prospective *paterfamilias*, singing away like—like—whom or what but *himself*?—by day and night, while his mistress gives ear to his ditty and eke attends to the hatching;—or where he notes the white-winged plover wheeling her sounding flight, around the head of wandering swain, and skimming in long excursion the level lawn, to tempt him from her nest; or, with like pious fraud, the wild-duck fluttering over the rough moss, and the heath-hen over the trackless waste, to delude and utterly confuse the hot-pursuing spaniel;—or where he reports the *august* congress of storks, and their protracted debates ere the motion is carried for their long vacation—how, having designed their route, chosen their leaders, adjusted their tribes, and cleaned their vigorous wings, they wheel round and round (like crafty logicians) “in many a circle,” and (like us magazine scribblers) in “many a short essay,” until “in congregation full the figured flight ascends, and, riding high the aerial billows, mixes with the clouds;”—or, once again, where he registers the indications of a coming storm, from the movements of feathered fowl, “the plummy race, the tenants of the sky,”—the clamorous rooks, retiring in blackening hordes from the downs, thick-urging their weary flight to the grove’s closing shelter; and the cormorant on high that wheels from the deep and screams along the land, and the heron soaring aloft with loud shriek, and the circling sea-fowl that cleave with wild wing the flaky clouds.

These graphic felicities notwithstanding, it is by here and there an exacting critic contended, that, after all, Thomson’s descriptions of Nature are sometimes not quite so fresh and original, but considerably more bookish and conventional, than the bulk of his admirers ever have suspected or ever will allow.

That, indeed, he loved the face of Nature, and studied it at times with a lover's intelligence—(and we know that

Love adds a precious seeing to the eye),—

is not by the most cross-grained to be gainsaid. His boyish verses "On a Country Life," Mr. Bell commends as fresh and real, and as bringing before us the features of the country without gloss or affectation. "Dismissing the ideal shepherds and shepherdesses who formerly trailed their silks, like the ladies in the portraits of the Restoration, over imaginary plains, and rejecting altogether the machinery of the heathen mythology, Thomson addressed himself directly to Nature, and transferred the landscape to his canvas with truthfulness and simplicity."\* Mrs. Southey has recorded her grateful sense of the "fresh and real" interest in Nature, excited within her by early commerce with the "Seasons"—

A sensibility to Nature's charms  
That seems its living spirit to infuse  
(A breathing soul) in things inanimate;  
To hold communion with the stirring air,  
The breath of flowers, the ever shifting clouds,  
The rustling leaves, the music of the stream  
. . . But best and noblest privilege! to feel  
Pervading Nature's all-harmonious whole,  
The Great Creator's Presence in his works.†

"Thomson," says M. Villemain, "has not the grandeur and precision of antiquity, but his heart overflows at the sight of the country. He abounds in true images—in simple emotions. He possesses that poetry of the domestic hearth, in which the English have always excelled, and he has blended it with all the beauties of Nature, which for him are only shadows of the Creator's hand."‡ His images are true when they are manifestly the fruit of his own observations of the varied year, his own out-door studies of the seasons as they roll; as when, in his cheerful morn of life, as he tells us, he wandered not displeased through every grim Winter's rough domain, among the hills within range of his father's parish, where he trod the pure virgin snows, and heard the winds roar and the big torrents burst, and saw the deep fermenting tempest gather its forces in the gloaming, soon to come travelling in the greatness of its strength, welcome only to such as could say

—welcome, kindred glooms!

Congential horrors hail!

\* Bell's Thomson, i. 46.

† The Birthday, &c. By Caroline Bowles. 1836.

‡ M. Villemain is here comparing Thomson with that once favourite and very French fribbler, St. Lambert, at whose expense he has the good taste to exalt the British bard, though British, and more fat than bard beeseems. Whence the difference, he asks, between the Seasons à la Lambert and the Seasons à la Thomson? and in part-explanation answers: "It does not arise solely from the inequality of their talents [though we, who are British, would lay tolerable stress upon that, when in the one scale lies a Thomson, and in the other a St. Lambert]. But the English poet, from the midst of the luxury and the philosophy of the capital, seeks the country, . . . and though he dedicates his work to a great lady, his feelings are with the people—a people rich and proud of a free fatherland. Like them, he loves its pastures, its forests, and its fields. Thence springs his glowing manner; thence, under a gloomy sky, and in a period of cold philosophy, is his poetry so full of freshness and colour."—*Cours de Littérature française*.

In the *Dies Boreales* Buller asks North what he thinks of the thunder in Thomson's Seasons, and the reply is that, as all the world thinks, it is our very best British thunder: the poet gives the Gathering, the General Engagement, and the Retreat; in the Gathering there are touches and strokes that make all mankind shudder—the foreboding—the ominous: and the terror, when it comes, aggrandises the premonitory symptoms—“Follow the loosened aggravated roar” is a line of power to bring the voice of thunder upon your soul on the most peaceable day—and the “prevailing poet” shows, too, how he feels the grandeur of the rain when, instant on the words “convulsing heaven and earth,” follow these, “down comes a deluge of sonorous hail, or prone-descending rain.”\* We have the same authority, in another place, for saying that nothing can be more vivid than such lines as these, on new-fallen snow, which have the very nature of an ocular spectrum:

The cherish'd fields  
Put on their tender robe of purest white.  
’Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy current—

while there is a true poet's touch in the following epithet “brown,” where all that is motionless is white:

The foodless wilds  
Pour forth their *brown* inhabitants.

When, however, to his “true images,” as Villemain calls them, Thomson seeks to add something beyond “simple emotions,” the same authority allows him to have overshot his mark, and ceased to be perfectly natural: striving to be strongly pathetic, he becomes suspiciously fantastical: for example—

Drooping, the ox  
Stands, cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands  
*The fruit of all his toil,*

—a demand highly reasonable on the ox's part, but a little eccentric maybe on the bard's:—or again—

The bleating kind  
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glittering earth,  
*With looks of dumb despair,*

where, if the second line is perfect, the third, it is agreed by two such lovers of Nature, of Scotland, and of Thomson, as John Wilson and James Hogg, is an exaggeration and a mistake, for sheep do not deliver

\* “Thomson had been in the heart of thunderstorms many a time before he left Scotland; and what always impresses me is the want of method—the confusion, I might almost say—in his description. Nothing contradictory in the proceedings of the storm; they all go on obediently to what we know of Nature's laws. But the effects of their agency on man and nature are given—not according to any scheme—but as they happen to come before the Poet's imagination; as they happened in reality. The pine is struck first—then the cattle and the sheep below—and then the castled cliff—and then the

‘Gloomy woods  
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess  
Wide flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.’

No regular ascending or descending scale here; but wherever the lightning chooses to go, there it goes—the blind agent of indiscriminating destruction.”—*Dies Boreales*, II.

themselves up to despair under any circumstances ; and in fact Thomson here transfers what would have been his own feeling in a corresponding condition, to animals who dreadlessly follow their instincts.\* It may be questioned, nevertheless, whether Thomson's most graphic passages are not rather illustrative of tamer and smoother scenery than the rugged and sublime—whether he is not more at home on low level soil this side the Tweed, than in his own land of brown heaths and shaggy wood, land of the mountain and the flood. As the acute author of a once much-vexed essay "On the Theory and the Writings of Wordsworth" observed on this matter, Thomson, although born in a land of mist and mountains, seems to alternate, in his Seasons, between gorgeous but vague representations of foreign climes, and faithful transcripts of England's milder scenery ; appearing more pleased

To taste the smell of dairy, and ascend  
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,

than to climb the painful steep of a Scottish mountain. He exclaims, indeed, "To me be Nature's volume wide displayed!"—but for what purpose?—"Some *easy* passage raptured to translate."† And sometimes, good easy man, full surely, he would pen a description that, in some nostrils, either very keen or very dull of scent, have more the smell of the lamp than of fresh field or forest life. Mr. Charles Knight, for instance, roundly asserts that Thomson, professedly a descriptive poet, assuredly described many things that he never saw, but looked at nature very often with the eyes of others ; and goes on to say : "To our mind his celebrated description of morning‡ offers not the slightest proof that he ever saw the sun rise:" for although in this description we have a variety of charming items, the meek-eyed morn, the dappled east, brown night, young day, the dripping rock, the misty mountain, the hare limping from the field, the wild deer tripping from the glade, the woodland hymns of bird choristers, the driving of the flock from the fold, the lessening cloud, the kindling azure, and the illumination with fluid gold of the mountain's brow ; yet, objects our Shakspeare's scholar, "this is conventional poetry, the reflection of books ;—excellent of its kind, but still not the production of a poet-naturalist."§ Otherwise thought one

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\* *Winter Rhapsody. Fytte III.* Thomson, it is added, redeems himself in what immediately succeeds,—

"Then sad dispersed,

Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow."

For as they disperse, they do look very sad—and no doubt are so—but had they been in despair, they would not so readily, and constantly, and uniformly, and successfully have taken to the digging—but whole flocks had perished.

† Essay on the Theory and the Writings of Wordsworth. (Blackwood. 1829.)

See *Bell's* Thomson, ii., p. 57, sq.

§ Mr. Knight contrasts Thomson's sunrise with one by Chaucer in the "Knight's Tale" (beginning "The besy larke, the messanger of day," &c.), in which he recognises a brilliancy and freshness as true as they are beautiful—e. g. the sun drying the dewdrops on the leaves is no book image: of such stuff, he adds, are the natural descriptions of Shakspeare always made. He is as "minute and accurate as White," and "more philosophical than Davy." His carrier in the inn-yard at Rochester exclaims, "An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney." (*I. Henry IV. II. 1.*) Here is the very commonest remark of a common man ; and yet the principle of ascertaining the time of the night by the position of a star in relation to a fixed object must have been the result of observation in him who dramatised the scene. But see for illustrative cases in point KNIGHT'S *Biography of Shakspeare*, p. 137.

who, from the internal evidence alone of the "Seasons," would fearlessly affirm that Thomson was, must have been, an early riser. The lamentable fact being, that Thomson lay a-bed till noon, and got up not over briskly *then*.

He was constitutionally sluggish, and became habitually more and more averse from exertion. *Est qui*, says Horace, and Thomson would make a very good nominative case for the predicate—

*Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,  
Nec partem solido demere de die  
Spernit; nunc viridi membra sub arbuto  
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.\**

Eating apricots and apricating *himself* the while on a garden wall, his hands in his pockets,† he forms a pretty pendant to the Horatian picture. He had often, moralises Doctor Johnson, felt the inconveniences of idleness; but, the Doctor adds, he never cured it. Idleness he loved to abuse—in blank verse. Lazy lubbers he could rebuke indignantly—by a poetical fiction. Among the foremost praises he bestows on Lord Chancellor Talbot is this—

Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,  
In soft retirement, indolently pleased  
With selfish peace:‡

*mais, que voulez-vous?* when will precept and practice be identical? and is it not a curious fact that the most urgent remonstrant, among all Thomson's remonstrant friends, against Thomson's indolence, was himself the most indolent,—Dr. Armstrong, to wit, the shy, sequestered, self-absorbed, yet kindly, author of the "Art of Preserving Health?" Let who will dispute our poet's competency, by right of personal scrutiny and experience, to depict the Seasons, none may deny his fitness to paint the Castle of Indolence, *con gusto* the most appreciative, *con amore* the most sincere. If it was but a Castle in the air, such a thing as dreams are made of, when the dreamer is a man of genius, to him it was dear as the actual, and dearer; and so it is to us. Irresistible is the charm of that region, too delicious the languor of that listless climate,—the sleep-soothing groves, the streamlets bickering through sunny glades with a lulling murmur, the lowing of herds along the vale, the bleating of flocks from the distant hills, the piping of shepherd dalesmen, the forest-deep plaint of the stockdove, the forest itself rustling drowsily to the sighing gale—while

— whate'er smacked of 'noyance or unrest,  
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

Thomson would have made a prize lotos-eater. His sensual temperament is traceable in most of his works. Johnson, indeed, fired up once when somebody called Thomson a very good man, and declared him to have been, on the contrary, a gross sensualist and profligate in private life. However this may have been—and let us hope the Doctor was in a passion when he said it, and irritably irrational accordingly—the poetry

\* Horat. Carm. i. 1.

† "You would fancy Thomson an early riser, yet that placid poet, who rented the Castle of Indolence, and made it the House Beautiful, so that all who pass are fain to tarry, used to rise at noon, and sauntering into the garden, eat fruit from the trees with his hands in his pockets, and then and there composed sonorous apostrophes to the rising sun."—*Nile Notes*, chap. xvi.

‡ "To the Memory of Lord Talbot." Bell's Thomson, i. 210.

of Thomson is anything but ideally refined, when love is the theme. Damon's sweet confusion and dubious flutterings on the bank, in soul-distracting view of Musidora hydropathising,—why did not Thomson live in a day when indignant seniors write letters to the *Times*, at summer-heat, from Ramsgate and Margate, to complain of the doings on the sands?—or Palemon, and the passion that through his nerves in mingled transport ran, and the blaze of his smothered flame, as he viewed (or run) Lavinia, ardent, o'er and o'er, and pouring out the pious rapture of his soul with the query, "And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?" (a vile phrase, an undertaker's phrase:)—how shall we hail such tender passages, but as the wag in the pit hailed the immortal apostrophe to *Sophonisba*—

Oh, Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, oh!

Probably it was some good-natured friend whose voice *de profundis* thus startled the good-natured bard—a friend who understood him, as most of his friends easily might, and who liked him, as they all seem to have done;—Hammond, whom he used to call a burnished butterfly; and Mallet, with whom he had begun life in the "tippeny cells" of Edinburgh, and whom he loved *inter pocula* to nickname Moloch; and Mitchell, the parliament-man and diplomatist; and Lyttleton, with whose worldly fortunes his own were so closely linked; and the future Lords Chatham and Temple, who prized in him the "gentleman" as well as the poet; and that egregious tuft-hunter, Bubb Dodington, whom he flattered (as he did many others) with such fulsome and florid words, words, words; and Aaron Hill, another notable subject of his lavish panegyrics; and Parson Cromer, with whom he used to booze at the old Orange Tree, in Kew-lane; and Collins, who tenderly bewailed him in an elegy known to all; and Shenstone, who, brief as was their acquaintance, erected an urn to his memory at the Leasowes; and Quin, whom Mrs. Hobart, Thomson's housekeeper, "often wished dead, he made Thomson drink so," and who gave him a hundred pounds when arrested for a debt of seventy, and who, five months after his death, could scarcely speak the prologue to his posthumous tragedy ("*Coriolanus*") because of the *hysterica passio* at his own kind heart, and the big *larmes dans sa voir*.

Mr. Robert Bell's edition of the poet should command an extensive, not to say universal, sale: those who are without a "Thomson" on their shelves, cannot do better than supply the defect by a copy so worthy of all acceptance; while those who already possess him, even in half a dozen or more forms, will not repent the purchase of what costs so little and is worth so much. Mr. Bell has been at particular pains in illustrating certain points in the poet's history and poetics, such as his liaison with "Amanda," Miss Young—the emendations and *secundæ curæ* of his "Seasons," &c.,—adding, too, an interesting collection of supplemental notes, on the subject of the lines attributed to Thomson in memory of Congreve—on the poet's connexion with Savage and others—his prose dedications—the prices of his copyrights—the sale of his effects at Kew-foot-lane—and the "commemoration" at Edham Hill, in 1791, by that whimsical, fussy, close-fisted (though would-be open-handed) *Mac-Mæcenas*,—David, Earl of Buchan.

## COMMON THINGS.\*

It seems as if it was only just beginning to be generally felt and understood that the common life of man is full of wonders chemical and physiological. It appears as if hosts had passed away without seeing or being sensible of such, though every day our existence and our comforts ought to recal them to our minds. The cause of this it is well known is, that our schools tell us nothing about them; they do not even teach those rudiments of science which would fit us for seeing them. Strange to say that what most concerns the things that daily occupy our attention and cares is in early life almost sedulously kept from our knowledge. Those who would learn anything regarding them must subsequently teach themselves through the help of the press or of lectures. Take, for example, Mr. James F. W. Johnston's admirable little book on the "Chemistry of Common Life." It treats of the air we breathe, the water we drink, the soil we cultivate, and the plant we rear, the bread we eat and the beef we cook, the beverages we infuse, the sweets we extract, the liquors we ferment, the narcotics we indulge in, the odours we enjoy, the smells we dislike, and the body we cherish. All know what such topics mean, but few how much they imply in a philosophical sense; and still fewer have considered them in their true relations to human life and health, merely because they wanted the simplest elements of knowledge upon which alone they could proceed.

The air we breathe, for example, though apparently pure and elementary, is a compound. One of its ingredients, separated from the others, destroys life by excess of excitement; the other two by suffocation. Carbonic acid, the most pernicious ingredient, is also the heaviest, and lingers in sheltered hollows, as the Poison Valley in the island of Java, which it is death to enter, and which is strewn with the bones of its victims. Watery vapour also forms a part of the air we breathe; and were it entirely deprived of such, a human being would dry up into a withered and ghastly mummy. Added to these, we find also less essential, but generally present, ozone and nitric acid; ozone, the presence of which indicates extreme purity of atmosphere, and the absence, according to accumulating evidence, a fitness for cholera and other diseases; and nitric acid, developed by every flash of lightning, and supposed to be very favourable to vegetable growth when washed down by the shower that follows upon the thunderstorm.

The water we drink is no more a simple substance than the air we breathe. It consists partly of oxygen—one of the constituents of the air we breathe—and of hydrogen, an inflammable gas. It is interesting to consider how much the unheeded property of freedom from smell and taste in pure water as well as in pure air, are important to animal comfort. Sweet odours are grateful to our nostrils at times, and pleasant savours give a relish to our food; but health fails in an atmosphere which

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\* The Chemistry of Common Life. By James F. W. Johnston, M.A., F.R.SS. L. and E., &c. William Blackwood and Sons.

Food and its Adulterations. By Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.



is ever loaded with incense and perfumes, or where the palate is daily pampered with high-seasoned dishes and constant sweets. The nerves of smell and taste do not bear patiently a constant irritation, and the whole body suffers when a single nerve is continually jarred. Hence it is that water and air, which have to enter so often into the animal body, and to penetrate to its most delicate and most sensitive organs and tissues, are made so destitute of sensible properties that they can come and go to any part of the frame without being perceived. Noiselessly, as it were, they glide over the most touchy nerves; and so long as they are tolerably pure, they may make a thousand visits to the extremest parts of the body without producing the most momentary irritation or sense of pain. These negative properties, which are common both to air and water—though they are rarely thought of—are, nevertheless, most essential to our daily comfort.

In nature, however, water is never found perfectly pure; even that which descends in rain is contaminated by the impurities it washes out of the air, and that which rises in springs by the substances it meets with in the earth itself. The purest water known—that which flows from granite rocks—contains from 1-20th of a grain of foreign matter to 4 or 5 grains in the gallon. The water which is supplied to the city of Edinburgh contains from 7 to 14 grains in the gallon. The water supplied to and used in London and its neighbourhood contains:

New River Company . . . . .	19½	grains in the gallon.
East London Water Company . . . . .	23	” ”
The Thames . . . . .	27	” ”
Kent Water Company . . . . .	29½	” ”
Hampstead Water Company . . . . .	35½ to 40	” ”
Deep-bore wells . . . . .	33 to 38	” ”

The most common substances in spring and river water are the carbonates and sulphates of lime, which impart to it its hardness. The softer the water the purer it is. The solvent power of water, however, always charges it with the more undesirable admixtures, as it has to pass through the neighbourhood of dwellings, and still more so of graveyards. The water of a well which is close to the old churchyard on the top of Highgate-hill was found to contain as much as 100 grains of solid matter to the gallon, out of which 57.18 grains were nitrates produced where animal matters decay in porous soils.

Well-waters sometimes contain vegetable substances also of a peculiar kind, which render them unwholesome, even over large tracts of country. Waters of rivers and marshy places may be clarified from such by charcoal. In Paris they use alum; in the Landes, chips of oak; in India the traveller carries with him a supply of nuts of the *strychnos potatorum* for the same purpose. The muddy water of the Nile is purified by rubbing bitter almonds on the sides of the vessel. The Lord showed Moses a tree by which the waters of Marah were made sweet. In all these the principle is the same: the albuminous matter is coagulated by a bitter astringent. Water also absorbs gases, and the presence of carbonic acid imparts to it a pleasant briskness. The presence of oxygen in water is essential to the life of fish.

We all know how every variety of soil, in every climate, supports its own vegetable tribes; but every one is not intimate with the influence of

artificial changes in the soil, upon the kind, the growth, and the character or appearance of the plants which spring up or are sown upon it. Drain a peaty soil and heaths disappear. Lime banishes sorrel, and guano the daisy. Some substances affect the colour of flowers: charcoal darkens the dahlia, the rose, the petunia, &c.; soda reddens hyacinths, soot turns yellow primroses pink; superphosphate of soda alters in various ways the hue or bloom of flowers. Still more important are the effects of protracted nursing in plants; all our grains are cultivated grasses, our carrot, in a state of nature, is a woody, spindly root, and our potato a bitter tubercle.

“It is with unconscious reference to these improved conditons that certain wild and useless plants attach themselves to and appear affectionately to linger in the footsteps of man. They follow him in his migrations from place to place—advance with him, like the creeping and sow thistles, as he hews his way through primeval forests—reappear constantly on his manure-heaps—spring up, like the common dock, about his stables and barns—occupy, like the common plantain, the road-sides and ditches he makes—or linger, like the nettle, over the unseen ruins of his dwelling, to mark where his abode has formerly been. Thus, with the European settler, European weeds in hundreds have spread over all Northern America, and are already recognised as familiar things, speaking to them of a far-off home, by the emigrants now landing in thousands on the shores of Australia and New Zealand. We cannot say that all these have followed the European. Many of them have only accompanied him, and, like himself, taken root in what has proved a favourable soil. But those which cling closest to his footsteps, which go only where he goes—which, like his cat or his dog, are in a sense domesticated—these attend upon him, because near his dwelling the appropriate chemical food is found, which best ministers to the wants of their growing parts.”

The yeast with which we make our bread is a minute plant, which meets with a congenial food in syrups and juice of grapes. The results of its prolific vegetation is what is termed fermentation. It is from chemical changes within the plant that a number of peculiar substances, as medicines, perfumes, and things useful in the arts are produced. So also are the green of the leaf and the poison of the nettle. Vegetation adorns the landscape, purifies the atmosphere, supplies food, comforts, and luxuries, and ends by producing mould, or forming deposits of combustible matter. No one step of its progress and decay but is beneficently of use to man.

Bread is truly the staff of life; the Hindoo who lives on rice, the negro who lives on the plantain, and the Irishman who lives exclusively on the potato, are all described as being more or less pot-bellied. This peculiarity is to be ascribed in part to the necessity of eating a large bulk of food, in order to be able to extract from it a sufficient amount of necessary sustenance. The onion, like the cheese of the English labourer, from the large proportion of gluten it contains, helps to sustain strength, and adds—beyond what its bulk would suggest—to the amount of nourishment.

As the nutritive properties of vegetables depend upon the presence of three different constituents—gluten, starch, and fat—so the most wholesome are those in which these constituents are best adjusted, the least

wholesome those in which one or two predominate to the exclusion of others. When the proportion of any one of these ingredients is too small, chemistry indicates, and experience suggests, that an additional quantity of the deficient substance should be added in the progress of cooking, or preparatory to eating.

"Thus we consume butter with our bread, and mix it with our pastry, because wheaten flour is deficient in natural fat; or we eat cheese or onions with the bread, to add to the proportion of gluten it naturally contains. So we eat something more nutritive along with our rice or potatoes—we add fat to our cabbage—we enrich our salad with vegetable oil—eat our cauliflowers with melted butter—and beat up potatoes and cabbage together into a nutritious kol-cannon.

"In all natural varieties of vegetable food which are generally suitable for eating without cooking, a large per-centage of water is present. In preparing food in our kitchens we imitate this natural condition. Even in converting our wheaten flour into bread, we, as one important result aimed at, mix or unite it with a large proportion of water.

"All the kinds of food by which the lives of masses of men are sustained being thus constituted, it is obvious that those vegetable substances which consist of one only of the constituents of wheaten bread, cannot be expected to prove permanently nutritious; and experience has proved this to be the case. The oils or fats alone do not sustain life, neither does starch or sugar alone. With both of these classes of substances, as we have seen, a certain proportion of gluten is associated in all our grains, fruits, and nutritive roots.

"Hence arrowroot, which is only a variety of starch, cannot give strength without an admixture of gluten in some form or other. To condemn a prisoner to be fed on arrowroot alone, would be to put him to certain death by a lingering, torturing starvation. The same is true, to a less extent, of tapioca, and of most varieties of sago, all of which consist of starch, with only a small and variable admixture of gluten. Even gluten, when given alone to dogs, has not kept them alive beyond a few weeks; so that no vegetable production, it may be said, and no kind of artificially prepared food, will support life, in which starch and gluten at least are not united. If they contain at the same time a certain proportion of fat, they will admit of more easy digestion, and of a more ready application in the stomach to the purposes of nutrition; and if they are either naturally permeated with a large quantity of water, or are transfused with it by artificial means, they will undergo a more complete and easy dissolution in the alimentary canal, and will produce the greatest possible effect in ministering to the wants of animal life."

But if the nutritive properties of vegetables depend upon the adjustment of their various constituents, still more so is this the case when we add meat, in the due adjustment of the fat, starch, or sugar, and gluten and fibrine. Many persons will not allow drink during dinner-time; but Mr. Johnston not only lays it down that a mixed food is most wholesome, but that food, if not naturally liquid, should be intimately mixed with a large quantity of liquid before it is introduced into the stomach. Old cheese acts as a digester after dinner, by inducing fermentation. It acts after the same manner as sour leaven does when mixed with sweet dough.

Cheese mould, and the digestive quality which accompanies it, may be propagated by inoculation, that is to say, by removing a bit of a new cheese from the interior and putting a bit of the old in its place.

Artificial drinks agree in being all prepared from, or by means of, substances of vegetable origin. The love of warm infusions of herbs prevails universally. The custom, therefore, must meet some universal want of our poor human nature. Tea exhilarates and yet soothes, stilling the vascular system: coffee exalts nervous life, and both lessen the waste of the system. The cocoas being prepared from oily seeds are more properly soups or gruels than infusions. All, however, diminish the quantity of carbonic acid given off from the lime, and that also of urea, phosphoric acid, and common salt in the urine. Teas and coffees have come more and more into use as the intellectual activity which distinguishes the leading nations of modern times has developed itself.

“Besides the mere brickwork and marble, so to speak, by which the human body is built up and sustained, there are rarer forms of matter upon which the life of the body and the comfort of animal existence most essentially depend. This truth is not unworthy the consideration of those to whom the arrangement of the dietaries of our prisons, and other public institutions, has been entrusted. So many ounces of gluten, and so many of starch and fat, are assigned by these food-providers as an ample allowance for every-day use. From these dietaries, except for the infirm and the invalid, tea and coffee are for the most part excluded. And in this they follow the counsel of those who have hitherto been regarded as chief authorities on the chemistry of nutrition. But it is worthy of trial whether the lessening of the general bodily waste, which would follow the consumption of a daily allowance of coffee, would not cause a saving of gluten and starch equal to the cost of the coffee;—and should this not prove the case, whether the increased comfort and happiness of the inmates, and the greater consequent facility of management, would not make up for the difference, if any. The inquiry is an interesting one in physiological economics, and it is not undeserving of the serious attention of those benevolent minds which, in so many parts of our islands, have found in the prisons and houses of correction their most favourite fields of exertion.

“I might add, as a stimulus to such experiments, the evident craving for some such indulgence as a kind of natural necessity, which is manifested in the almost universal practice among every people not absolutely savage, of preparing and drinking beverages of this sort. If there be in the human constitution this innocent craving, it cannot be misplaced humanity to minister to it, even in the case of the depraved and convicted. Where reformation is aimed at, the moral sense will be found most accessible where the mind is maintained in most healthy activity, and where the general comfort of the whole system is most effectually promoted.”

In common life the sweets we extract are a constant accompaniment of the beverages we infuse. The chemist is familiar with many substances which are sweet to the taste and yet not available to the usages of life. Sugar of lead is a well-known poison, which derives its name from the sweetness of its taste. Silver, in certain of its compounds, is equally sweet. A mineral earth called glucina produces many compounds which have a sugary taste.

The number of vegetable substances which can be transformed into sugar by means of sulphuric acid is very great. Starch-sugar is extensively used for sweetening purposes, and for the manufacture of spirituous liquors in the north of Europe. Paper, raw cotton and flax, cotton and linen rags, sea-weeds, woody fibre, and even sawdust, may be by similar means converted into sugar. A distinct kind of sugar, called sorbine, has been obtained from the elderberry.

Neither mechanical nor chemical means have been applied to the sugar manufacture of our West India colonies as they have been in Europe and elsewhere. The same skill which now extracts seven per cent. of refined sugar from the more difficult beet, might easily extract ten or twelve from the sugar-cane.

"The means by which this better result is to be attained are, the use of improved crushing rollers, by which 70 and even 75 per cent. of juice can be forced from the canes—of better modes of clarifying, which chemical research has recently discovered—of charcoal filters before boiling, which render skimming unnecessary—of steam and vacuum boilers, by which burning is prevented, and rapid concentration effected—of centrifugal drainers to dry the sugar speedily and save the molasses—and of coal or wood as fuel where the crushed cane is insufficient for the purpose. By the use of such improvements, planters in Java, in Cuba, and, I believe, here and there in our own colonies, are now extracting and sending to market 10 to 12 per cent. of raw sugar from the 100lb. of canes! Why should our own enterprising West India proprietors spend their time in vain regrets and longings for the past, instead of earnestly availing themselves of those scientific means of bettering themselves which are waiting to be employed, and which are ready to develop themselves to meet every new emergency? It is not the readier or cheaper supply of labour which gives the Dutch planter of Java, or the Spanish planter of Cuba, 10 per cent. of marketable sugar, but better machinery, and more refined chemical applications. And these are surely as much within the reach of British subjects as of any other people on the face of the earth."

The liquors we ferment are all directly produced either from the natural sugars which we extract from plants, or from the sugars which we prepare by art. The chicha, or maize-beer of South America, is prepared by moistening the corn, drying it in the sun, and then mashing in warm water.

"In the valleys of the Sierra, however, the most highly-prized chicha is made in a somewhat different manner. All the members of the family, including such strangers as choose to assist in the operation, seat themselves on the floor in a circle, in the centre of which is a large calabash, surrounded by a heap of dried maize (malt). Each person takes up a handful of the grain and thoroughly chews it. This is deposited in the calabash, and another handful is immediately subjected to the same process, the jaws of the company being kept continually busy until the whole heap of corn is reduced to a mass of pulp. This, with some minor ingredients, is mashed in hot water, and the liquid poured into jars, where it is left to ferment. In a short time it is ready for use. Occasionally, however, the jars are buried in the ground, and allowed to remain there until the liquor acquires, from age, a considerable strength and powerfully intoxicating qualities.

"Chica thus prepared is called *chica mascada*, or chewed chica, and is considered far superior to that prepared from maize crushed in the usual manner. The Serrano believes he cannot offer his guest a better luxury than a draught of old *chica mascada*, the ingredients of which have been ground between his own teeth."

The *ava*, a liquor used in the South Sea Islands, and produced from the intoxicating long pepper, is obtained in the same way. In the Feejee Islands the preparation of the morning drink of this liquor for the king is one of the most solemn and important duties of his courtly attendants.

Narcotics are of universal use. "The aborigines of Central America rolled up the tobacco-leaf, and dreamed away their lives in smoky reveries, ages before Columbus was born, or the colonists of Sir Walter Raleigh brought it within the precincts of the Elizabethan court. The coca-leaf, now the comfort and strength of the Peruvian muletero, was chewed as *he* does it, in far remote times, and among the same mountains, by the Indian natives whose blood he inherits. The use of opium, of hemp, and of the betel-nut among Eastern Asiatics, mounts up to the times of most fabulous antiquity. The same probably is true of the pepper-plants among the South Sea Islands and the Indian Archipelago, and of the thorn-apples used among the natives of the Andes, and on the slopes of the Himalayas; while in Northern Europe the ledum and the hop, and in Siberia the narcotic fungus, have been in use from time immemorial."

The consumption of tobacco in the United Kingdom is at present about 30,000,000 of pounds annually! Its effect, as ably and impartially discussed by Mr. Johnston, varies with the individual and in different countries. For example, in North America the smoking of tobacco provokes to alcoholic dissipation; in Asia it restrains the use of intoxicating drinks. The greater and first effect of the use of tobacco, he sums up, upon the bulk of mankind, is to assuage, allay, and soothe the system in general. The lesser and second, or after-effect, is to excite and invigorate, and at the same time give steadiness and fixity to the powers of thought. The effects of opium are described after De Quincey's and Dr. Madden's experiences.

"De Quincey took laudanum for the first time to dispel pain, and he thus describes the effect it had upon him:—'But I took it, and in an hour, oh, heavens! what a revulsion! what an upheaving, from its lowest depths, of the inner spirit! what an apocalypse of the world within me! That my pains had vanished was now a trifle in my eyes. This *negative* effect was swallowed up in the immensity of those positive effects which had opened before me—in the abyss of divine enjoyment thus suddenly revealed. Here was a panacea—a *φάρμακον νίπενθες* for all human woes. Here was the secret of happiness, about which philosophers had disputed for so many ages, at once discovered! Happiness might now be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat-pocket; portable ecstasies might be had corked up in a pint-bottle; and peace of mind could be sent down in gallons by the mail-coach.'

"Dr. Madden describes more soberly his sensations when under the influence of the drug in one of the coffee-houses at Constantinople. 'I commenced with one grain. In the course of an hour and a half it produced no perceptible effect. The coffee-house-keeper was very anxious

to give me an additional pill of two grains, but I was contented with half a one; and in another half-hour, feeling nothing of the expected reverie, I took half a grain more, making in all two grains in the course of two hours. After two hours and a half from the first dose, my spirits became sensibly excited; the pleasure of the sensation seemed to depend on a universal expansion of mind and matter. My faculties appeared enlarged; everything I looked at seemed increased in volume; I had no longer the same pleasure when I closed my eyes which I had when they were open; it appeared to me as if it was only external objects which were acted on by the imagination, and magnified into images of pleasure: in short, it was "the faint exquisite music of a dream" in a waking moment. I made my way home as fast as possible, dreading at every step that I should commit some extravagance. In walking, I was hardly sensible of my feet touching the ground; it seemed as if I slid along the street, impelled by some invisible agent, and that my blood was composed of some etherial fluid, which rendered my body lighter than air. I got to bed the moment I reached home. The most extraordinary visions of delight filled my brain all night. In the morning I rose pale and dispirited; my head ached; my body was so debilitated that I was obliged to remain on the sofa all day, dearly paying for my first essay at opium-eating."

Opium is an extraordinary concentration of poisons. It contains morphine, narcotine, codeine, narceine, meconine, thebaine, opeanine, porphyroxine, papaverine and pseudo-morphine!

"A singular illustration of the effect of mixed substances upon the human constitution, when in a state of disease, is presented in the use of a mixture of opium with corrosive sublimate by the confirmed opium-eaters of the East. The drug, in its usual form, gradually loses its effect upon the habitual consumer, so that the dose must be increased from time to time, if the influence of the drug is to be maintained. But at length even this resource fails the inveterate opium-eaters of Constantinople, and no increase of dose will procure for them the desired enjoyment, or even relieve them from bodily pain. In this emergency they have recourse to the poisonous corrosive sublimate. Mixing at first a minute quantity of this substance with their daily dose of opium, they increase it by degrees, till they reach the limit of ten grains a day, beyond which it is usually unsafe to pass. This mixture acts upon their long-tortured frames, when neither of the ingredients, taken alone, will either soothe or exhilarate. But the use of the new medicine only protracts a little longer the artificial enjoyment, which has become a necessary of life, finally bringing to a more miserable termination the career of the debilitated and distorted Theriaki."

The effects of the haschisch, or hemp, are spoken of from the testimony of Dr. O'Shaughnessy, Dr. Moreau, and others. The latter says:

"It is really *happiness* which is produced by the haschisch; and by this I mean an enjoyment entirely moral, and by no means sensual, as might be supposed. This is a very curious circumstance, and some remarkable inferences might be drawn from it. . . . For the haschisch-eater is happy; not like the gourmand, or the famished man when satisfying his appetite, or the voluptuary in the gratification of his amative desires—but like him who hears tidings which fill him with joy, or like the miser counting his treasures, the gambler who is successful at play, or the ambitious man who is intoxicated with success."

Mr. Johnston recommends the introduction of the coca—the narcotic of the Andes—which combines the virtues of tea, hop, hemp, and opium, without the baneful effects of the latter—into this country, as a tonic, soothing and nutritive. The effects of the red-thorn apple are the most curious of all the narcotics.

“Von Tschudi had an opportunity of observing an Indian under the influence of this drug, and he thus describes its effects: ‘Shortly after having swallowed the beverage, he fell into a heavy stupor. He sat with his eyes vacantly fixed on the ground, his mouth convulsively closed, and his nostrils dilated. In the course of about a quarter of an hour his eyes began to roll, foam issued from his half-opened lips, and his whole body was agitated by frightful convulsions. These violent symptoms having subsided, a profound sleep of several hours succeeded. In the evening, when I saw him again, he was relating to a circle of attentive listeners the particulars of his vision, during which he alleged he had held communication with the spirits of his forefathers. He appeared very weak and exhausted.’

“In former times, the Indian priests, when they pretended to transport themselves into the presence of their deities, drank the juice of this thorn-apple, in order to excite themselves to a state of ecstacy. And although the establishment of Christianity has weaned the Indians from their idolatry, it has not yet banished their old superstitions. They still believe that they can hold communication with the spirits of their ancestors, and that they can obtain from them a clue to the treasures concealed in the *huacas*, or graves: hence the Indian name of the thorn-apple, *Huaca-cachu*—grave-plant—or *Yerba de huaca*.

“When the decoction is taken very strong, it brings on attacks of furious excitement. The whole plant is narcotic, but it is in the seeds that the greatest virtue resides. These are said by some authors to have been used also by the priests of the Delphic temple in ancient Greece to produce those frenzied ravings which were then called prophecies. Such a practice certainly obtained in the Temple of the Sun at Sogamosa—(LINDSEY). This Sogamosa is near Bogota, in the Andes of New Granada.

“It is sufficiently strange to see how similar modes and means of imposition were made use of by the priests of nearly every false religion in ancient times, for the purpose of deluding their credulous countrymen. But it is truly remarkable that among the mountains of Greece, in the palmiest days of that classic country, the same observed effects, of the same wild plant, should have been employed by the priests of Apollo to deceive the intellectual Greeks, as at the same time were daily used by the priests of the sun to deceive the rude and credulous Indians among the far distant mountains of the Andes. The pretended second sight, and the other marvels told of the old seers of the Scottish Highlands, may owe their origin to nothing more noble or mysterious than a draught of thorn-apple, nightshade, or belladonna tea.”

The Kamtschatdale intoxicates himself by rolling up, and swallowing whole, a kind of fungus or mushroom, which is harmless in soups and sauces. “No nation so ancient but has had its narcotic soother from the most distant times—none so remote and isolated but has found within its own borders a pain-allayer and narcotic care-dispeller of native growth—none so savage which instinct has not led to seek for, and suc-



cessfully to employ, this form of physiological indulgence." A tendency which is so evidently a part of our general human nature is not to be suppressed or extinguished by any form of mere physical, fiscal, or statutory restraint.

But it is not only narcotic poisons for which there exists a universal craving in the human race, there are other forms of indulgence not less wonderful and extraordinary, and among these are the consumption of arsenic by the peasants of Austria and Hungary.

"Arsenic is thus consumed chiefly for two purposes—*First*. To give plumpness to the figure, cleanness and softness to the skin, and beauty and freshness to the complexion. *Second*. To improve the breathing and give longness of wind, so that steep and continuous heights may be climbed without difficulty and exhaustion of breath. Both these results are described as following almost invariably from the prolonged use of arsenic either by man or by animals.

"For the former purpose young peasants, both male and female, have recourse to it, with the view of adding to their charms in the eyes of each other; and it is remarkable to see how wonderfully well they attain their object, for those young persons who adopt the practice are generally remarkable for clear and blooming complexions, for full rounded figures, and for a healthy appearance. Dr. Von Tschudi gives the following case as having occurred in his own medical practice: 'A healthy, but pale and thin milkmaid, residing in the parish of H—, had a lover whom she wished to attach to her by a more agreeable exterior; she therefore had recourse to the well-known beautifier, and took arsenic several times a week. The desired effect was not long in showing itself; for in a few months she became stout, rosy-cheeked, and all that her lover could desire. In order, however, to increase the effect, she incautiously increased the doses of arsenic, and fell a victim to her vanity. She died poisoned, a very painful death.' The number of such fatal cases, especially among young persons, is described as by no means inconsiderable.

"The perusal of the above facts regarding arsenic—taken in connexion with what has been previously stated as to the effects of the resin of hemp—recalls to our mind the dreamy recollections of what we have been accustomed to consider as the fabulous fancies of easy and credulous times. Love-philtres, charms, and potions, start up again as real things beneath the light of advancing science. From the influence of hemp and arsenic no heart seems secure—by their assistance no affection unattainable. The wise woman, whom the charmless female of the East consults, administers to the desired one a philtre of haschisch, which deceives his imagination—cheats him into the belief that charms exist, and attractive beauty, where there are none, and defrauds him, as it were, of a love which, with the truth before him, he would never have yielded. She acts directly upon his brain with her hempen potion, leaving the unlovely object he is to admire really as unlovely as before.

"But the Styrian peasant-girl, stirred by an unconsciously-growing attachment—confiding scarcely to herself her secret feelings, and taking counsel of her inherited wisdom only—really adds, by the use of hidri, to the natural graces of her filling and rounding form, paints with brighter hues her blushing cheeks and tempting lips, and imparts a new and winning lustre to her sparkling eye. Every one sees and admires

the reality of her growing beauty : the young men sound her praises, and become suppliants for her favour. She triumphs over the affections of all, and compels the chosen one to her feet.

" Thus even cruel arsenic, so often the minister of crime and the parent of sorrow, bears a blessed jewel in its forehead, and, as a love-awakener, becomes at times the harbinger of happiness, the soother of ardent longings, the bestower of contentment and peace !

" It is probable that the use of these and many other love-potions has been known to the initiated from very early times—now given to the female to enhance her real charms—now administered to the lords of the creation, to add imaginary beauties to the unattractive. And out of this use must often have sprung fatal results,—to the female, as is now sometimes the case in Styria, from the incautious use of the poisonous arsenic ; to the male, as happens daily in the East, from the maddening effects of the fiery hemp. They must also have given birth to many hidden crimes which only romance now collects and preserves—the ignorance of the learned having long ago pronounced them unworthy of belief."

The consumption of clay by the Guinea negroes, the Javanese, Swedes, Finns, Otomacs, and others, is another extraordinary practice, difficult to be satisfactorily accounted for in the present state of science.

God grants us many things by which we sustain and even cheer life. The water we drink, the plant we rear, the bread we eat, the meat and fish we cook, the beverages we infuse, the sweets we extract, the liquors we ferment, the narcotics we indulge in, the odours we enjoy, are all so many examples ; some are necessities, others luxuries, and all are more or less beneficial in their moderate use, and injurious only in their abuse. It remained for man to adulterate, and render baneful and poisonous, the common things of life. The revelations contained in Dr. Hassall's work are positively appalling. The magnitude and importance of this question have been, to some extent, previously acknowledged, as shown by the publication of numerous works both in this country and on the Continent. But the real extent of the evil has never before been made known as it has by the Analytical Sanitary Commission of the *Lancet*, of which Dr. Hassall was the head.

It appears from these remarkable revelations that, excepting simple substances, such as meat and fish, not a thing of common life but is more or less adulterated in London. Ground coffee is very generally adulterated with chicory, roasted corn, beans, and flour of potatoes, of horse-chesnut, mangel-wurzel, and acorns. Sugar is adulterated with acari, fungi, vegetable matters, woody fibres, sand and grit, and starch and flour. Arrowroot is chiefly adulterated with potato flour and sago meal. Pepper is adulterated with wheat flour, pea flour, ground rice, and linseed meal. Mustard with immense quantities of wheaten flour, highly coloured with turmeric. Genuine mustard, Dr. Hassall says, is scarcely ever to be obtained, whatever be the price paid for it. Cocoa is adulterated with starch and sugar. Oatmeal with barley meal. The principal black teas are said to be almost invariably adulterated, the adulteration consisting in the glazing of the leaves with plumbago or black-lead ; the caper, likewise, being subject to admixture with other substances, as paddy-husk, lie tea, and leaves other than those of tea. The green teas are equally invariably adulterated with colouring matters, and the addition of ex-

hausted tea-leaves, made up with gum, &c., and other matters. In this country, Dr. Hassall says, there is really no such thing as a green tea—that is, a tea which possesses a natural green hue.

Milk, it is needless to say, is almost universally adulterated with water. Such an adulteration is, at all events, not like that of tea, calculated to affect health injuriously, but the immorality of the practice is exceeding. Vinegars are uniformly adulterated with sulphuric acid, and sometimes with water, sour beer, and cyder. Pickles are almost as uniformly adulterated with that poisonous metal copper, and this is more particularly the case when they consist entirely of green vegetables, as gherkins and beans. This is also the case in preserved fruits and vegetables. Cayenne pepper and curry-powder are made especial objects of poisonous adulteration: Cayenne with red lead, cinnabar, Venetian red, and other substances; curry-powder with red lead, and rice, and salt. What are called anchovies are in seven cases out of twenty-eight Dutch fish. Potted bloaters are almost uniformly coloured by means of red earth, as is also anchovy paste. Sauces are adulterated with treacle, salt, Armenian bole, and charred wood. Preserves and jams very generally contain copper. Lard is frequently extensively adulterated with water and potato flour, as well as with certain saline substances. The most hurtful adulterations are in the case of coloured-sugar confectionery, and after them in wine, beer, and spirits.

One of the most common substances used in the adulteration of beer, especially porter, is the *cocculus indicus*, of which a pound is said to be equal to a sack (four bushels) of malt, in giving fulness, richness, and darkness of colour. 2359 cwt. imported in a year must thus save to the brewers the enormous quantity of 1,056,000 bushels of malt. *Cocculus indicus* is poisonous to all animals, and a well-known use of it is for stupifying of fish. Mr. Johnston says that it is probable that the peculiarly disgusting forms of intoxication sometimes seen among the lower classes is to be ascribed to the *cocculus indicus*.

About 40,000 lbs. of grains of paradise are at present annually imported into England for the purpose of imparting a fictitious appearance of strength to malt and spirituous liquors. They are used principally along with capsicum and juniper berries, to give a strong, hot flavour to London gin; and, along with *cocculus indicus* and other bitters, to give a relish and warmth to beer.

It is not the retail dealer who adulterates so much as the manufacturers, and the roasters and grinders of articles of consumption. Nevertheless, the latter does his part in the way of adulteration, although to a much less extent. Such a state of things is a disgrace to the boasted civilisation of the country. It is grievous to think how many persons have died, and still continue to die, from the neglect of proper sanitary precautions, and from living in violation of the fundamental laws and rules of health; but it is abominable to know that a great part of these are slowly killed and destroyed by the infamous adulteration of their food and drink. Now that the magnitude of the mischief has been demonstrated, and the methods by which the several adulterations practised may be discovered with ease and certainty have been pointed out, we may, it is to be hoped, expect that but a very short period will be permitted to elapse before the subject shall be duly considered and discussed with a view to some effective legislation.

## THE BAPTISM OF THE POOR.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HÉGÉSIPPE MOREAU.

BY MRS. BUSEBY.

HÉGÉSIPPE MOREAU was one of the many sons of genius whom that gaunt, ruthless, desolating tyrant—Poverty—has first cradled and then crushed. Had his innate poetical talents been appreciated and fostered, he might have become one of the literary stars of his native France; but in the struggle against misery and destitution his energies were overwhelmed, his spirit broken, and he who had dreamed of fame, died the death of a pauper-outcast in an hospital supported by charity. This unfortunate poet, who was born in 1810, and had been an orphan from his infancy, after having finished his education at a seminary at Fontainebleau, came to Paris, flushed with all the romantic hopes, the vain aspirations of youth and enthusiasm, depending upon the exercise of his mental gifts, not only for success, but for daily bread. “He imagined,” says his admirer, Felix Pyat, “that he had but to sing to live; and that the lyre which in ancient times had the power of making stones move of themselves, and of taming wild beasts, would have some effect upon the feelings of men. Vain hope! The poet’s song is lost amidst the uproar of cities as that of the bird is lost amidst the storms of heaven.”

The busy crowds hearkened not to his lays; the heir-presumptive of Béranger—the poet of the people—found neither sympathy nor encouragement; misery alone haunted his steps; and he had not the means, like De Lamartine and Victor Hugo, to wait for that renown which was to make their poems profitable to them. In order to obtain a scanty living, he was obliged to give lessons to young children, and waste his talents in writing stories to please his little pupils, and their superannuated grandmothers. This life became intolerable to him, and he sought for employment as a journeyman printer. It was while undergoing extreme privations that he composed that much-admired work entitled “*Myosotis*.” But want and disappointment are too often the harbingers of disease, and poor Moreau was at length compelled to seek refuge within the walls of a public hospital.

Felix Pyat, who had endeavoured to befriend the starving poet, went, accompanied by one or two other literary men, to inquire after him at the hospital. “It was on the 20th of December, 1838,” he says, “that we went to the hospital, and having crossed its grass-grown courts, gloomy as a churchyard, and its low corridors, vaulted like tombs—we found, in the hall of the amphitheatre, a body lying on a stone table. Whose corpse was this? It was *Number Twelve*. So many men die there that they do not designate them by their names, they merely number them. And who was Number Twelve? A poor poet, the poet Hégésippe Moreau!”

He had perished in the flower of life, a victim of neglect and poverty! Is this a solitary instance of the extinction of genius under the rough pressure of iron-handed adversity?—Alas! no.—The gay, the busy, the self-interested of the world may know nothing of the fate of many to

whom Nature had been lavish of her gifts ; but the magic circle of bright intelligence would be less limited than it is, if distress, obscurity, and the grave, did not too often bury the children of genius ere their light had dazzled society, and secured a needful pittance for themselves.

Among the papers which were found at the hospital after the death of poor " Number Twelve," or Hégésippe Moreau, belonging to him, was a little poem, of which the following is a close translation :

#### THE BAPTISM OF THE POOR.

In meditation plunged, an ode my theme,  
Musing I sat—when hark ! As from the ground  
There came, to chase away my waking dream,  
An infant's cry—a feeble wailing sound.  
Within the porter's humble lodge, a boy  
Is born unto the world, and beauteous he  
Even as a royal child. What chimes of joy  
Are pealing !—Sleep, poor babe—they do not ring for thee !

At thy baptismal hour, no pomp presides—  
A slight repast, some neighbours, and one priest  
To celebrate the rite—there's nought besides  
Needed to make thee heir of heaven at least.  
At yonder font, amidst a gorgeous scene,  
With blessings loud, some prelate bows the knee ;  
Yet with anathemas murmured between—  
Sleep on in peace, poor babe—they are not meant for thee.

No statesmen's ermined robes around thy couch  
Have fluttered, while their wearers hailed thy voice  
In tones that seemed their fealty to vouch,  
And spoke of joy—as sycophants rejoice.  
The world's first noise to reach thy tender ear  
Hath not been words of faithless treachery ;  
If to a cradle dark deceit be near—  
Sleep infant—sleep in peace—it hovers not o'er thee !

Sleep, offspring of the poor ! There is an hour  
Which passes slowly o'er a guilty head,  
When conscience sways with her remorseful power,  
And slumber flies the rich man's downy bed.  
When solemn midnight tolls from yonder dome,  
'Tis said they at the Louvre phantoms see—  
That make them shudder at that hour of gloom—  
But thou mayst sleep, poor babe—God watches over thee.

Thy tender years within a poorhouse-walls  
To pass—then hurried to far battle-fields—  
Such is thy fate ; and oft when hunger calls,  
To start up from the straw no rest that yields—  
To groan—to suffer—'tis the common law ;  
But of the people's mighty mass thou'lt be :  
Though threat'ning storms keep crowned heads in awe,  
Sleep thou in peace, poor babe—they will not injure thee !

## THE CRISIS.

(CONTINUED FROM "THE RECEPTION OF THE DEAD.")

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

## I.

It wanted but three days to the wedding of Adeline de Castella with the Baron de la Chasse, when she stole at the dusk of evening to her father's shrubbery, to meet Mr. St. John. He had been very little to the château since Signor de Castella's final and positive rejection of him, but had met Adeline elsewhere. He was waiting for her now, as she came up, and, after greeting her, drew forth a letter from his pocket.

"It is from my mother, Adeline," he said; and she broke the seal, and they both read it together.

But we must first of all allude to a portion of the history, upon which it is not so pleasant to touch. Mr. St. John, after many further efforts, quite ineffectual, to shake the resolution of M. de Castella, had urged Adeline, as a last resource, to fly with him from her father's home and from the hated marriage. At the first broaching of the subject she was inexpressibly shocked, and refused to listen. But he brought forth arguments of the most persuasive eloquence—and reasoning eloquence is convincing when it comes from beloved lips. It is useless to follow the matter, or to describe the days, step by step: it is sufficient to say that Mr. St. John spared no exertion to gain his point. He truly thought, in all honour, that he was acting for Adeline's happiness and welfare, and at length he wrung from her a most reluctant consent. Which consent, it is probable, he never would have obtained, but that he pressed his mother into the service. Now let us read Mrs. St. John's letter: it will be seen that it was not the first Adeline had received from her:

"MY DEAR MADEMOISELLE DE CASTELLA,—Frederick tells me that you demurred to the arguments of my previous letter, as being only used out of courtesy to you. You judge perfectly right in believing I look upon elopements in general with a severe eye: every gentlewoman, mother, and respecter of social order, does: but your case appears to be a most peculiar one. Your whole future happiness, perhaps life, is at stake, and it seems to me to be a positive duty to save you from the obnoxious marriage which threatens you. But were it not that M. de Castella has assured us (in his letter to my stepson, Mr. Isaac St. John) that he has no personal objection to Frederick—that were it not for this unlucky previous contract he should be proud of the alliance, I should never have lent myself to his obtaining you clandestinely. Another thought has also had weight with me: that if the step must be taken (and I really see no other way of escape for you) it will be better that it be done with my sanction than without it. I trust, when time shall have soothed M. de Castella's anger, he will thank me, and acknowledge that I acted for the best.

"I am not sufficiently recovered to travel to Folkestone, as Frederick

wished, but Lady Anne Saville has offered to supply my place. She leaves with her husband for Folkestone the day after to-morrow, and will receive you there from Frederick's hands. She will conduct you at once to London, to my house, where you will remain my guest until the marriage, which of course must take place at once; after which, you will leave for Castle-Wafer; and pass there a brief sojourn before you start for the South. The settlements are here, waiting for your signature and Frederick's: Mr. Isaac St. John has already affixed his.

"I am impatient to receive and welcome you, and believe me, my dear child, I will always endeavour to be to you as an affectionate mother."

"SELINA ST. JOHN."

"And now, Adeline, my dearest," he said, "you will be in readiness to-morrow night."

"When are we to be married?" she whispered. She might well bend her sweet face downwards as she asked it.

"Adeline, you see what my mother says. I have written to procure a special license, and the Protestant ceremony shall be performed on our arrival, so that we may at least be secured from separation. Should the forms of your own religion require any delay, which I do not anticipate, you will remain with my mother until they can be completed. My home in town is at Mirvat's."

"You—you will be kind to me?" she faltered, bursting into tears. "I am leaving a happy home, my mother, my father, the friends of my childhood, I am leaving all for you; you will always be kind to me?"

"Adeline," he interrupted, as he clasped her tenderly to him, "how can you put the question? I am about to make you my dear wife; I will cherish you as you never yet were cherished. Your parents have loved you dearly, but not with such a love as mine. I will make your life one dream of happiness. No mother ever watched over her first-born, as I will watch over and cherish you."

Save for the wild beating of her heart, as it lay against his, he might have thought her cold, so still did she remain. It was the impassioned stillness of all-perfect love, too deep, too pure for utterance.

"You are leaving this home for one more beautiful," he continued; "you will forgive me for saying so when you see Castle-Wafer; a home where you will reign its idol. I speak not now of myself. Its retainers are tried and faithful: they have been ours from generation to generation. They served my father, they have served my brother, they will serve me; and you, their mistress, will be revered and worshipped. It will be a happy home: and though we may sojourn occasionally in foreign lands, or go to mingle in the gaieties of the world, we shall return to it with a zest that in time will render us loth to quit it. There we will bring up our children, and train them to goodness; there we will learn to live, so that we may become worthy to inherit a better world; the mode of worship may be different, but the faith and end are the same—one hope, one heaven, one God. Oh, Adeline, put away all fear for the future, all doubt of me, if indeed you could have such! I would bid another trust to my honour, I conjure you to confide in my love."

Just at the conclusion of the interview, a sudden cough near them was heard. St. John stepped aside a few paces, and there, on a bench, was

seated the confessor, Father Marc. Could he have been there long? If so, he must have heard more than it was expedient he should; and St. John bit his lips with vexation.

"I did not know you were so near, father."

"I have this instant sat down, my son. I am no longer young, and my legs pain me when I stroll far: my walk this evening has been a long one."

"He may have come up but now," was the mental conclusion of Mr. St. John.

The plan of the getting away was this. On the following night Adeline was to retire to her chamber early, under the plea of headache, or some other slight indisposition; and, after dismissing Louise, to habit herself as she deemed suitable for her journey. She was then to steal down stairs and out of the house, before it was locked up for the night, into the garden, where Mr. St. John would be waiting for her. The same light vehicle, half cart, half gig, which had once before taken Mr. St. John, would be in readiness to convey them to Odesque. There they would take the night-train, which passed from Amiens to Boulogne, and go at once on board the Folkestone steamer, Mr. St. John having ascertained that the tide served and the steamer started at a suitable hour for them, very early in the morning. By these means they hoped to get a whole night's start before the absence of Adeline was discovered. The scheme appeared feasible enough in theory, but—in practice? That remained to be proved.

What a day it was for Adeline! She was in wretched spirits, frequently in tears. She was a bad one to carry on a deception: if she could but have changed places with Rose Darling for a day! The evening arrived, and the family were sitting in the western drawing-room, when Mr. St. John came in. Some of them looked up in surprise, his visits had of late been so rare. A spirit of dulness seemed to overhang the party. M. de Castella proposed chess to his sister-in-law, and Rose opened the piano and began to sing. Now of all songs, what should she choose on that identical night but "*Kathleen Mavourneen!*" Talk of fatality and ominous coincidences, I am sure there exist such things. Rose had not sung that song for months, nay, for years, and yet she must hunt it up then. Had any one asked her for it, she would have refused, with many a sarcasm at "*old-fashioned taste,*" "*English ideas,*" and have commenced some Italian or German or Spanish rubbish, and screamed it through in defiance. She came to the words, "*To think that from Erin and thee I must part, it may be for years, or it may be for ever,*" when deep sobs startled her.

Adeline had listened—leaning back in her grandmamma's fauteuil, for Madame de Beaufoy was knitting, and had taken her seat on a chair near the lamp—listened to the song with an oppressed heart. The words seemed singularly applicable to her: *she* was leaving her country, her home, and her dear parents, it might be for years, or it might be for ever. Her sobs burst forth unchecked, and the whole room looked up in amazement. Rose brought her song to a sudden stand-still.

Mr. St. John, who was near the piano, strode suddenly forward towards Adeline, but arrested his steps half-way, and strode as suddenly back again. Anxious inquiries were pressed upon Adeline, and her



mother laid down her embroidery, rose and went to her. Adeline declared it was nothing; a sudden fit of low spirits that would pass away, and Mr. St. John whispered Rose to continue her song. When it was over, he wished them good night, and soon afterwards, Adeline, pleading fatigue, said she would go to bed.

"Do, dear child," acquiesced her mother; "you don't seem very well."

"Good night, dear, dear mamma," she said, clinging round her mother's neck, while the rebellious tears again streamed from her eyes. She would have given half the anticipated happiness of her future life for her mother to have blessed her, but she did not dare to ask it. She approached her father last, hesitatingly; kissed him—a most unusual thing, for he was not a man to encourage these familiarities, even from his daughter—and left the room, struggling convulsively to suppress her sobs.

After sitting in her chamber a few minutes, to recover serenity, she rang for Louise. Up came that demoiselle, in open surprise that her young lady should have retired so early. Adeline said she had a headache, let her take off her dress, and then dismissed her.

Adeline bolted the door and began to look around her. Shock the first: her wardrobe was locked and the key gone. The dress and bonnet she meant to wear were in it; so she had to ring again.

"I want the key of the wardrobe," she said, when Louise entered. "It is locked."

Louise felt in her pocket, brought forth the key, and threw the doors back on their hinges. "What should she give to mademoiselle?"

This was a poser. At any other time Adeline would have ordered her to leave the wardrobe open, and go. But her self-consciousness and dread of discovery caused her to hesitate then.

"I want—a pocket-handkerchief," stammered Adeline.

Sharp flung the doors to again, were locked, and the key returned to Louisa's pocket. "Parbleu, mademoiselle," was her exclamation, turning to a chest of drawers, "as if your handkerchiefs were kept in the wardrobe!"

Adeline knew they were not as well as Louise, but just then she had not her wits about her. She was growing desperate.

"One would think we had a thief in the house, by the way in which you keep places locked," she exclaimed. "Leave the wardrobe open, Louise."

"Indeed, and we have something as bad as a thief," answered Louise, grumblingly. "If Susanne wants anything for madame, and thinks she can find it here, she makes no scruple of coming and turning about mademoiselle's things. Only three days ago it took me an hour to put them straight after her."

"Well, leave the wardrobe open for to-night," said Adeline, "you can lock it again to-morrow, if you will." And Mademoiselle Louise swung the doors back again, and quitted the room.

Adeline proceeded to dress herself. She put on a dark silk dress, a light, thin, cashmere shawl, and a straw bonnet trimmed with white ribbons. She also threw over her shoulders a costly silk travelling cloak, lined and trimmed with ermine. It had been a present to her from Madame de Beaufoy against her journey to the South. She was soon ready, but

it was scarcely time to go. She was pale as death; so pale that the reflexion of her own face in the glass startled her. Her head swam round, her limbs trembled, and she felt sick at heart. She began to doubt if she should have strength to go. She sat down and waited.

The minutes passed rapidly, and it would soon be time, if she went at all. She felt in her pocket: all was there. Her purse, containing a few Napoleons, her handkerchief, a small phial of Cologne water, and a little case containing *his* gifts and letters.

She arose and placed her hands upon the lock of the door, but, too ill and agitated to proceed, turned round, drank a glass of water, and sat down again. The longer she stopped the worse she grew, and, making a desperate effort, she extinguished the light, opened the door, and glided to the top of the stairs.

All seemed quiet. She could hear the murmur of the servants' voices in their distant apartments, nothing else, and she stole noiselessly down the staircase, and across the lighted hall. As she was opening the front door, some one came out of the western drawing-room, and Adeline, with a quick, nervous effort, passed through, before whoever it was should be in sight, pulling the door gently after her.

Oh, misery! oh, horror! Planted at the bottom of the steps, right in front of her, as if he had stopped on the spot and fallen into a reverie, was the priest, Father Marc. He glided up the steps, and seized her arm, and Adeline cried out, with a shrill, startled cry.

It was heard by Mademoiselle de Beaufoy, as she crossed the hall, and she came running out. It was heard by Mr. St. John from his hiding-place, behind one of the lions of the fountain, and he hastened forward.

"Oh, Adeline, mistaken child, what is this?" exclaimed her aunt. "You would leave your home clandestinely! you, Adeline de Castella!"

"Aunt! aunt! have mercy on me! I—I do believe I am dying! I would rather die than go through what I have gone through lately!"

"And better for you," was the stern reply. "Death is preferable to dishonour."

She was interrupted by Mr. St. John, who now neared them. Adeline broke from her aunt and the priest, and fell forward in his arms, shrieking out, "Oh, Frederick! Frederick! protect me in this dreadful hour!"

Agnes de Beaufoy flew into the drawing-room, crying out that Mr. St. John was running away with Adeline, and they all went flocking out. St. John's first effort was directed to soothe Adeline: his second to bear her into the house. The priest went away in the direction of his chapel.

For some time all was astonishment and confusion. Every one seemed to be talking at once, reproving Mr. St. John. She still clung to him, as if to part with him would be to part with life, and he protected her valiantly. The first distinguishable words were from Signor de Castella.

"So this is the recompense we receive from you! basely to betray her! to lead her to dishonour!"

St. John was paler than Mary Carr ever remembered to have seen him, but his voice and bearing were perfectly calm. "I was leading her away to happiness," he answered; "ere many hours had elapsed she would have been my honoured wife. Had my mother been well, she would have received her at Folkestone, but she is unable yet to quit her room, and Lady Anne Saville, than whom one of higher character and consideration does not exist, is there awaiting her. My brother vacates

Castle-Wafer for her reception; the settlements, as they were proposed to you, are drawn up, waiting for our signatures; and until the marriage could have taken place—had there been but an hour's delay—Adeline would have remained under my mother's roof and protection, conducted to it by Lady Anne. There are the vouchers for what I assert," he added, throwing some letters on the table. "I lead her to dishonour! Had you, Signor de Castella, evinced the consideration for her happiness, that I have for her honour, there would not be this dispute now."

"And you, shameless girl, thus to disgrace your name!"

"Reproach her not," interrupted Mr. St. John; "I will not suffer a harsh word to her in my presence. For this step I alone am to blame. Adeline was resolute in refusing to listen or accede to it, and she never would have done so but for the countenance afforded to her in it by my family. M. de Castella, this is no moment for delicacy: I therefore tell you openly she shall be my wife. Our plans of to-night are frustrated, and should we be able to carry out no other for her escape, Adeline must renounce at the altar the husband you would thrust upon her."

"You are insolent, sir," said M. de Castella.

"Not insolent," he replied, "but determined."

There is no time to pursue the discussion. It was long and stormy. Madame de Castella cried all the while, but old Madame de Beaufoy was a little inclined to favour St. John. Not that she approved of the attempted escapade, but he was so wondrous a favourite of hers, that she could not remain in anger with him long, and she kept rapping her stick approvingly on the floor at many things he said, something after the manner of a certain house of ours, when it cries out "Hear, hear!" Adeline stood by Mr. St. John, shaking with convulsive sobs, her white veil covering her face, and the costly cloak falling from her shoulders and sweeping the ground. Her father suddenly turned to her.

"Adeline de Castella, are you determined to marry this man?"

"Speak out, Adeline," said Mr. St. John, for no answer came from her.

"I—cannot—marry—De la Chasse," she faltered.

"And you are determined to marry him—this Protestant Englishman?"

"If I may," she whispered, her sobs growing violent.

"To-morrow morning I will discuss with you this subject," proceeded M. de Castella, still addressing his daughter. "At the conclusion of our interview, you shall be free to choose between—between the husband I marked out for you, and him, who now stands by your side."

"On your honour?" exclaimed Mr. St. John, surprised out of the remark.

"My word, sir, is valuable as yours," was the haughty reply. "When my daughter shall have heard all I have to say, she shall then be free to follow her own will. I will not further influence her."

"You will permit me to receive her decision from her own lips?"

"I tell you I will not further control her. She shall be as free to act as I am. And now, Mr. St. John, good night to you."

"Would to heaven we were married, that I might remain and watch over you this night!" he whispered, as he reluctantly released Adeline, and bid her adieu. "You need all soothing consolation, and there are none to offer it. Yet be comforted, my dear love, for if M. de Castella shall keep his word, it is our last parting."

"He is a noble fellow, with all his faults," mentally ejaculated Agnes

de Beaufoy, as she watched Mr. St. John's receding form. And "all his faults," what were they? That he would have interfered in another's marriage contract, and stolen away the bride, and made her his own.

"I did not think Adeline had got it in her!" whispered Rose, in a glow of delight, to Mary Carr. Rose had stood in a rapture of admiration the whole time. Adeline and Mary could not cast old scores at her, now.

## II.

THE dreaded interview with M. de Castella was all but over, and Adeline leaned against the straight-backed chair in the cabinet, more dead than alive, so completely had her father's words bereft her of hope and energy.

When Mr. St. John first opened the affair, Signor de Castella had felt considerably annoyed, and would not glance at the possibility of breaking the contract with De la Chasse. But M. de Castella, cold as he was in manner, was not, at heart, indifferent to Adeline's happiness. And when he found how entirely she was bound up in Mr. St. John, and the latter brought forth his munificent proposals and departed for England to get them triumphantly confirmed, then M. de Castella began in secret to waver. But now stepped in his confessor.

Those who read this, are of course aware that in many Roman Catholic families, especially foreign ones, the confessor exercises much influence over temporal matters as well as spiritual. And though the confessor to the Castellans, Father Marc, had not hitherto seen cause to put himself forward in such affairs, he thought he was bound to interfere now. You must not think he is going to be described as one of those vicious priests, half serpent, half—anything else that's bad—sometimes represented in works of history. That such characters have existed there is no doubt, or that there are still bad Romish priests, like there are some bad Protestant clergymen, but Father Marc was not one. He was a good man, but a rigid Romanist, and he acted for what he deemed the true interest of Adeline, of whom he was very fond, for he had watched her grow up from infancy. He honestly believed that to suffer Adeline to marry an Englishman and a heretic, and make her home in Protestant England, would be to consign her to perdition. He therefore placed his veto upon it, a veto that might not be gainsaid, and forbid the contract to be interrupted with De la Chasse. If he interfered with, what may appear to us, desperate measures, he believed the cause to be desperate which justified them; and he acted in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience, and with what he deemed his duty to Adeline, to his religion, and to God.

She knew it all now: the secret of her father's obstinacy, and why she must give up Mr. St. John and marry De la Chasse. She knew that if her father consented to her heretical marriage, or if she of herself persisted in contracting it, the Curse of the Church was to alight upon her, and upon her father's house. *The Curse of the Church!* Adeline had been reared in all the belief and doctrines of the Romish faith, and she could no more have dared to act in defiance of that awful curse, than she would have dared to raise her hand against her own life. She leaned her head back on the uncomfortable chair, and moaned aloud in her overwhelming anguish.

"The alternative of a convent," she gasped, "cannot that be given me?"

"No," replied M. de Castella, "you must marry. Your mother and I cannot consent to lose you from our sight, as it was the will of Providence we should lose Maria. You must choose between this Englishman and him to whom you are betrothed. If you marry the Englishman, you—and I, Adeline—will be put beyond the pale of heaven. Marry him who expects, ere three days, to be your husband, and you will lead a tranquil life here, with sure hope of a hereafter."

"Does my mother know of this?" she uttered.

"No. She will know it soon enough if your decision be against us."

There was little more to be said, nothing more to be understood. She comprehended it all, and the situation she was placed in. She knew that, for her, all of peace and joy on earth were over: a mirror of the future flashed before her mind's eye; and she saw herself battling with its waves, and it was one broad sea of never-ending agony. Her heart fluttered violently, as it had never before fluttered, and there was a strange sensation within her, as if some mighty weight were rushing to her brain. She tottered as she rose from the chair, and laid hold of the table to steady herself. "There—there is nothing more?" she whispered.

"Nothing, Adeline. Save to give your reply to Mr. St. John."

She was passing to the door when a word arrested her. She leaned against one of the *secrétaires* as her father spoke.

"I do not ask what your decision will be, Adeline. I have laid the case before you, as it exists, without circumlocution and without disguise. I said last night I would not bias your choice by a word of mine, and I will not."

The words sounded in her ear very like a mockery, and wild thoughts came across her, as she stood, of falling at her father's feet, and beseeching him to have mercy. But she remembered that mercy, for her, did not rest with him.

M. de Castella became alarmed at her ghastly look. He went forward and took her hands, speaking with more emotion than he had ever betrayed. "Adeline, may the holy Virgin support you through this! I have but your welfare at heart, my child, and were only your temporal interests at stake, were it to the loss of half my fortune, I would not oppose your wish, but who may dare to put aside eternity? Father Marc is acting as the Church judges right, and I at least may not gainsay him."

He released her, and she laid her hand upon the door, when her father spoke again. She turned towards him.

"Whatever be your decision, you must not impart the nature of the impediment to Mr. St. John. To others of course you will not."

"Not tell him the cause?" she gasped; "not tell him!"

"Holy Saints, no!" he burst forth. "Not a word. Our Church permits not her secrets to be revealed to heretics. Promise it."

"I promise," she repeated.

"Kiss the crucifix," he added, holding it out to her. And she did as he desired, and so sealed her lips.

As Adeline left the cabinet, she encountered Rose.

"What a while you have been in there! Your wedding-dress is come,

and lots more things. They are gone up-stairs to inspect them, and I have been waiting for you, all impatience. Adeline! how ill you look!"

"Is Mr. St. John in the drawing-room?" was her rejoinder.

"Yes. I left him there, all 'alone in his glory,' for I could stay away from the view no longer. I shall go up-stairs without you, if you are not coming."

"I will follow you presently," she murmured.

"Adeline, let me into a secret. I won't tell. Will the dress be worn for the purpose it was intended—De la Chasse's wedding?"

"Yes," she feebly answered, passing on to the west drawing-room. Rose arrested still further her impatient steps, and gazed after her.

"Whatever is the matter? How strangely ill she looks! And she says her marriage is to come off with De la Chasse! I wonder whether that's gospel: or nothing but a blind? When the wedding-morning comes, we may find Jock o' Hazledeen enacted in real life. What glorious fun it would be!"

Mr. St. John was pacing the room when Adeline went in, and he met her with a joyous smile, and would have clasped her to him. But Adeline de Castella was possessed of extreme rectitude of feeling. She now knew that in two days' time she should be the wife of the Baron de la Chasse; and there was as much repugnance to that feeling, whatever may have been her inclination, in suffering another to embrace her, two days before the marriage, as there would have been two days after it. Alas! though her fears had sometimes assailed her, she had, from the beginning, too surely counted on becoming the wife of Mr. St. John. She evaded him, and walked forward, panting for breath.

He was alarmed as he gazed upon her. He saw the agitation she was in, and the fearful aspect of her features, which still wore the ghastly hue they had assumed in the cabinet. He took one of her hands within his, but even that she withdrew.

"In the name of Heaven, Adeline, what is this?"

She endeavoured to answer him, but the palpitation in her throat impeded her utterance. The oppression on her breath increased.

"Adeline! have you no pity for my suspense?"

"I—I—am trying to tell you," she gasped out, with a jerk between most of her words. "I am going—to—marry *him*—De la Chasse."

He looked at her for some moments without speaking. "You have been ill, Adeline," he said at length. "I saw last night the state you were in, and would have given much could I have remained by you."

"I am not wandering," she answered, detecting the bent of his thoughts. "I am telling you truth. I must marry him."

"Adeline—if you are indeed in full possession of your senses—explain what you would say. I do not understand."

"It is easy enough to be understood," she replied, leaning against the side of the large window for support. "On Saturday, their fixed wedding-day, I shall marry him."

"Oh, this is shameful! this is dreadful!" he exclaimed. "How on earth can they have tampered with you like this?"

"They have not tampered with me, Frederick. I decide of my own free will."

"It is disgraceful! disgraceful!" he uttered. "Where is M. de Cas-

tella? I will tell him what I think of his conduct. *He talk of honour!*"

She placed her hand upon his arm to detain him, for he was turning from the room.

"He can tell you nothing," she said. "He does not yet know my decision. Do not blame him."

"He said last night that you should be free to choose," impatiently uttered Mr. St. John.

"And I am free. He—*laid*"—(she hardly knew how to frame her words and yet respect her oath)—"he laid the case fully before me, and left me to decide for myself. Had I chosen you, he said my aunt Agnes should accompany us to-day to England, and see me married. But—I—dared not—I"—(she burst into a flood of most distressing tears)—"I must marry *De la Chasse*."

"Explain, explain." He was getting hot and angry.

"I have nothing to explain. Only that my father left it to me, and that I must marry him : and that my heart will break."

When he perfectly understood her, understood that there was no hope, the burst of reproach that came from him was terrible. Yet might it not be excused? He had parted from her on the previous night in the full expectation that she would be his wife : how could he think otherwise after all that had occurred, and the concluding promise of *M. de Castella*? Yet now, without preface, without reason, she told him that she renounced him for his rival. A reason, unhappily, she dared not give.

Oh once more, in spite of her resistance, Mr. St. John held her to his heart, as of old. He spoke to her words of the sweetest and most persuasive eloquence; he besought her to fly with him, to become his beloved wife. And she was obliged to wrest herself from him, and assure him that his prayers were wasted; that she was compelled to be more obdurate than even her father had been.

It was a fault of Mr. St. John's to be hasty and passionate, when moved to it by any great cause, but perhaps a storm of passion so violent as that he gave way to now, had never yet shaken him. His reproaches were keen.

"False and fickle that you are, you have never loved me! I see it all now. You have but led me on, to increase, at the last moment, the triumph of *De la Chasse*. It may have been a planned thing between you! Your true vows have been given to him, your false ones to me."

Adeline placed her hands on his, as if imploring mercy, and would have knelt before him, but he held her up, not tenderly.

"If I thought you did not know your words are untrue, it would kill me," she faltered. "If we had been married, as, until this day, I thought and prayed we should be, you would have known how deeply I love you; how the love will endure unto death. I can tell you this, now, because we are about to separate, and it is the last time we must ever be together in this world. Oh, Frederick! mercy! mercy! do not profess to think I have loved another."

"You are about to marry him."

"I shall marry him, hating *him*; I shall marry him, loving *you* : do you not think I have enough of agony?"

"As I am a living man," uttered Mr. St. John, "I cannot understand this! You say your father told you to choose between us."

"I feel as if I should die," she murmured; "I have felt so, at times, for several weeks past. There is something hanging over me, I think," she continued, passing her hand across her forehead, abstractedly.

"Adeline," he impatiently repeated, "are you deceiving me? Did your father give you free liberty to choose between us?"

"Yes; he gave it me—after placing the whole case before me," she was obliged to answer.

"And you deliberately tell me you have chosen De la Chasse? You give me no explanation, but cast me off like this?"

"I dare not"—the words were wrung from her—"I have no explanation to give. Oh, Frederick, *dearest* Frederick—let me call you so in your presence, for the first and last and only time—do not reproach me! Indeed, I must marry him."

"Of your own free deliberation, you will, on Saturday next, walk to the altar and become his wife?" he burst forth. "Do you mean to tell me that?"

She made a gesture in the affirmative, her sobs rising hysterically.

"Fie upon you! fie upon you!" he cried, contemptuously. "You boast of loving! you may well do so, when you have had two lovers to practise upon. I understand it all now; your objection to my speaking, until the last moment, to M. de Castella; you would keep us both in your train, forsooth, to gratify your vanity! You have but fooled me by pretending to listen to my love; you have led me on, and played with me, a slave to be sacrificed on *his* shrine! I give you up to him joyfully. I am well quit of you."

"Mercy! mercy!" she implored, shrinking down, and clasping her hands together.

"Fool that I was to be so deceived! Light and fickle that you are, you are not worthy to be enshrined in an honourable man's heart. I will thrust your image from mine, until not a trace, not a recollection of it, is left. I thank God it will be no impossible task. The spell that bound you to me is broken. Deceitful, worthless girl, thus to have betrayed your false-heartedness at the last! but better for me to have discovered it before marriage than after. I thank you for this, basely treated as I have been."

She made an effort to interrupt him, a weak, broken-hearted effort; but his fierce torrent of speech overpowered it.

"I go now, and in leaving this place, trust I shall leave its memories behind. *I will never willingly think of you again in life.* Contemptuously as you have cast off me, so will I endeavour in my heart to cast off you, and all remembrance of you. I wish you good-by, for ever. And I hope, for De la Chasse's sake, your conduct to him, as a wife, may be different from what it has been to me."

There was a strange, overwhelming agony, both of body and mind, at work within her, such as she had never experienced or dreamt of; a chaos of confused ideas, the most painful of which was the conviction that he was leaving her for ever in contempt and scorn. A wild desire to detain him; to convince him that at least she was not the falsehearted being he had painted her; to hear some kinder words from his lips, and *those* recalled, crowded to her brain, mixing itself up with the confusion and despair already there.



With his mocking farewell he had hastened from the room, by way of the colonnade; it was the nearest way to the path which led to his home, and he was in no mood to stand upon ceremony. Adeline rushed after him, but his strides were quick, and she did not gain upon him. She called aloud to him, in her flood-tide of despair.

He turned and saw her there, flying down the steps after him. One repellent, haughty gesture alone escaped him, and he quickened his pace onwards. She saw the movement of contempt, but she still pressed on, and got half-way across the lawn. There she sank upon the grass, at first in a kneeling posture, her arms outstretched towards him, as if they could bring him back, and a sharp, wailing cry of anguish escaping from her lips.

Why did he not look round? There was just time for it, ere he was hidden in the dark shrubbery: he would have seen enough to drive away his storm of anger. But, waxing stronger in his wrath, he strode on, without deigning to cast another glance behind.

They were in the chamber, over the western drawing-room, examining the things which had just arrived from Paris. Rose happened to be at the window, and saw Adeline fall. Uttering an exclamation, which caused Mary Carr also to look, she turned from it, and ran down to her. Mary followed, but her pace was slow, for she suspected nothing amiss, and thought Adeline had but stooped to look at something on the grass. When Mary reached the colonnade, Rose was up with Adeline, and seemed to be raising her head.

What was it? Mary Carr strained her eyes, in bewilderment. Of their two dresses, the one was white, the other a lilac muslin, nearly as light as white, and strange, dark spots were on each of them, as of blood, the fresh crimson colour glowing in the sun, whilst Adeline's mouth and chin were covered with it. The truth flashed upon Mary's mind. Adeline must have broken a blood-vessel.

Terrified and confused, Mary darted to the bell, and rang it violently, then hastened to the lawn, to the assistance of Rose. The servants came running out, and then the family.

Rose was kneeling on the grass, pale with terror, supporting Adeline's head on her bosom. Rose's hair, the ends of her long golden ringlets, were touched with the blood, and her hands stained with it; and Adeline—— Madame de Castella fell down in a fainting-fit.

Broken a blood-vessel! It was unfortunately too true. Was it the anguished mind or the weakened frame which caused it, or both combined?

They bore her, gently as might be, from the lawn into the yellow drawing-room, not daring to carry her up to the bed-chambers, and laid her on the costly sofa, the blood on her mouth, neck, and dress, presenting a repulsive contrast to the amber-velvet pillows. A groom went riding off to Odesque, at full gallop—that is, as much of a gallop as French by-roads will allow—to bring the nearest medical man—and to send a telegraphic despatch to Boulogne for two more, one English, the other French, who had attended her in the spring.

Adeline lay on the sofa, quite passive. She thought she was dying, and expressed a wish to be allowed once more to see Mr. St. John. So Rose offered to write to him, and finished a note, through her tears, despatching it by Louise.

"MY DEAR MR. ST. JOHN,—I am the bearer to you of unhappy tidings. Before you had well left, this morning, Adeline broke a blood-vessel of the lungs. I fear there is no hope; *she* thinks she is dying. You may imagine the state the house is in—or rather I don't think you can imagine it, for I am sure you never saw anything like it. She has asked to see you: pray come immediately.

"Yours, in haste,

"ROSE DARLING."

The most perfect quiet, both of mind and body, was essential for Adeline, yet there she lay, restless and anxious, waiting for the return of Louise. Though exhausted and silent, her eye wandered incessantly towards the door. M. de Castella was gone up-stairs to his wife's room, who was falling from one fainting-fit into another.

In came Louise at last, looking, as usual, fiery hot, her black eyes round and sparkling. She had made haste to Madame Baret's and back, as desired, and came in at once, without waiting even to remove her gloves, the only addition (except the *parapluie rouge*) necessary to render her home-costume a walking one. What would an English lady's maid say to that? In her hand she bore a packet, or very thick letter, for Adeline, directed and sealed by Mr. St. John. Adeline followed it with her eyes, as Rose took it from Louise.

"Shall I open it?" whispered Rose, bending gently over her.

Adeline looked assent, and Rose broke the seal, holding it immediately before her face. It was a blank sheet of paper, without word or comment, enclosing all the letters she had ever written to him. They fell in a heap upon her, as she lay. Rose, at home in such matters, understood it as soon as Adeline, and turned frowningly to Louise.

"Did Mr. St. John give you this?"

"Ah no, mademoiselle. Mr. St. John is gone."

"Gone!"

"Gone away to England. Gone for good."

Rose gathered up the letters, into the sheet of paper, abstractedly, amusing herself by endeavouring to put together the large seal she had broken. Adeline's eyes were closed, but she *heard*—by the heaving bosom and crimsoned cheeks, contrasting with their previous ghastly paleness. Louise, like a simpleton, continued in an under tone to Rose, and there was nobody by, just then, to check her gossip:

"He had not been gone three minutes when I got there—Oh, by the way, mademoiselle, here's the note you gave me for him. Madame Baret was changing her cap to bring up the thick letter, for Mr. St. John had said it was to be taken special care of, and given into Mademoiselle Adeline's own hands, so she thought she would bring it herself. She's in a fine way at his going, Mother Baret, for she says she never saw any one that she liked so much as Mr. St. John."

"But what took him off in this sudden manner?" demanded Rose, forgetful of Adeline, in her own eager curiosity.

"Madame Baret says she'd give her two ears to know," responded Louise. "She thought, at first, something must have happened up here, a dispute, or some unpleasant matter of that sort. But I told her, No. Something had occurred here, unfortunately, sure enough, but it could have had nothing to do with Mr. St. John, because he had left previously.

She then thought he might have received bad news from England, though there were no letters delivered for him this morning. But whatever it was, he was in an awful passion. He has spoilt the picture."

"Which picture?" asked Rose, quickly. And before recording Louise's answer, it may be well to explain that Adeline's portrait had long been finished and taken up to the château. But on M. de Castilla's return from Paris, he had suggested a slight alteration in the background of the picture, so it was sent to the lodge again. Events had then crowded so fast, one upon another, coupled with Mr. St. John's two visits to England, that the change was not at once effected. During the last week or two, however, he had been at work, and completed it. He had given orders, the evening he expected to leave with Adeline, that it should be forwarded the next day to the château.

"Which picture?" demanded Rose.

"Mademoiselle Adeline's likeness. There was some blue paint standing in the room, and he dashed a brush in it, and smeared it right across the face. My faith! what a way he must have been in, to destroy such a beautiful face and painting!"

"I told him one day, I knew he could be passionate if he liked," was Rose's remark. And Louise continued:

"It was a shame, Madame Baret said, to vent his anger upon a deaf and dumb thing, like that, and quite like an insult to Mademoiselle Adeline—as if *she* had offended him. And when I joined in, and said it was worse than a shame, she flew out at me, and said nobody should speak a word against him, before her. That he was of a perfectly golden temper, and always behaved like a king to everybody about him, and she knows something dreadful must have happened, for he was like one beside himself, and knew no more what he was doing than a child. I'm sure *I* don't want to speak against him," added Louise, by way of comment; "I only chimed in with Mother Baret for politeness' sake. He was a thorough gentleman, was Mr. St. John, and always behaved like one to us servants; and you know, mademoiselle, he spoke French like a true angel, besides." (*Comme un vrai ange.*)

Rose nodded. "But what did he go away for?"

"Nobody knows. When he came in, he was like a deranged man, and ordered a horse to be got ready for him. He then went into the painting-room, and stayed there ever so long, and then into his chamber. By the time he came out, his anger was over, at least he was calm to appearance, and gave Dame Baret the packet for mademoiselle, and told her he was going to leave. She says you might have knocked her down with a whiff of old Baret's pipe. She asked him when he was coming back again, and he said, Never: but he should write and explain to M. d'Estival. And off he rode, giving orders that his clothes and other things should be packed and sent after him, and leaving a mint of money for all who had waited on him."

It is impossible to say how much more Louise would have found to relate, and Rose to listen to, but the clattering hoofs of a horse were heard outside, and Louise sprang to the window. It was the surgeon from Odesques. He came into the room with Mademoiselle de Beaufoy and M. de Castilla. And soon his fiat was whispered all over the house—that there was no hope; that Adeline de Castilla was doomed to die.

## MY FIRST EVENING ON CIRCUIT.

BY "WARRINGTON."

THOSE palmy days in which Irish gentlemen thought it an indispensable part of their duties to put at least five bottles of claret under their belt before seeking their couches, had passed when I joined the H—— Circuit. The humours and the oddities which distinguished our fathers, together with their powers of imbibing vinous fluids, had become considerably toned down with us their successors, and though the same flashes of wit and brilliancy of conversational powers were not to be expected, there was enough of peculiarity about our habits and little social reunions in those stupid assize towns, to render an account of my first evening on circuit somewhat interesting to that very large class of the public who have never yet made one of a bar mess. As I have already said, the hard-drinking days of the Irish gentleman, and, consequently, of the Irish bar, had passed, and it was, therefore, but a little after nine in the evening that we (that is, the great un-briefed, who had neither consultations nor clients to attend to) rose from table, after having consumed a reasonable share of the claret which had been sent as a present to the H—— bar by the then recently-appointed chancellor, who had formerly been a member of the circuit. Ours was but a small bar: and it was a boast with us that we had, in proportion to our members, a greater number of gentlemanlike, good-looking, and clever juniors than any other circuit in Ireland, and that more unanimity and good (I might almost say brotherly) feeling existed amongst our members than amongst any of the others. Comparatively a stranger, my reception by all, both leaders and juniors, at dinner, prepared me for the hearty invitation of Busheton, the life and soul of the circuit, as we were rising. "The fellows are coming to my lodgings this evening, *mon ami*, for their coffee and whist. I have plenty of pipes and weeds (we are licensed to smoke on the premises), so, if you have no letters to write, you may as well come along with us now, and I will steer you." While I was fishing a cigar out of his case, which he proffered to me at the same time with his invitation, I expressed myself free as air, and ready to join his party at once.

One thing more remained to be done. Busheton, who was a very clever fellow, though somewhat addicted to what I might call mild dissipation, had been assigned as counsel, by one of the judges, to defend a man who was to be tried for murder in the morning, and who had employed neither counsel nor attorney for his defence. His only brief was a copy of the informations, which, by the directions of the judge, was furnished to him by the crown solicitor.

"Mark, my boy," said Busheton, turning to another junior, Mark Hearn, who preferred going quietly to his lodgings, and, after reading a dozen pages of some useful book, turning quietly into bed before eleven o'clock—"Mark, my boy," said he, whilst lighting his cigar, "as an earnest of your future promotion and of what I intend to do for you when I am attorney-general, I hereby appoint you my devil. I shall send you over the informations in that case of Tunny's, which the press of my civil business will not permit me to attend to properly; note them up

for me to-night, and be ready in the morning to tell me all about the case."

It must be borne in mind that Busheton was a barrister of three whole years' standing, while Mark was but of two, and that neither one nor the other had ever held a record-brief in their lives at the time, in order to appreciate the gravity with which Busheton delivered himself thus, while addressing (as he called him) "his young friend." Hearn promised compliance with an air of equal though not mock gravity; and Busheton, calling on some half-dozen of us to "come along," we rattled down the stairs of the hotel in which our mess-room was situated, into the street. The night was raw and cold (it was a rough March evening), and the wretched, bleak appearance of everything out of doors, and of the one principal street of the town, lit only by the few rays straggling from an occasional shop, made Busheton's sitting-room look unusually cosy when we were ushered into it, with its blazing turf-fire, comfortable carpet, neat, though somewhat gaudy, furniture and engravings, and general air of carefulness and regularity. Knowing, from the hearty style of the invitation, that I was welcome, I proceeded to follow the example of the others, who disposed of themselves in various lazy and grotesque, if not graceful, attitudes, on chairs, sofas, and loungers through the room, and made myself extremely comfortable in a large arm-chair, thankful for the progress of civilisation, which had brought such articles into country towns. Tea was ordered, and placed on the table in the midst of the most religious silence from the smokers, who, with the true appreciation of the weed, were devoting themselves entirely to blowing clouds, and building castles in the said clouds, undisturbed by chatter.

The scene was one of peace and tranquil enjoyment worthy of a divan. At last, when we were getting to the ends of our second cigars, and were inclined to cry "Ohe, jam satis," Busheton broke the silence as usual with something to raise a good-humoured laugh at the expense of some one present. His jokes, however, and humorous allusions were so devoid of bitterness, that none laughed more heartily than the individual caricatured, as I may call it. It would be impossible to fairly appreciate the point of his fun unless one knew the peculiarities of the individual assailed. His attack now was upon Haughton, a tall, swarthy, dark-haired, good-humoured, good-hearted young fellow of about four-and-twenty, who never gave any symptoms of extraordinary mental qualities until he was set down at a whist-table, when he displayed powers of memory, reasoning, and calculation, which were, as the Yankees would say, "rayther a caution." As for law, he neither knew, cared, nor pretended to know anything about it, but he had a remote notion that whenever he got a brief he would *work it up* some way or other. He was always late everywhere and for everything, forgetting anything of importance he had to do, cursing himself and everything else when he found out his mistake, and rather given to squeal out, in some extraordinary way, imprecations on his luck or his partner (if he were on terms of sufficient familiarity with him to take such a liberty), and to watch until he got some man to listen attentively and sympathetically to his sorrows and to some fearfully abstruse point about the fourth last trick, when his partner led the seven of spades fourth round with the eight in

his hand, and his right-hand adversary threw away a losing card, and *he*, *he* trumped it, certain, of course, that the last player had the eight; and how they lost the odd trick, and how anything so simply absurd never was known—*never*, and how he was always persecuted with such — infernal luck, and men would always, when his partners, play in such a — disgusting way. He was at bottom an honourable and high-minded gentleman, and these peculiarities, somewhat rough though some of them were, like the antagonistic elements in a salad, served to give a zest to our society as a whole; and when he left us, on receiving a legal appointment, we often felt that, though we might lose wiser men, we could not lose a more agreeable companion, or one that could be less spared. After this little sketch of William Haughton, Esq., barrister-at-law, and worthy scion of a distinguished midland family, I will allow Busheton to speak for himself.

"I think you fellows are sufficiently accustomed to tumbling into my rooms without waiting to be asked," said he, after giving me a cup of tea with his own hand, "to want me to help you; so take care of yourselves."

The hint was acted upon in a straggling way, as some, lazier than others, wanted those who went to the table to be charitable in filling and handing a few cups, a prayer sometimes acceded to, and sometimes refused in (as it was called by the lazy ones) the most savage manner. With the appearance of the tea there was a general brightening up, and the men began chatting to one another, some growling together over their ill-luck in not getting as much as an assignment—*i. e.* being appointed to defend some poor person indicted for a capital offence, which, though it brought no money, gave the ambitious and clever an opportunity for display. Master Billy was loud in his complaints at one time how a confounded fellow, a tenant of his father's, actually had a case to be tried in the very town, and had not given him a brief, the — infernal scoundrel. The peculiarity of the converse here was, that while in other societies people go into corners to say hard things of their neighbours, the whole thing fell spiritless to the ground unless the victim could hear, and was dragged into the fight something like a bull who is roused by the picadores in the arena.

"Well," sang out a gentleman who was lying stretched on his back on a sofa, and who had given no proof of vitality hitherto, except occasional wreaths of smoke from his lips, rousing himself up, flinging away the butt of a cigar, and turning on the company a very pallid but clever face, with a magnificent forehead, and his thin hair carefully arranged over it, "I never saw such a mull as Busheton and Haughton made of that infanticide case at T—" (the last town where, as I afterwards learned, they had been assigned, and got the prisoner off cleverly from the capital charge). "They were like a couple of ill-conditioned dogs, that never ran in couples, each taking a line of his own and choking the other, and, when brought to a stand-still, snarling and biting at one another. I wonder they did not hang the woman; they did all that men could do, at any rate."

This diatribe, which was entirely unprovoked, was delivered in the most sententious manner, and received with a roar of laughter. Busheton had sufficient cleverness to join the laugh, but Haughton was proceeding

to defend himself most energetically, and demonstrate that, as he called it himself, in hunting phraseology, "the line" he took was the safest, but was interrupted by Busheton :

"Never mind that cantankersome Lesley, Billy, my boy ! It's all jealousy. Now, just leave him to me for a minute, and *I'll* set you right. A fact creditable in the highest degree to our brother Haughton has come within my knowledge, and I think it right to make public an incident which redounds to the honour of that distinguished member of the H—— bar."

"What the devil is he at," growled Master Billy, getting suspicious at the friendly assistance tendered in such a grandiloquent strain.

"Silence, ingrate !" cried Busheton, while we all with one voice called for "Order."

Haughton relapsed into silence, and Busheton continued : "You are aware, gentlemen, that our brother has a weakness for luggage, and that to see him starting for circuit, between hat-cases, portmanteaus, trunks, carpet-bags, desks, sticks, umbrellas, fishing-rods, &c., you cannot persuade yourself but that he is going by long sea to India. It was my fortune, whether good or ill I do not say, to be at the terminus in Dublin when our brother Haughton arrived with his usual array of traps, which occupied the carman and four porters to get on the train in time, friend William cursing and fizzing about in the most frantic manner at having, amongst other things, either forgotten or lost, in coming to the station, his third great-coat and one of his railway wrappers. I have now stated one fact, forming a leading feature in my friend's case necessary to be understood. Let me remind you of another. Oh, disciples of Hoyle and Major A. ! you are never, even in the most dreary of towns, at a loss for a couple of packs of cards wherever Billy is to be found. Is he not sowing for himself a rich crop of gratitude, which he will one day reap ?"

"Isn't that his vocation ?" interrupted Lesley.

"Insult added to injury," continued Busheton. "That reptile lying on the sofa, with his hands in his breeches-pockets, won three pounds ten shillings from the amiable William last night. To continue my narrative, however, and let me hope free from those unseemly interruptions, you are now aware, gentlemen, that we are in our fourth town since leaving Dublin, and I have observed, as we journeyed onwards, that our brother Haughton's heap of luggage became small by degrees and beautifully less, owing to the graceful abandon with which he dashed out of every town, and his remembering only when he was some twelve or fifteen miles on his way from the town, that he had forgotten some of his travelling paraphernalia. When we left T——, he had with him something like the ordinary amount of traps which anybody else would take with him—one portmanteau, a hat-case, a great-coat, and a railway wrapper. It so happened that when we were getting into the train at the T—— station, the down train to C—— came up. It was dark, and there was a good deal of confusion about the right train to get into. Fearing that Master Billy would go wrong some way or other, I got him into my carriage, with his hat-case in his hand, and his mind for once at ease, as he had given his portmanteau in charge to one of the railway porters to be put into the luggage van. After getting in here, all was bustle and confusion with the crowd of men rushing backwards and for-

wards getting their things together, and making inquiries about conveyances into the town. I quietly extricated my one small portmanteau, which, turning porter for the nonce, I took on my shoulders, and went out to secure a car. Having engaged one, and placed my portmanteau on it, I returned to the platform for Houghton. The crowd had cleared away a little, but it was rather by the sound of angry and expostulating tones that I traced Master William, at the extreme end, actually dancing with rage, cursing, and spluttering like a red-hot poker in a bucket of cold water. 'Such conduct was monstrous!' 'Such neglect was disgraceful!' 'He would write to the directors!' 'He had nothing but the clothes on his back!' 'He would bring an action against the company!' 'The servants should be all dismissed!' Such were the sounds which reached my ear, together with some of the most vigorous expletives in the English language, and one or two invented expressly for the occasion. On inquiry I found that our worthy brother had, after all his care, botched the thing by neglecting to inform the porter, 'the stupidest scoundrel that ever was!' that he was coming here, and the consequence was, in the confusion, that Mr. William's portmanteau was put into the down train to C—, and was at the moment some eighty miles away on its destination. The telegraphs have not yet been completed, and so up to the present time (some forty-eight hours) the unfortunate young man, reduced to the lowest stage of destitution, has actually to borrow my shirts, and we made our triumphant entry into this town, William clinging to the last of his household goods—his hat-case, which contained a dozen of shirt collars, and *four packs of cards*. Say, brethren, has he not earned our lasting gratitude—and should we not contribute to relieve his miserable condition?"

Busheton's story was received with a roar of applause, and Houghton was going to bore us with some explanations in his usual vociferous way, when a rather strong knock was heard at the door, and somebody sang out, "Here are the men who have been dining with the judges!" and hardly was the street-door opened when we heard some person rushing up-stairs, from the steps evidently taking each flight in two bounds, and a tall, handsome young man, of a clear olive complexion, and quite beardless, wrapped in a frieze great-coat, which reached to his heels, burst into the room.

"There is Houghton at his confounded portmanteau, I'll engage, and offering to lay five to two that he will prove it to be all the porter's fault," was his first exclamation on entering. "I knew, by the confounded rumpus, that you fellows must have been stirring him up. Give me an old clay pipe, and cut some tobacco, somebody," he continued, taking off his over-coat; "I'm starved for a smoke."

The bustle created by Hevinge's entrance (that was his name) diverted my attention from the man who came after him, and who, being slightly lame, had ascended the stairs in a more leisurely way than his companion, and, coming in quietly, had settled himself with his cigar in a comfortable corner near the fire. My attention was, however, principally attracted by Hevinge, who, after taking off his great-coat, appeared in evening costume of the most *soigné* description (the dinner with the judges was an affair of great ceremony), and I must confess the contrast between the elegantly-dressed, handsome man, with his well-cut aristocratic features and thorough-bred looks, and the black clay pipe from



which he was extracting volumes of smoke, had for me a peculiar interest.

"I say, Hevinge," said one of the men, "had you a pleasant dinner with the judges?"

"This is glorious Cavendish!" was the reply; "those cigars are only fit for young ladies. Oh, ask Hartley about our party; I want to smoke: and *do* settle a table for a rubber." And he continued diligently his task of "cloud compelling."

The hint about the whist-table was acted on at once, as our original party, which was six, by the addition of the two new comers, formed the necessary number for a couple of rubbers. While the tablecloths were being settled, Lesley woke up again.

"Did Norris" (this was a hard-working man, who eschewed the whist parties as something frightful) "bore you all, talking about contingent remainders and that kind of stuff?"

"Rather," said Hartley; "but we have to thank him for drawing a *not* of Lord Plunket's from old T——, which I for one never heard of before."

"Let us hear it," cried several.

"Well, you must know," continued Hartley, "beside Hevinge, Norris, and myself, for juniors, we had the father, and ——, and ——," (a couple of old Q.C.s), "at dinner, and as T—— and the old fellows got talking about old times, his lordship thawed a good deal, and the whole thing was much pleasanter and less formal than usual. After dinner was removed and we settled quietly to our claret, that confounded Norris began about the right of the landlord to distrain when the reversion was gone, and to jaw the old man about that case of Pluck v. Digges, in which I believe the court differed on that very point. 'Ah,' said the old man, with his usual quiet, gentlemanly smile, 'I remember we had a good deal of difficulty about that case. Lord Plunket was our chief then, and I was the junior member of the court. Judge ——, who was with the plaintiff, sat on one side of him, and Judge ——, who differed from us all, on the other, and in the course of the argument, whenever counsel on one side or the other cited a case bearing in favour of their own views, each would nudge his lordship most diligently, or pull at his robe, to attract his particular attention. "Well, T——," said he to me, when we were rising, "this is a most tiresome case; and as for me, it is nothing but" (turning to the other judges) "pluck on one side and digs (Digges) on the other."'"

"Gentlemen," said Hevinge, "if you mean to play whist you may as well commence, as my landlady says the character of her house will be ruined from the disreputable hours you are leading me into, and I must, therefore, be in before twelve."

"What a crammer!" was Busheton's answer; "the latest man of the lot, who has so often seduced me into commencing to play écarté at half-past two in the morning, until our candles were gone, even after every irregular of the corps was reposing in the arms of Morpheus. Ah, Edward, you are a bad 'un, ruining my health and *crakter* with unearthly hours and much tobacco. We may as well indulge him, however." And so saying, we rose to take our places and to cut for partners, after which, with the exception of an occasional flying shot, and a perfect burst of approval and congratulations on one side, and mutual recriminations

as to good play on the other, after the conclusion of each rubber, together with sundry vexed points as to which side laid the five to two, or six to four on the rubber, we passed the remainder of the evening in that unbroken silence and attention to business which the noble game of whist demands from its votaries. It boots not to mention how many cigars I smoked, or how many cups of tea I drank (intoxicating fluids don't agree with whist, and were consequently not produced), or how I relished a smoking hot tumbler of brandy punch before facing the outer atmosphere, or what hour in the morning it was, or how one man could not recognise his lodgings, there being no numbers on the houses, and wanted to know "what a saddler's shop was like with its shuts up," it is enough that I arrived safe in my domicile, and shall not soon forget the friendly welcome I received on circuit, or the hearty, odd, and entertaining friends with whom I spent that evening, my first on the H—— bar.

## THE GIPSY GIRL.

BY MARY C. F. MONCK.

THY courtly speech is all in vain,  
 I will not hear thee more;  
 Time was when I had dreams of love,  
 But that at last is o'er.  
 Go woo the wind that bends yon tree,  
 And if it make reply,  
 And be the creature of thy will,  
 So then in truth shall I.

I tell thee all thy flatteries  
 Fall idly on mine ear,  
 Thy words are dull, and cold, and tame  
 To some I used to hear.  
 Thou trifler with a thousand hearts!  
 Thou never canst have known  
 The love that twines its hopes and fears  
 Round one—and one alone.

I had a lover, he was one  
 Who dwelt beyond the sea;  
 And in those days how fair was life!  
 How beautiful to me!  
 But he was slain. One sudden blow  
 Destroyed the hopes of years.  
 The grief that hath the keenest pang  
 Is that which sheds no tears.

Were I to listen to thy vows,  
 The grave would yield its dead;  
 All visions of an earthly love  
 Lie in his lonely bed.  
 But were my heart yet free to love,  
 No tender speech of *thine*,  
 No glance could ever answer find  
 In word or look of mine.

Oh ! let me seek my people's tents,  
 I hear their names reviled,  
 Yet feel in my indignant breast  
 I am the more their child.  
 I pride me that my gipsy blood  
 Speaks plainly in my face,  
 That on my dusky brow is marked  
 The impress of my race.

I scorn the wealth of shining gems  
 That thou wouldst have me prize ;  
 Say, can they match the hosts of stars  
 That gem the midnight skies ?  
 I care not for those scentless blooms,  
 Though bright and fair to view ;  
 I weary for the wild-wood bells,  
 Born of the sun and dew.

The deer is lying in the fern,  
 In many a grassy glade ;  
 The fawn is bounding through the brake,  
 In sunshine and in shade.  
 'Tis many a month since I have seen  
 The moon look on those streams,  
 Whose voices haunt my waking hours,  
 And fill my sleep with dreams.

I sicken of this perfumed air,  
 This floor with carpets decked ;  
 My step fell lighter on the moss  
 With leaves and wild-flow'rs flecked.  
 I hate the dusky walls and roofs  
 That line each city street ;  
 I tremble at the hard, stern eyes,  
 The troubled brows I meet.

I would I might awake once more  
 Amid the dewy bowers,  
 And feel the morning incense rise  
 From sweet untended flowers.  
 Those scented waters have no charm  
 To cool my aching brow—  
 Oh, for the diamond drops that hang  
 On every forest bough !

The dells and glades, where not alone  
 My steps were wont to roam,  
 Have heard fond words that sought to paint  
 My future foreign home.  
 I must be free to wander there,  
 For, parted though we be,  
 The haunts we shared have soothing tongues  
 That speak of *him* to me.

I *must* be free—life wasteth fast,  
 And I am fain to die—  
 With nature's lovely solitudes  
 And nature's children nigh.  
 Nay, plead not : sooner shall thy hand  
 The summer lightning bind,  
 Than thy false love shall wean my thoughts  
 From all I've left behind.

## A VISIT TO THE HOME OF GOETHE.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

THERE is nothing prepossessing in the external appearance of the "Athens of Germany." Till the new palace was erected, Saxe Weimar had scarcely a single handsome building. The *Ritter StraÙe*, the largest street within the city, is little better than a lane; and the streets which have been built in the neighbourhood of the cemetery are only handsome as compared with the meanness which preceded them. The theatre—for the opening of which Schiller wrote his beautiful prologue to *Wallenstein*—is perfectly plain without, and I was told that the interior was equally simple; but there was no performance the night I was at Saxe Weimar, and when I called at the theatre in the morning neither money nor entreaties could procure me a moment's admission beyond the stage-door. During rehearsals it is strictly prohibited, and it was in this instance the more disappointing, as the piece they were reciting was the *Wallenstein's Lager*, and on the spot where the author had himself assisted at its first performance. To tread the same ground, and look upon the same objects, associates us more spiritually with the recollections of an eminent man than the sight of relics deposited in glass cases, or chambers that have been desecrated or changed; and there are numberless recollections at Saxe Weimar which make us forget its architectural poverty. The houses of Herder, Schiller, Wieland, and Goethe, and the associations connected with them, give its streets a higher interest than if every building was a palace.

I spent above an hour in the rooms—still remaining as he left them—and amongst the relics of Goethe, under the guidance of one of his friends and *worshippers*; for admirers is too feeble a term for those who have felt deeply the power of his genius, or the influence of his personal acquaintance. There was nothing of splendour, nothing even of a *scholar's* luxuries. The handsome copy of "*Sardanapalus, Foscari, and Cain*," presented by Lord Byron, was carefully folded, as it had been by Goethe himself, in a *silk pocket handkerchief*, and placed, with a few other volumes, in a drawer apart; but the generality of his books had the plain air of actual service, and most of them had been the companions of his long life. They were arranged on shelves of unpainted wood, in a small chamber adjoining his study, which was itself as plainly furnished. A common table, a deal writing desk, a few shelves, and one or two cabinets of the simplest workmanship, were all I noticed. Near his desk was hung a plaster medallion, encircled by himself with an inscription in ink—*Scilicet immenso superest ex nomine multum*. It was a profilé of Napoleon, which had fallen from the wall and been broken into fragments on the day of the battle of Leipsic, almost at the moment it was lost. The coincidence seems to have made considerable impression upon the imagination of Goethe, who was present when it fell, and by whom the fragments had been reunited and carefully preserved.

Of his MSS. I was shown the original *Geschichte Gottfriedens von Berlichingen*, written in the German character, in 1774; and "*Erotica Romana*," written in "Italian hand," and dated 1778. My companion

told me that while sitting with him in 1816, the servant having neglected to supply them with wood, Goethe had told him to feed the stove with the manuscript "*Erotica*." He managed, however, to conceal and preserve it, and evidently felt proud at having saved a relic from the flames.

In one part of the room were materials for some of the experiments connected with his *Farbenlehre*; and in the cover of a letter, near one of the windows, were some fragments of coloured silk, which had an interest of a different description when I heard for what purpose they had been employed. It appeared that his grandchild had been in the habit of visiting him in his study. He was too kind-hearted to repel her; and when he did not wish to be interrupted he placed her by his side, and offered some small new coin as a reward for unravelling one of the silken shreds: an occupation that generally kept her quiet. I thought more of Goethe after hearing this trifling anecdote than after reading even his "*Faust*." A mere heartless man of talent must be little better than a Mephistopheles.

Adjoining the study was the poet's bedroom: a small narrow closet with a single window looking into the garden; much the same in size and appearance as I have seen occupied by a Franciscan friar in his convent. In a corner, the wall of which was tapestried with a piece of common black-and-green carpeting, stood his bed, small and uncurtained, and by its side the chair in which he died. A clock that had marked the hours both of his birth and death was placed in an ante-room, where there were also his collection of minerals and a few of his books.

These were the *private* apartments; the retirement of the scholar and man of genius; but the principal suite of rooms had scarcely an inferior interest. Here, deposited in glazed presses, were the objects which had gratified his tastes or awakened his recollections of the past. Antiquities and medals, the skull of Vandyke, bronzes, arms, and all the *anticaglie* that a poet or a painter loves to possess. In one of them was a letter addressed to him by Sir Walter Scott, with his usual beauty of style and kindness of heart. Its commencement alone is a lesson to the vanity or impertinence that so often obtrudes itself upon the privacy of an eminent man. *Venerable and much-respected Sir*, are the words with which Scott—his equal in talent and in fame—thinks it right to preface his homage to the genius of Goethe. How many of the small-fry of literature have approached the author of "*Waverley*" himself with less of reverence! or fancied, in the abundance of their self-esteem, that to have addressed *any one* as "*venerable and much-respected sir*" would have been a lessening of their own consideration. The contents of the letter I cannot pretend to remember, but I recollect that its effect, as that of most of his other writings, was to make me think better of human nature. There was a private letter, in French, from the Duke of Wellington to the Duke of Saxe Weimar, introducing to him a son of Lord Mansfield; and a whole portfolio of despatches (addressed to General Rapp) by the most distinguished of Napoleon's officers.

Then there was the volume which Goethe used to call his "*Album*"—a collection of the portraits of his friends; and when I had looked over these more hastily than I could have wished, I had still to see a treasury of the rich offerings which, at various times, had been made to him by

his countrymen and admirers. They were deposited, as from their value and interest they deserved to be, in an iron chest secured by several curiously-constructed locks, and some of them were precious even as works of art. There was a crown of laurel, the leaves of gold, the berries of emerald, sent from Frankfort in 1819 or 1820; and worthy, for its beauty alone, to be placed among the regalia of an emperor. It was accompanied by a detached leaf of the same workmanship, with an intimation that as a year had elapsed since the wreath was ordered, and as every year of his life added a fresh leaf to the laurels of Goethe, his admirers had felt that their offering would be incomplete without a type of the year that had passed. This was not the only present he had received from his native town: there was also a silver drinking-cup which had been sent to him with some choice hock, and bore an inscription to the effect that "the mind was invigorated by wine, and there could be no fire without fuel." Mr. Gough would be of a different opinion.

A handsome seal of enamelled gold, the offering of fifteen of the great poet's British admirers (including Scott, Moore, Carlyle, &c.), was engraved with the motto *Dhne hast aber dhne rast*—which has more meaning (said one of my German friends) than the mere words import; it refers not exactly to "the spur that the clear spirit doth raise"

To scorn delights, and live laborious days;

but to some inward impulse to "*continued, though not headlong, progress*;" or it might be rendered by the Latin *festina lente*. These are but a small part of the costly gifts which I might notice, were I writing a guide-book or a catalogue.

I have never approached the private life of a man of genius—and it has not always been as a stranger—without being as much struck by the discovery of his habits of unwearied application, the amount of his actual *manual labour*, as I had previously been by the splendour of his talents. Goethe's correspondence alone, deposited in one of the closets of the book-room, filled *two hundred and twenty-three* MS. volumes; and, in the midst of his multifarious labours, he kept a diary, or *Tagebuch*, that would itself form an extensive work. The last of the volumes which contain it commences *January*, 1831, with some observations on Scott's *Demonology*, and ends the 15th March, 1832, with a memorandum of his physician Professor Vogel's account of a recent excursion to Jena, with which Goethe expresses himself well pleased. On the 22nd he died.

The visit I have just attempted to describe was but the commencement of my literary pilgrimage through Weimar. There were still to be seen the houses of Schiller, of Wieland, and of Herder; and the places of their sepulture.

To reach the last resting-place of Schiller and of Goethe, it was necessary to take a rather long walk to the *Gottesacker*, or cemetery; an establishment of modern date, where the arrangements for the prevention of premature interment are said to have been the model for those adopted at Frankfort.

Near its centre rises a Doric chapel, surmounted by a cupola, which forms the mausoleum of the sovereigns of Saxe Weimar, their coffined remains being deposited in its vault. It was here the Grand-Duke Carl desired that the bodies of his friends, the poets whom he had loved and honoured, should be placed beside his own; but his wishes have been

neglected, or found incompatible with etiquette, for, though admitted to the same chamber of the dead, the remains of Goethe and of Schiller are placed in a corner apart, and at a very respectful distance from those of grand-dukes and duchesses. This—to use the words of Herr von Raumer, on a different occasion—is *kleinlich und nicht würdig*—a wrong done both to the dead and the living. It seems like carrying the formalities of a court into the solemnities of another world.

We returned through the park—one of the most beautiful in Germany, as it has always been described—and passed near the small white cottage that generally, for six or eight weeks, was the summer residence of Goethe, and is mentioned by him with pleasant remembrances in his verses on the *Gartenhaus am Park*. It has no *pretension*, but is precisely the

Humble shed,  
Where roses breathing,  
And woodbines wreathing,  
Around the windows their tendrils spread ;

which Moore describes as the abode of love—Theodore Hook calls a *dampery*; and those “in smoky cities pent” pause to look at in their evening walks, and envy.

From this I went with my companion to the Grand-Ducal Library—a collection of about 130,000 volumes, not, on this occasion, to see its books, but its relics. Here, again, was Goethe, in the bust executed a year before his death by David, and inscribed with a quotation from Schiller; and there was a bust of Schiller, with a quotation from Goethe. There were also busts of Herder and of Wieland; a fine portrait of Charles V. as a monk (which Mr. Stirling should have had as an illustration of his “Cloister Life”); an engraved one of Canning; and a well-painted full-length of the Grand-Duke Carl, whose cast of features very much resembles that of the great poet whom he was proud to call his friend. It would be difficult to say whether the name of the grand-duke or the author of “Faust”—the *Groß Herzog* or the *Groß Dichter* had been the most frequently repeated to me during my brief stay at Saxe Weimar. I had still to see—displayed in the library (as Sir Walter Scott’s at Abbotsford)—the dress he wore at court; a common dark-green coat, trimmed with gold lace, and preserved with as much veneration as its neighbouring relic, the chorister’s dress of Luther; a kind of coarse brown tunic, well worn, and apparently without much attention to a virtue which is still not very strictly regarded by a nation who only use baths medicinally.

With these our *videnda* finished, and a drive of less than two hours brought us to the heights above Jena—the scene of the great battle of 1806. To an unprofessional eye, it seems impossible that such steep acclivities could be carried against a strong and well-placed force. My military friends tell me that it is not so difficult as it appears. Much of the fire down uneven ground is ineffective; and, when it comes to the bayonet, victory does not greatly depend upon the locality.

This, however, has nothing to do with my recollections of Goethe. They are, I confess, of little amount; and—great as he is—I should not speak of *him* as of Shakspeare; but what would we not give for notices of Shakspeare’s habits and his home, even such as those which I have chanced to collect of Goethe?

## DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854.

BY FLORENTIA.

The Forum and the Capitol by Night—"In Memoriam"—Legends of the Church of the Ara Coeli—A Scrap of Contemporary History.

I LEFT the party with whom I had visited the Coliseum deep in discussion of a certain emperor's supposed admiration of an English lady, who, if report speaks true, would have had no manner of objection to re-enact the rôle of the Montespan or the Pompadour. The French ladies had been charmed with the coloured lights and a game of hide-and-seek with the count in the lower gallery. Every one was talking. I pined for solitude, and stole away along the Sacred Way towards the Forum. Once out of the reach of the ladies' shrill voices, not a sound broke the solemn stillness of the night; the moon, yet high in the heavens, cast down her "dim religious light," the stars shone out, leading the mind to other spheres balancing in space, more glorious perchance than our earth; the night breezes blew softly by, loaded with the moist odour of flowers, and waved the dark groves on the Palatine Hill, stern and repulsive in aspect even under the harmonious influences of this fair summer night. How was it? Suddenly a cloud came before my eyes, the present vanished, and I was again at the old home, the pleasant home where I was born. How my heart swelled as I looked at the bright English woods of living oak, and the pretty garden sloping to the sun, where I played as a child! and there was the verandah and the dear round room, and the books, and the arm-chair, and one that sat on it, so fondly loved, so hardly parted from—one I never may see again! Her fond gaze was on me with an earnest mother's glance, and I felt her soft hand. But hold, my tears!—the vision had fled—all was plain around me, and my soul ~~ached~~ <sup>ached</sup> to think it was a dream! but oh! the depths of household memories, the deep, ~~thrilling~~ <sup>thrilling</sup> chords of unutterable love that were struck in that brief instant of my spirit's wandering!

Opposite the Coliseum, on a low hill, stands a lonely portico, its altar broken and its statues gone, once forming part of the magnificent temple designed and built by Adrian, and dedicated to Venus and to Rome. A forest of elegant marble arcades on either side towards the Forum and the Coliseum marked the double portico elevated on marble steps, conceived by the imperial architect as an improvement on the designs of the famous Apollodorus, whose skill had roused his envy, and whose life was afterwards sacrificed by a too honest criticism on the emperor's erection. Still, notwithstanding the disapprobation of Apollodorus, no temple in ancient Rome could have excelled it in excellence and grandeur. The remains of the pillared colonnade border the Sacred Way, on which I walked, still paved with great blocks of stone, worn by the marks of the chariot-wheels of old Rome! What a world of recollections does it evoke! What tears have fallen here—what glory passed by! How many joyful feet have rushed along it—what noble blood has soiled it! Here passed the emperors Augustus, Nero, Tiberius, Caligula, Domitian, gods and priests, to offer sacrifices in the great temple of Jupiter Capi-



tolinus, "supremely great and good," followed by the most gorgeous trains the sun ever shone upon ; here passed the triumphant generals and commanders seated in burnished chariots of gold—Trajan, and Titus, and Julius Cæsar, Pompey, and Sylla—and so many others, crowned with martial laurels won from barbarian nations whose names the world scarce knew, bearing the front of celestial Jove himself in their high pride, as the voices of assembled thousands proclaimed them "saviours of their country," and saluted the victorious legions in their train, while heavy fell on those great stones the feet of the long line of captives, dragging their clanking chains ; here passed the sainted apostles Peter and Paul to the damp vaults of the Mamertine prison under the lofty shrine of Jupiter, whose altars ere long were to fall beneath the power of that faith they were about to seal with their blood ; and here the captive Jews, chained to the car of victorious Titus, licked the dust before the Roman plebeians. And if tears have fallen, blood has also been spilt. The aged Galba tottered along it towards the *Milliarum Aureum*, where, regardless of his grey hairs, the savage soldiers mercilessly massacred him, opposite the Forum, in face of the Roman people, who dared not raise a voice to stay the cruel deed. Vitellius, too, was dragged half clothed along the Sacred Way, like a beast to be slaughtered in the shambles. Here in early times the wicked Tullia passed, mounted in her chariot, on to the Forum, where sat her husband Lucius, the murderer of her father, whom she saluted king ; here Messalina, proud as a Juno, displayed her voluptuous charms and perfumed vestments to the gaze of the Romans. Lucretia's footsteps often pressed these stones when, still a proud and happy wife, she passed to sacrifice in the temple of Juno, where none but the chastest matrons dared to enter ; out by hence Volumnia and Valeria sped, fired with the high resolve of saving prostrate Rome ; and young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome,

With her small tablets in her hand,  
And her satchel on her arm,  
Forth she went bounding to the school,  
Nor dreamed of shame or harm.

The elegant Horace himself tells us he loved to saunter here and criticise the passing scene—and Cicero, with his imperious wife, Terentia—and Catullus and Tacitus—and Livy, all in their day traversed this great world-thoroughfare, ever moving, ebbing and flowing with multitudes from the basilicas, the temples, the forums, the circus that bordered its sides, where stood strange uncouth elephants of bronze, side by side, with the statue of Horatius, who nobly held the bridge against the Etruscan army—one man's arm against a host—and of the brave maiden Clælia, who, rather than dwell longer in the camp of her country's enemies, trusted herself and her companions to the waters of the Tiber, "to whom the Romans pray."

And now, I have reached the Forum. How lovely it is here under this mild and tempered light ! No harsh lines—no rude contrasts—no incongruous colours now are visible to break the spell that haunts the scene of the mighty past : under the benignant mantle of night the present has vanished, and the calm moon shines but on the remnants of classic Rome. The lonely marble pillars stand out clear and bright,

linking together historic recollections of the palladian splendour that once adorned this space ; lofty arches appear, bearing no marks of decay, but fresh and snowy as when first dug from the marble quarries ; and the deep porticos cast long shadows over the modern buildings, which now shrink back, ashamed to obtrude on this holy ground haunted by the memories of grand and heroic deeds, and sacred in the world's historic page above any other spot on God's wide earth. It is an awful and a solemn thing to visit the valley of the Forum by night ; the darkness of ages and the dimness of decay is imaged by the heavy gloom hanging around the mysterious precincts, haunted by the spirits of the mighty dead, whose shadows seem to linger about the habitations they loved so well when living. Here then stood that venerable Forum, the hearth and home of early as of imperial Rome ; the market, the exchange, the judgment-seat, the promenade, the parliament ; where lived, and moved, and loved, and fought that iron nation predestined to possess the earth—founded in the fabulous days when the world was young, and the gods loved “ the daughters of men,” and descended to enjoy the fruits of the earth—by Romulus on the field when he waged battle with the Sabine forces. Finding that his troops were flying before the enemy, and that no one would face about to fight, Romulus knelt down in the midst of the terrified soldiers, and lifting up his hands to heaven, prayed “ Father Jupiter” to defend and re-establish his people now in extreme peril. Jupiter, it was believed, heard and granted the prayer ; for the fugitives, struck with sudden reverence for their king, turned and re-formed their broken lines, and in their turn repulsed the advancing Sabines. But the daughters of the Sabines, who had been forcibly carried off from the Great Circus, rushing down from the Aventine between the opposing armies, with dishevelled hair, and carrying their infants in their arms—calling now on a Roman husband, now on a Sabine father or brother to desist—stayed the fight by their cries, lamentations, and entreaties, with appeals too eloquent to resist. Peace was concluded between the two nations, and Tatius, the Sabine king, offered sacrifices and joined in amity and eternal friendship with Romulus—burying the wrongs done to the Sabine women in the foundations of the Forum. Tarquinius Priscus raised around it spacious porticos to screen and temper the halls from the sun and wind, and built shops for the foreign wares that came from Ostia, and from Antium, and Etruria, as the city grew rich and flourishing—those shops for ever famous as the place where perished Virginia by her father's hand, before the ivory chair of the detested Appius, who, powerful and imperious as he was, surrounded by the lictors, and supported by the power of the fasces, could not force a Roman virgin to shame. By the spirit of Lucretia the haughty tribune strove in vain !

I endeavoured to rebuild the fallen walls of the Forum such as they afterwards appeared—a vast and noble enclosure—pillared on double rows of marble columns, open arcades, and majestic porticos, stretching away in long lines towards the temple-capped Capitoline Mount, rising at the further extremity. Between the two long, pillared aisles, rose a low wall of division, hung, in the time of Cæsar, with splendid drapery, descending in heavy folds from the ceiling, more effectually to shelter the togaed senators and tribunes and patricians that paced up and down the long arcades on brilliant mosaic floors, or sat in judgment within

the senate-house, giving laws to the universe. Innumerable statues, modelled by the best sculptors of Greece and Rome, broke the lines of the colonnades, while brilliant paintings lit up the walls within whose ample enclosure rose great basilicas—the Optima, the Æmilian, and the Julian, besides the Comitium, where the Curiae met—whose walls were the witnesses of the cruel scourging inflicted on the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, before they were led out to die. The *restra* stood within the enclosure of the Forum, containing the orator's pulpit, where Rome had so often hung enchanted over the eloquence of Cicero; Mark Anthony had fired the populace to revenge "great Caesar's fall," the mutilated body lying exposed before him; Caius Gracchus melted the hearts of his audience; and Manlius sought to suspend the fatal sentence hanging over him, as he pointed to the Capitol, and bade his countrymen remember his arm alone had sustained it. Close at hand was the tribunal where the magistrates sat on ivory chairs, whence came the decree of Brutus, condemning his own sons to die, and of Titus Manlius, who preferred his son's death at his tribunal, rather than, living, know him disobedient to the consular power he wielded—barbarous rigour, that afterwards wrought such grief and woe, when power and injustice went hand-in-hand in Rome. Near grew the Numinalis—the mysterious fig-tree—whose shade sheltered Romulus and Remus while the wolf suckled them. In the time of Augustus it was enclosed by a temple. The sanctuary of Vesta, with its roof of bronze, stood near the Comitium, circular in shape, and chaste and pure, as suitable to the virgin daughter of Saturn, where the sacred virgins, clad in long white vestments bordered with imperial purple, tended the sacred fire under the image of the goddess, and guarded the Trojan Palladium—the golden shield—on whose preservation it was said Rome's existence depended. Behind the temple, at the foot of the Palatine, rose a wood of evergreen oaks, devoted to silence and repose, where the dark branches waved over the tombs of the departed vestals, whose spirits it was believed passed at once to the delights of Elysium. Under the Palatine Hill, and near the shrine of Vesta, a pure fountain of freshest water gushed into a magnificent marble basin, close to the portico of the temple dedicated to Castor and Pollux. It was said, and believed, that after the battle of Lake Regillus, the great twin brethren, mounted on snow-white horses and radiant in celestial beauty, suddenly appeared in the Forum, and announced to the anxious and expectant multitude the victory gained by their fellow-citizens over the Etruscans. At this fountain they stopped and refreshed their horses, and when asked whence they came and by what name men called them, they suddenly disappeared. So the Romans raised a temple to their honour by the spring where they had stood on mortal earth.

Where now the moon lights up a barren space, the Lake of Curtius once yawned in the midst of the Forum, to the horror and astonishment of the superstitious senators, who judged the omen so awful, that the god's anger could alone be allayed by the sacrifice of what Rome deemed to be most precious—a bold and noble warrior, who, armed cap-a-pie, flung himself headlong into the gulf.

Afterwards Domitian raised, as it were in derision, a colossal statue of himself over this spot where the ground had closed, hallowed by

patrician recollections. Beside it stands the single column of Phocas, still remaining, once crowned by his gilded statue; while, to the right, the massive pile of the triumphant Arch of Severus flings down black shadows on the marble stairs descending from the Capitol.

The Capitol, the heart of Rome and sanctuary of the Pagan world, that scene of palladian magnificence, stood forth in my fancy radiant and glorious, piled with terraces of pillared temples, and superb porticos, and lofty arches, rising above each other, as it were the abodes of the gods on earth, watching what passed below among the children of men. Here, amidst statues, monuments, and columns, rise sumptuous temples, dedicated to Peace, to Vespasian, Jupiter, Feretrius, and Saturn; while, crowning the hill, and overlooking the Forum, is the Tabularium, surrounded by long ranges of open porticos, within whose walls hang recorded, on tables of brass, the treaties Rome concluded with friends or enemies.

Around is the open space called the Intermontium, between the rising peaks of the hill, where grew a few shattered time-worn oaks, endeared to the plebs by the recollection that Romulus made this spot at all times the most sacred and inviolable asylum to all who sought the hospitality of his new city—all crimes, all treasons safely harboured here! Above, to the right, elevated high over the clustered temples, arches, and palaces, arose the awful fane of Jupiter Capitolinus, at once a fortress—founded on a precipice—and a sanctuary, containing the fatal oracles of the tutelary deities, from its size, name, splendour, and the dignity of its worship, exceeding any other edifice in the world—the most venerable and the most gorgeous pile that the imagination of man can conceive, adorned with all that art could invent, and blazing with the plunder of the world. Here came the consuls to assume the military dress, and to offer sacrifices before proceeding to battle; here, on special seasons of danger, the senate assembled in the presence of the god presiding over the destinies of the people; here the laws were displayed to the citizens, and the most gorgeous religious rites performed. The façade, turned towards the south and east, consisted of a gigantic portico supported by six ranges of columns; statues of gilt bronze alternated with the pillars, on which were suspended countless trophies of victory and magnificent shields and plates of gold, along with the glittering arms won from barbarian enemies of the gods, together with the swords, and axes, and shields worn by generals who had returned victorious to Rome and enjoyed the honours of a military triumph; statues of gilt bronze were ranged along the roof, covered in with tiles of gilt brass, all save the cupola, which was open, disdaining any other roofing but the skies; superb basso-relievos decorated the entablature and frieze, while vast colonnades of the most precious coloured marbles extended from either side of the central temple, linking the side porticos of almost equal splendour. That to the right was dedicated to Juno, that to the left to Minerva, the wife and daughter of the terrible god who sat enthroned within the gilded walls of the central sanctuary, surrounded by statues of the inferior deities, crowned with a golden diadem, and wearing a toga of purple, holding in his hand the awful thunder destined to destroy the enemies of imperial Rome. Jupiter, “supremely great and good,” had never, according to the Romans, condescended to inhabit any other

earthly abode, and was particularly propitious when approached in his awful temple on the Capitol, where his altars burned with perpetual incense, spread by imperial hands, and generals, kings, and potentates came from the far ends of the earth to offer costly sacrifices and worship.

Beyond the Tabularium, on the opposite side of the hill, where the moon lights up a mass of dingy walls, uprose the citadel built on the Tarpeian Rock, its base once bathed by the waters of the Tiber. This fortress, conquered by the indignant Sabines, and so heroically defended by Manlius against the Gauls, is now no more; not a vestige remains, save the "brazen images" of those patriotic geese that woke the echoes on that dark night so nearly fatal to the existence of Rome, preserved in the modern Campidoglio. A temple dedicated to Juno Moneta was afterwards built on the foundations of the house of Manlius, where the archives of the city and the public treasury were kept. And what was this mighty city that I have sought to disinter from the darkness of the past, and to rebuild, standing alone in the Forum under the moon's pale light? Within its precincts the dark ilex and cypress-branches waved over altars, grottos, and tombs, in thirty-two sacred groves. Fourteen aqueducts once linked the city with the Alban and Sabine Hills, drawing large rivers and softly gushing mountain springs to feed its fountains, palaces, and circuses. From the golden milestone in the Forum, roads extended over the whole world—the Appian, the *regina viarum*, passing through Naples to Brindisi, the Flaminian, the Aurelian, the Latin Æmilian and Salarian Ways. On those endless high-roads, in the sumptuous palaces, under the countless porticos, in the temples, the forums (of which Rome reckoned fourteen, each of surpassing magnificence), the circuses, the baths, all monuments of the luxury, the power, and the civilisation of the mistress of the world, five millions of inhabitants circulated. Fifty-six public baths of unrivalled size and splendour served as a promenade and recreation to a luxurious people. Two immense amphitheatres and two circuses, each accommodating nearly one hundred thousand spectators, amused the idleness of this vast multitude. Five vast lakes for naval combats, thirty-six marble arches of triumph, nineteen public libraries, forty-eight obelisks, and a universe of marble, bronze, and stone statues, people anew the city with an elegant and refined splendour.

Where now the desolate Campagna clasps the fallen city with a zone of rural beauty—buildings, streets, markets, temples, gardens—the environments of an immense city once appeared. The fatal pregnant beauty of this district tells a tale of former splendour, even after centuries of ruin, and amid the rank vegetation of the south. Rome once extended to Otricoli (a day's journey distant), to Ostia (where the sea bore merchandise and riches to its shores), to Tivoli and Albano; and then came the enchanting villas, and the wealthy farms and rich vineyards of the emperors and the nobles, nestling in the soft valleys, and dotting the distant mountains with incredible fertility and Arcadian beauty.

It is said that when Hormisdas, the Persian architect, accompanied the Emperor Constantine into Rome, he was so astonished at the grandeur of the buildings, that he supposed he had passed through the finest portion of the city, while still upwards of twenty miles distant from the

Forum! But Rome—still bearing even in her decline the heavenly keys, conferring the sacred power to bind and to loose the Catholic world, and the golden crown for the head of imperial Caesar—no longer wears the glittering robes of purple and gold as of yore, the universe no longer quails under her iron sceptre; sorrow, and suffering, and age, and ruin, have wrinkled her imperial brow; her lofty spirit has fled, her head is bent down in the dust, and she weeps, for the days of her mourning are come! But, in the midst of my joy and happiness at being in Rome, Death came like a dark shadow between me and the living, obscuring the bright, enticing world, and spreading his gloomy wings over one I loved. Death came with his icy breath, to tell me that this world is but a passing, many-hued vision, and that art, and intellect, and earthly grandeur, and the pride of wealth, and the delights of learning, and the intoxication of science, must all fall before the mysterious summons to that unseen world, towards which each moment we are hastening! It came like a sad but wholesome lesson, for I had been too happy. A lovely girl, not yet twenty, had come from the distant shores of the New World to seek for health under these warm Italian skies. She was beautiful, this young American—beautiful with the type of her Indian blood—dark, restless, gazelle eyes, fringed by long silken eyelashes, and brown hair, braided over a chiselled forehead, pure as a Madonna; but there was death in the fragile form and rosy complexion of those thin cheeks. Yet she was young and full of hope, life lay so fresh and fair before her, and she fought valiantly with her insidious enemy. Her gaiety, her grace, her goodness, and a certain merry roguishness, that became her prettily, seemed to defy the dark fate looming in the distance. We forgot she was ill, for she was the gayest of us all, and entwined round our very hearts. But the dreary day came, in the early spring, when even Italian winds are chill and wintry. She sank, and sank. Still ever and anon abundant youth, and the fresh blood in her veins, bounded forth, and she fought sorely with the foe. But her hours were numbered, and the angel of death descended upon that once cheerful house, and bore our pretty flower to bloom in the heavenly gardens. In pity to her innocence and youth the dread visitant came softly and gently. She died sitting in her chair, and none knew, until she was cold, but that she peacefully slumbered. Sleep it was—but a sleep from which there is no awaking to the soft voice of beloved friends. Oh! there was grief, horror, and misery, and despair, when we knew that she was called away. It was a scene too harrowing to describe. Then there came friends of her own land—holy, pious women like the blessed saints of old—and they performed every office tenderly and kindly, usually left to menials and hirelings. But they loved her too well not to attire her themselves for the last solemn ceremony.

All honour to those noble-minded American mothers who had the fortitude to step between the dead and the living; their names are surely registered in heaven for this high act of Christian sympathy, and their charity shall cover a multitude of sins in the mighty day of reckoning! They laid her on the bier in the same room where her merry laugh had so lately echoed, and where we had gazed with delight at her beauty. A plain deal shell, the boards uncovered, according to the Italian custom, enclosed her virgin form. Did I speak of

beauty? Never did she look half so fair. Death had spared her even a sigh, and she lay calm and composed as a sleeping infant—alabaster was not more white. The long lashes fringed her pale cheeks—a wreath of white roses bound her temples, and the white shroud, and the masses of rich auburn hair. A crucifix lay on her breast, and white flowers, fit emblems of her maiden innocence, strewed the coffin. Never before had I looked on the face of the dead; but here was no horror; death was disarmed of all his terrors, and seemed but the gentle messenger to eternal peace in the far-off fatherland above. There was no reserve or refusal in the survivors to receive the sympathy of friends. We sat round the darkened room in solemn contemplation, and prayed before the bier. Eternity seemed there, and the sweet dead linked us to the world of spirits whither we must all go. The crowd and the garish world buzzed and jarred around, heedless of our great grief. Day and night we sat beside the corpse and watched; no one would leave her; there was a spell around her even in death—that sweet girl! But on the evening of the second day there came many steps, and whisperings of strange voices, and strange forms appeared like spirits of evil, fearful to behold, all clothed in black from head to foot, only their eyes were visible through the serge garments; they bore torches in their hands, and pressed round our beloved. We took one last look—impressed one last kiss on the pale, icy lips—scattered fresh flowers over the bier, and she was borne out by the black gliding ghosts. A long procession formed in the street—priests, and monks, and choristers; and I saw her over-shrouded by the pall—the white crown of roses at her head, and a cross of flowers at her feet; and the low chant burst forth, and the tapers glimmered in the dark street, and she was gone from us *for ever!*

“And who,” said L——, “will watch over our dear S—— to-night in the dark, lonely church?”

“The angels, love,” replied W——, “will be there; they will guard our sister!”

I have already mentioned the church of the Ara Coeli, and its miraculous and very ugly Bambino Santo, which, at the time of the revolution, drove about, they say, in the Pope's state carriage, by order of the government, to visit the sick who invoked it. Beside the splendid memories that cling to these mouldering walls, now falling into a second decay, as the spot where once stood the glittering temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, there is much that is venerable and interesting in its architecture and traditions. It stands on the highest point of the Capitoline Hill, elevated above the modern structure of the Campidoglio, designed by Michael Angelo—to my mind one of the many *fiascos* committed by that extraordinary man. The principal entrance is reached by a broad and lofty flight of one hundred and twenty-four marble steps, evidently a remnant of the Pagan temple. At Christmas-time it is the custom to form a solemn procession within the church, when the Bambino is carried in triumph, followed by priests in rich vestments, carrying lights and incense, and a long line of the dark-robed, barefooted Franciscan monks, to whom the Bambino belongs, which they declare to have been carved by a Franciscan pilgrim out of a tree which grew on the Mount of Olives, and painted by St. Luke, while the monk slept over his work. As the procession passes the entrance it is held up for veneration to the

sound of solemn music and chanting, when hundreds of the lower classes of the modern plebs prostrate themselves on the long flight of steps, grouped in various attitudes of delight, admiration, and awe. Some are so devout as actually to ascend the steps on their knees, in the same manner as at the *Scala Santa*, in honour of the *Santo Bambino*. The crowd within the church was so dense and exceedingly ill-savoured that I could scarcely remain to see the ceremony out.

At this festive season the *Presepio* is also exhibited in one of the side-chapels, and is much visited, as being the best in Rome. A species of theatre is formed, raised to the level of the altar, on which appear full-sized figures of Joseph and Mary, holding in her arms the *Bambino*, wearing its diamond crown, and glittering with gold offerings and jewels. Before them are prostrated the shepherds, their sheep reposing near; in the recesses of the grotto-stable appear the oxen feeding in their stalls; while above, in a glory, heaven opens, and the Almighty, surrounded by the celestial hosts, gazes on the touching scene, linking the Godhead with mankind. As the representation is extremely graceful, and the figures artistically correct in drapery and expression, I must confess that I viewed with pleasure a sacred picture recalling to my mind the humiliation and love of our divine Saviour thus visibly brought home to the imagination. By Catholics it is contemplated with unquestioning and unaffected reverence and gratitude; they adore the Saviour in the symbolic image, and earnest prayers and long looks of love, heaving sighs and tearful eyes, evidence the intensity of their feelings. The *Presepio* is not shown until the falling day permits of an artificial light. When the body of the church is in deep gloom this one bright, happy, genial spot shines out, shedding floods of typical and positive light around. After about an hour a Franciscan monk appears on the stage, blows out the lights, and lets down a curtain, terminating the exhibition in a most primitive manner.

Opposite, for ten successive days after Christmas, little children, previously instructed by the monks, mount on a kind of wooden pulpit, erected beside a column, and pronounce a discourse, or sermon, on the subject of the divine Saviour's lowly birth and humble infant years. Some of the children, all very young, perform their part admirably, and are full of fire and animation; their little eyes shining, and fat, chubby arms raised, they gesticulate with an energy and scream with a vigour of lungs quite Italian, as they stand opposite the mildly illuminated *Presepio*, and point with their tiny fingers towards the image of *Him* through whom they, as well as ourselves, can alone find redemption.

Everything in the church of the *Ara Coeli* leads the mind to the touching contemplation of the young and feeble years of the son of God. What a world of beauty is there in the idea! A church dedicated to that Virgin who was pronounced "blessed above women," and devoted to display and glorify the child-like obedience and gentleness of the infant Jesus, now stands on the foundations of the awful sanctuary where cruel and unnatural demons once had rule, the pure, gracious, and merciful Mary usurping the altar of Jupiter! Rome, in her many astounding contrasts, offers none more striking. The master of Olympus has vanished, but his stately temple has furnished the columns which support her shrine; the very gold that gilds the roof was a spoil gained from the Turks at the battle of Lepanto.



Immediately over the high altar is a curious inscription, in large golden letters, recalling a miracle remarkable in the mediæval history of Rome. "*Regina Cœli latare alleluia*" is engraven there, and thus runs the chronicle:—In the reign of Gregory the Great, that sainted and exalted Pope, a horrible pestilence ravaged the city. To intercede with the Almighty for his afflicted servants a great procession was formed on Easter Sunday, A.D. 596, from the church of the Ara Cœli to St. Peter's, situated at extreme and opposite ends of the city, to implore mercy, and call on the people generally to repentance. The pontiff himself headed the assembled thousands, and as the long line of the sacred pageant passed over the bridge, and under the tomb of Adrian, on the opposite side of the Tiber, celestial voices are said to have been heard in the air, singing, "*Regina Cœli latare alleluia*," the Pope and the vast multitude responding, as if by inspiration, "*Ora pro nobis*." Gregory also, it is said, beheld an angel radiant with celestial effulgence sheathing a fiery sword. That very day the plague ceased, in memory of which miraculous event a procession takes place every year on St. Mark's day; a statue of bronze, representing an angel sheathing a sword, was placed on the summit of Adrian's tomb, ever afterwards named, in memory of the vision, Castel San Angelo; the words "*Regina Cœli*" were incorporated by the Catholic Church into her offices, and the inscription I have mentioned engraved on the arch over the high altar in the church of the Ara Cœli.

But I have yet to mention another most curious legend before leaving this church, so venerable by its ecclesiastical traditions. To the left of the high altar I was shown a chapel dedicated to Helena, the mother of Constantine, and I read another inscription which excited my curiosity. It was in Latin, and expressed "that the chapel was called Ara Cœli, and was erected in the very place where it was supposed the Virgin appeared in a glory to the Emperor Augustus. This curious tradition arose from the following circumstance:—Augustus is said to have demanded of the oracle of Apollo, "who, after him, should be the master of the world?" The oracle was silent. Again a second time he offered sacrifice, but the god deigned no reply. At length, still pressed by the emperor, after a solemn pause, it spake and said: "That a Jewish child, God himself, and the master of gods, is about to drive Apollo from his seat, therefore expect no longer any answers from his altars." Augustus, astonished and confounded at the reply, retired, and immediately caused an altar to be erected on the Capitol, bearing the inscription, "*Ara primogeniti Dei*." At the end of three days he beheld in a vision a virgin of surpassing beauty seated on the altar, holding a child in her arms, while a voice proclaimed "*Hæc ara Filii Dei est*;" and therefore, it is said, Augustus would allow no one afterwards to call him a god.

History informs us that a Sybil (the Tiburtine) lived in early days at Tivoli, the remains of whose beautiful temple, overhanging the precipice, washed by foaming cascades, still remains. An oracle is known to have existed there as late as the time of the Emperor Adrian, who consulted it during his residence at the far-famed villa, whose gigantic ruins still extend over the plain at the foot of the mountains that enclose and shelter the beautiful town, its fragrant valleys, and delicious rivers and water-

falls. As to the vision which is said to have visited Augustus, it is no more incredible than the universally admitted fact that his successor, Constantine, was favoured with a similar miraculous revelation. Why not, therefore, Augustus? Especially when the traditions of the East and the West plainly pointed to the coming of the future Messiah.

I cannot tell how these legendary facts, half history, half tradition, read at a distance, but I can only say, studied on the spot, supported by contemporaneous monuments, and consecrated by long ages of profound and unhesitating belief, they are very convincing and utterly astonishing.

Some friends of mine, who were in Rome during the siege, gave me last night many amusing details. The poor Pope—good and innocent as a child, with the most benevolent desire of rendering his people happy—granted measure after measure, of a republican character, at the desire of the Romans, with a rapidity quite alarming. What he accorded in *two* years without subterfuge or opposition, ought to have been *laboriously* extorted from him inch by inch in *half a lifetime*. The cardinals were *en masse* opposed to his liberal views; but when any measure was demanded of Pius by the republican leaders of the national movement that they would not sanction, he immediately granted it on his own responsibility. A young politician, truly! All this ended in the murder of Count Rossi; a crime at which the people openly and indecently rejoiced. The Corso was hung with tapestry, flowers, flags, and festoons, ornamented as for a festa, and the deed applauded as a patriotic act.

After the Pope's flight and the declaration of a republic, the anarchy and confusion waxed greater—especially when the arrival of the French became certain. When the French troops (destined to subdue the rebellious city, and replace Pius on the throne) really landed at Civita Vecchia, the executive government assembled the whole of the national troops in the Piazza degli Apostoli, in order officially to inform them that the news was correct, and to come to a mutual understanding as to how they meant to act, and whether to fight and defend the city in good earnest, or to capitulate. An immense concourse of troops assembled, all under arms; the spacious Piazza could scarce contain the throng; the enthusiasm was immense, overwhelming. Italians have such imaginations and such lungs, their united action is always something prodigious: amid cheers, shouts, and screams of patriotic excitement, they declared their intention of defending the city to the utmost, of willingly sacrificing their individual lives in the glorious struggle for freedom against foreign invasion. Some called on the Madonna to help them, others invoked the martial saints, George and Michael, while some, less religious, execrated the Pope, called on the heathen deities, and swore by "Great Jove and Bacchus," and wished a thousand "accidenti" and the mystic horrors of the Evil Eye, to those who doubted them! It was a tremendous scene, thoroughly national and dramatic; for the Italians are inimitable actors, and fight like knights palatine *on the stage*.

In the mean time, finding that war was inevitable, the existing government had applied to General Garibaldi to undertake the defence of the Eternal City. This individual, a native of Piedmont, had much distinguished himself in the wars against the Austrians in the north of

Italy; afterwards, being joined by the most reckless and hopeless of the insurgents, and a large portion of that scum which, having nothing to lose has everything to gain—a bloody, cruel, and vindictive gang—he formed an army, which he managed, by his military knowledge, admirably to discipline. Like the mediæval companies of old—the free German bands or the Jacquerie—they marched, a band of locusts, over the open country, from city to city, levying contributions for their sustenance, or, if not treated with sufficient consideration, politely threatening to plant their cannon against the walls and massacre the inhabitants.

Still Garibaldi did not grow rich by his marauding: he engaged in these expeditions from a real love of military employment, and as a means of paying his troops and sustaining the sinews of war, *not* for his pecuniary advantage. When they robbed the churches of plate it was immediately coined into money for the troops. No one has ever accused Garibaldi of selfish motives. He was undoubtedly a great rascal; yet withal an excellent soldier, desperately brave, and naturally of a generous disposition, overflowing with family affection; a good son, husband, and father. G—— witnessed his entrance into Rome, and says it was the richest sight he ever beheld. They came through the Porta del Popolo, the cavalry leading the way—a body of fine young fellows, well-mounted and well-dressed. Garibaldi rode in the centre, in splendid uniform, and armed like a Greek, with quantities of splendid daggers and pistols stuck into his belt: near him rode his faithful negro, who never left him; and at his side his wife, dressed in man's clothes, riding *en cavalier*, from whom, also, he never was separated. So far all was grand and romantic—quite chivalrous in fact—but then came the body of the army, the foot—such a crew as never eyes beheld; copper-coloured wretches, almost naked, wild, dishevelled hair hanging over their repulsive faces; no shoes, no stockings; armed with scythes, pitchforks, old knives, daggers, and every grotesque and antique weapon they had stolen from antiquarian collections, museums, the shambles, or the guard-house. On they came, a wild and ferocious multitude, their bodies swathed in the sheets and blankets they had stolen on the road *en passant*, driving before them troops of lean oxen, horses, donkeys, mules, fowls, sheep, geese, goats, and ducks,—all plunder caught up on the route. G—— says he nearly killed himself by suppressed laughter, for, in his wildest imagination, he never could have conceived such a demoniac and unearthly crew.

The French, after having seized the Janiculum heights, completely commanded Rome—stretching below like a vast map—but not before the magnificent villas Doria and Borghese had been mined by order of the government; seeking thus malevolently to injure the princely proprietors in their *property*; their *persons* being safe abroad, out of reach. The Janiculum once gained, Rome becomes an easy prey:

For, since Janiculum is lost,

Nought else can save the town.

As, in the classic days of Roman fable, the city was besieged by the Etruscan forces, “right glorious to behold,” commanded by Lars Porcenna, when, but for the inspired valour of Horatius and his two

companions in keeping the bridge, Rome must have fallen, so might the French now have riddled the venerable walls in a few hours, and turned classical ruin into total annihilation. But the Emperor had given particular directions to the general to spare the buildings, and to proceed with the utmost caution. The plan therefore adopted was to harass the citizens, dropping here and there a bomb-shell, contriving often that they should burst in the air or strike against the unbuilt side of the wooded Pincian. Still many persons were killed; and the Trasteverines immediately under the Janiculum were entirely driven out of their quarter, to the opposite and more opulent bank of the Tiber—the rich and wealthy quarters—where the houseless families were received into the noble palaces, and billeted in various places.

In the mean time, Garibaldi commanded in the city. Those loud-voiced enthusiasts, who had screamed so lustily in the Piazza degli Apostoli for war and liberty, now became mute and meek as lambs. The Italians are the greatest swaggerers and most arrant cowards, I do believe, on earth; one stout Frenchman or Englishman would send a dozen of them flying, like a drove of cackling poultry, right and left any day. Garibaldi was utterly disgusted, and depended principally on foreign mercenaries and his own unclothed ragamuffins. Every one in the city was called on to take up arms and join in the defence; the artists specially were worried by messages, threats, and summonses to attend the drills and to mount guard. Some made one excuse, some another; but a sergeant and four carabinieri, going to the studio of a certain well-known artist, found him absent, but his wife, a Roman, at home, who gave them so warm a reception, and screamed so energetically at the sergeant, threatening all the while to scratch out his eyes, that this valiant functionary forthwith retreated, and returning to his officer, declared he would never more return to ——'s studio without a *double guard of soldiers*!

As the siege proceeded the streets were barricaded in all directions, and immense quantities of sand laid down. Mr. W—— told me he could not even walk from the Piazza di Spagna to the Piazza del Popolo (less than a quarter of a mile), but that all at the further end of the town was quiet and orderly, the only persons molested being the cardinals, who were torn out of their carriages and insulted whenever they were found, and the carriages burnt. Horrible murders of the poor priests occurred—savagely, atrocious deeds, in cowardice and cruelty worthy of the lowest grade of animal ferocity. People passing in the streets witnessed these horrors, and beheld the infuriate Romans engaged in mutilating their victims, but beyond the crowd and the immediate excitement nothing further occurred. Prince Borghese, who, up to a certain point had been a thorough-going republican, and served in the national guards, fled away soon after the Pope, terrified at the excesses of his party, which caused them to bear him an especial grudge. Still Garibaldi permitted no pillage; and, although the gorgeous Vatican and Quirinal, the glorious palaces of the Doria, the Borghese, the Colonna, and the Torlonia, filled with fabled riches, the accumulation of centuries of power and wealth, were open and undefended, not a statue was touched—not a lock broken. The bombarding of the city took place generally in the night, when there was no safety but in the cellars and

under the portones, as the shots were discharged all over the city. Mr. W——, quite unmoved in the horrid strife, described himself as quietly watching the fusees and shells burst in the Piazza di Spagna, and admiring the brilliant effect of the explosion in the darkness. The French engineers showed incomparable skill in avoiding all injury to the buildings, and yet covering, enveloping the entire city in their fire. The republican government was extremely anxious to retain all the English as hostages; post-horses were taken away, and every impediment thrown in the way of departure. Some English people paid high sums as a bribe, when, Lord Napier expostulating at keeping the English like prisoners, many contrived to escape, passing through the French lines—especially a party of ladies I knew, who, having foolishly waited until the last moment, just filling a diligence, valorously set off alone, and reached Florence in safety. The last night of the siege was the most awful, when the French, having gained possession of the heights near the San Pancrazio-gate, and beaten down the wall, held the city utterly at their mercy. The bombshells and fusees went hissing over the houses all night, causing fearful alarm. Everybody got up and betook themselves to the lower stories, into any hole or corner for safety. Mr. Wyatt, the celebrated sculptor, now dead (I do not mean the Wyatt of atrocious memory, who imagined that disgraceful bronze “Duke,” which towers over London like a bad spirit triumphing over Art), alarmed as the rest, had risen, and only left his studio for an instant, when a shell entered and burst, destroying the walls and everything in the room. One moment sooner and he must have been killed. Another shell burst in the grand saloon of the Colonna Palace, breaking away part of a flight of marble steps leading to a kind of dais, at the upper end of the vast gallery—an injury which the prince so much resented he never to this day has permitted it to be repaired. Among many fearful casualties, a maid-servant of the Duca Sermoneta, standing in her room, had her ribs shot away on one side, and died in great agony.

Garibaldi, aware that the French at any moment could have blown up the whole city like a powder-magazine from their position, then capitulated, and retreated from the city with his bands. He was a strikingly handsome man, but looked worn and jaded as he passed through the streets. During the whole siege his faithful negro had never left him, and his wife continually followed him into battle dressed as a man, retiring when the fighting became too furious, attended by the black. This poor creature, shortly before the end of the siege, was shot while asleep under the walls, after having escaped unhurt from so many engagements. When Garibaldi retreated, his wife, then *enceinte*, and very ill from fever, insisted on accompanying the army; but, as if a curse was on all he loved, she died on the march from exhaustion, in a hovel by the roadside. They buried her, in haste, in an oak forest, for the French were hard upon them, and their retreat was precipitate. When the French came up, a few hours after, they recognised her corpse, which had been torn up by swine burrowing for acorns! Garibaldi, when last heard of, was in command of a merchant ship in the China trade, for he is as good a sailor as he is a brave and experienced soldier.

## THE STORY OF QUENTYN MATSYS.

"Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem."

NEAR an old cathedral doorway  
Once I saw a curious well;  
And while seated there I listened  
To this tale which I will tell.

Once in Antwerp lived a painter,  
Poor, but yet of honest fame;  
Happy if on glowing canvas  
He might leave a lasting name.

And this artist had a daughter,  
Of a sweet but lofty mien;  
Than the daughter of the painter  
Fairer sylph was seldom seen.

All who saw that maiden loved her,  
In that city, great and small;  
But a youth, named Quentyn Matsys,  
Loved her better than them all.

Matsys was a working blacksmith,  
And the painter in his pride,  
Told him, that an artist's daughter  
Must become an artist's bride.

Bitter words, and full of anguish!  
Quentyn's heart was vexed sore;  
Never with his lowly calling,  
Had he quarrelled so before.

When he saw that fate was cruel,  
Matsys knew but one desire;  
Like a spark among the fuel,  
Scorn had set his soul on fire.

When his daily toil was over,  
Never slothful, tired, or faint,  
Matsys in his secret chamber,  
Strove, with all his heart, to paint.

Often to that chamber college  
Stole the maiden, to impart  
Loving counsel, and the knowledge  
Of her father's generous art.

Years have passed, until, rejoicing,  
Matsys throws off his disguise,  
And stands forth a finished painter  
In the wondering artist's eyes.

Love and skill at last have triumphed;  
Seeing now his gift divine,  
"Thou hast won her," said her father,  
"Take her, she is doubly thine."

Often in the world around us,  
Words that bear envenomed stings,  
Spoken only to confound us,  
Goad us on to higher things.

Only can profound emotion  
Our divinest efforts move;  
Oft have Genius and Devotion  
Wakened at the touch of Love.

## THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY:

OR, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OUR GRAND-FATHERS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

## CREDULITY AND SUPERSTITION IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE "Science of Astrology," although its most flourishing time had passed, still enthralled the unilluminated brains of our grandsires in its mystic signs and hieroglyphical calculations, and there were many gifted beings who amassed large fortunes by "casting nativities" for those who had an overweening curiosity to peep into the future, and an unlimited confidence in planetary influences.

The *Universal Magazine* of February, 1775, tells us of one of these cunning seers who allowed himself to be robbed while he was "stargazing:"

"January 10th.—Saturday evening.—A woman applied to a resolver of lawful questions in a court in Fleet-street, to be satisfied in relation to some future events; but while poor Albumazer was consulting the stars in his chamber in order to resolve her doubts, he seems to have been utterly ignorant of his own present fortune, for some thieves (supposed to be the inquirer's confederates) stripped his other apartments of everything that was conveniently portable."

A peep is afforded us into the chamber of one of these worthies in an old print of 1760, as well as in the description of Cadwallader's imposition in Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle." In the former, the floor is strewn with books, globes, telescopes, compasses, &c., in those days objects of wonder and even fear to the vulgar, and the walls hung with skeletons of lizards, bats, toads, moles, owls, alligators, and serpents, while snakes and abortions of the human foetus are preserved in spirits in gigantic jars, and a huge black cat sits gravely blinking on the table. In the midst of this imposing display, calculated to inspire awe and terror into the rash diver into Fortune's secrets, sits the astrologer, magician, wizard, and fortune-teller, a lean, grizzly man, with a long, flowing, white beard, as would become a prophet; his head encased in a tight-fitting black velvet or fur cap, and his spare body enwrapped in a long black gown. A volume of symbols is open before him, which he is consulting by the aid of a pair of spectacles, which add to the appearance of deep study which his furrowed brow would indicate, and by his side lie open a book of mathematical problems, and a scroll covered with strange Egyptian characters. This portrait, we believe, represents an astrologer who resided in the Old Bailey, and of whom it is reported that, while he was in the zenith of his fame, the thoroughfare was frequently rendered impassable by the number of carriages waiting at his door, which had conveyed the nobility and gentry to have their "fortunes told."

These astrologers seem to have haunted their old habitations after their death, if we read the following paragraph aright:

"The 'Flying Horse,' a noted victualling house in Moorfields, next to that of the late Astrologer Trotter, has been molested for several

nights past, stones and bottles being thrown into the house, to the great annoyance and terror of the guests."—*News Letter*, February 28th, 1716.

We will warrant the troubled spirit of Mr. Trotter was freely suspected of these midnight gambols.

But astrologers were a doomed race—they were rapidly decimating in number, and at the close of the century there was scarcely one left in London. "Prophets" and female fortune-tellers have struggled on, with a wonderful and persevering disregard of the law of vagrancy, to our own day, and there is still a publication carrying on a trade in astrology belonging to the Company of Stationers; but little more than a century ago they had dupes among the highest classes, and staunch supporters and believers in the middle and lower ones, who trusted implicitly to the predictions and awful revelations of their Almanacks, Diaries, and Messengers. Mr. Charles Knight gives us a long list of these productions in existence about the year 1723. There were:

"Remarkable News from the Stars. By William Andrews, Student in Astrology. Printed by A. Wilda.

"Merlinus Anglicus, Junior; or, the Starry Messenger. By Henry Coley, Student in the Mathematicks and the Celestial Sciences. Printed by J. Read.

"A Diary, Astronomical, Astrological, Meteorological. By Job Gadbury, Student in Physick and Astrology. Printed by T. W.

"Vox Stellarum. By Francis Moore, Licensed Physician, and Student in Astrology. Printed by Thomas Wood.

"Merlinus Liberatus. By John Partridge. Printed by J. Roberts.

"Parker's Ephemeris. Printed by J. Read.

"The Celestial Diary. By Salem Pearse, Student in Physick and Celestial Science. Printed by J. Dawkes.

"Apollo Anglicanus, the English Apollo. By Richard Saunder, Student in the Physical and Mathematical Sciences. Printed by A. Wilda.

"Great Britain's Diary; or, the Union Almanack. By the same Author. Printed by J. Roberts.

"Olympia Domata. By John Wing Philomoth. Printed by J. Dawkes.

"Wing. By the same Author. Printed by W. Pearson.

"An Almanack, after the Old and New Fashion. By Poor Robin, Knight of the British Island, a well-wisher to the Mathematicks. Printed by W. Bowyer."

A rare treasury of marvels to come — dangers hanging overhead, impending revolutions, threatened wars, approaching plagues, and other wondrous shadows of the future, all cast by starlight on the pages of the astrologers; for these almanacks and Merlins not only professed to predict the state of the weather for the ensuing twelve months, but accurately to foretel all public events and occurrences in the various countries of the earth, besides stating "the proper seasons for physick and blood-letting" (for it was then considered necessary to be "blooded" twice a year), and other most surprising information.

It was one of the worthy astrologers we have enumerated (John Partridge) who was rendered immortally ridiculous by the prophecy of his



approaching death, published by Dean Swift under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, and followed up by an account of the fulfilment of the prophecy, so repeatedly indignantly protested against by poor Partridge, who continued, till he was weary, seriously assuring his friends that he was still alive, and the prophecy was false and unfulfilled.

We have said the female fortune-tellers seem to have been longer lived, for they have survived to the present century—but how pale is their star! how diminished their glory!

With the aid of a sheet of hieroglyphic characters, not much unsimilar to those still seen on the bottles containing various coloured liquids in the chemist's shop windows—Chaldean, Assyrian, or what you pleased—a pack of cards, the grounds of coffee, or the coals in the fire, these witch-like crones could, for half-a-crown, insure a young lady a *handsome* husband—for five shillings a *rich* one—and for half a guinea both a rich and handsome one. As diverse as were their branches of science, as various their dupes. They were much consulted in aiding the recovery of stolen goods, and discovering (query, *revealing*?) the places of their concealment—a part of their profession in which they were no doubt able occasionally to be useful if well fee'd. On the other hand, so credulous were those furthest removed from the darkness of ignorance, that George the First, on being told by a French professor of the art that he would not survive his wife's death a year, had such a strong faith in the prediction that he took leave of the prince and princesses on setting out for Germany, and, with tears in his eyes, told them he should never see them more.

Neither were the proceedings of these impostors carried on stealthily. Here is the hand-bill issued by a propheteess in 1777:

"Mrs. Edwards, who, in Hungary, Russia, China, and Tartary, has studied the abstruse and occult sciences, under the most learned sages, augurs, astronomers, and soothsayers, is returned to England, after many years of studious application, and most humbly dedicates her knowledge in prescience to the ladies, being fully acquainted with the mysteries and secrets of the profession, and amply provided with the requisite art and skill to answer all answerable questions in astrology. N.B.—She may be consulted from ten in the morning till nine at night, at No. 22, (a pastrycook's), opposite Bow-street, in Great Russell-street, Covent-garden."

The lottery system afforded an abundant harvest to these fortune-tellers. Every one was anxious to know whether his ticket would be drawn a blank or a prize, and some "Mrs. Edwards" was resorted to, to draw aside the curtain which concealed to-morrow. Out upon the ragged gipsies and vagabond fortune-tellers of modern times—out upon your Derby prophets with only one initial to write under—what think ye of the days when one of the "profession" (mark the term!) could afford to travel over the whole globe, even into China and Tartary, in pursuit of mystical knowledge—to issue hand-bills to make known her fame—and to occupy the first floor of a pastrycook's in Covent-garden?

We find, as late as 1774, weekly prophecies on the issue of political events inserted in the *London Evening Post*. The soothsayer of this paper was one J. Harman, of High-street, Saint Giles. During Wilkes's contest for the mayoralty, he predicts the success of that popular

champion, for the excellent and conclusive reason that "the planet Saturn, who is at this time Wilkes's Significator, is just entering Libra, the sign of Justice, which, in all combats and wars has been always found to be most powerful." The same day's paper (October the 4th, 1774) announces the return of Alderman Bull by the livery. Verily thou wert at fault this time, J. Harman!

The popular belief in witchcraft—another legacy of the previous century—although on the wane, was still existing. If a man died, or a cow fell sick—if the harvest were light, or the weather cold—if a child were fractious, or the milk turned sour, there was no accounting for such an occurrence but by concluding that the man, cow, corn, weather, child or milk were bewitched, and if, by any unfortunate chance, an old crone could be found hobbling about the neighbourhood, she was at once reputed to be the witch. And there was never wanting evidence of her being an adept in the black art; one had seen her *tête-à-tête* with the devil himself in all his hideous deformity of horns and cloven foot—nay, the approver would swear to within an inch of the length of his tail; another detected her drawing magic circles on the ceiling, or tracing them in the air with her wand—a well-known invocation to the Evil Spirit; a third produced sundry mysterious characters which he had discovered in her cottage (and, be it remembered, that in those days, and in the absence of the schoolmaster, *all* characters—even the alphabet itself—were mysterious in the eyes of the lower classes); a fourth detected something peculiarly malicious and sinister in the face of the old lady's cat, and that helpless animal was forthwith denounced as the "familiar spirit" which assisted her machinations; and everything, down to the very furniture of her room, was made to furnish proof conclusive of her evil practices, and the unhappy beldam was arraigned as a witch and adjudged to the usual ordeal of "sinking or swimming." Accordingly, on the day of trial, a motley crowd of peasantry assembled around the nearest pond, and the old woman, bound hand and foot, and enveloped in a sheet, was dragged to the spot, and plunged into the water. Here she had the choice of two deaths—if she sank, she would most likely be drowned; if she swam, it was the arch fiend who supported her: she was undoubtedly a witch, and was either held under water or despatched in some other way. It is true, these exhibitions were not of such frequent occurrence as they had been in the seventeenth century, of the ignorance of which they were a relic, but there were a sufficient number to render them also a feature of the eighteenth.

Another mode of testing a witch, which prevailed at length over the more barbarous one of ducking (a process which was attended very often by death, either from drowning or from alarm, or, still oftener, exposure to the cold), was by weighing the suspected party against the church Bible. We give one instance of the application of this test from a comparatively recent period:

"28th of February.—One Susannah Hannokes, an elderly woman of Wyngrove, near Aylesbury, was accused by her neighbour of bewitching her spinning-wheel, so that she could not make it go round, and offered to make oath of it before a magistrate; on which the husband, in order to justify his wife, insisted upon her being tried by the church Bible, and that the accuser should be present. Accordingly she was conducted to

the parish church, where she was stripped of all her clothes to her shift and overcoat, and weighed against the Bible, when, to the no small mortification of the accuser, she outweighed it, and was honourably acquitted of the charge."—*Annual Register* for 1759.

And this, scarcely thirty miles from London! But it was not till late in the previous century that witchcraft ceased to be a capital offence in the eye of the law, so no wonder that the ignorant still retained the delusion which the judges of the land had not long discarded.

In Motrol's "Life of Brissot," it is stated that when Lord Mansfield was going the circuit, an old woman was brought before him for trial at a country assize, charged with being a witch, several persons having sworn that they had seen her walking on her head with her heels in the air. After reading the depositions with as much gravity as he could assume, his lordship delivered his opinion in these words: "Since you have seen this poor woman walking in the air, though her legs are scarcely able to support her on the earth, I can of course entertain no doubt of the fact; but this witch is an Englishwoman, and subject, as well as you and I, to the laws of England, every one of which I have just run over in my mind without being able to hit upon any one which prohibits persons from walking in the air if they should find it convenient. All those persons, therefore, who have seen the accused perform her aerial promenades, are at liberty to follow her example." This was a very different view of the subject to that which Sir Matthew Hale had taken, when, declaring his belief in witchcraft, he sentenced two old women to death upon a similar charge—a sentence which was carried into effect at Bury Saint Edmund's in 1655.

But in 1750, the populace, finding that the law would not aid them in suppressing the odious crimes of sorcery and witchcraft, took it into their own hands, determined that justice should not be defeated through any omission in the statute-book, and murdered an old woman in Hertfordshire on the charge of being a witch, "with all the wantonness of brutality," as Smollett has recorded; and the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1731 mentions a similar murder perpetrated at Frome, in Somersetshire, in the September previous.

When we find De Foe a devout believer in, and writing a sober treatise upon, ghosts and supernatural appearances—when we know that Doctor Johnson had a serious inclination to the same belief, and that Goldsmith was almost a half-believer, can we be astonished that men of less powerful reasoning faculties should have entertained a strong conviction of their existence? We can scarcely wonder at their being deluded by the clumsy contrivances of the Cock-lane ghost! This memorable imposition is matter of history, and so familiar that it is scarcely necessary to enter into details. Suffice it to remind our readers of the steps which it was thought necessary to take in order to pacify the public mind, and "lay the troubled spirit." The fame of certain mysterious knockings on the bedroom wall in an obscure house in Smithfield having spread over the town, and men of all ranks having visited the scene of the alleged supernatural visitation and come away without detecting the imposition, it was arranged that the Reverend Mr. Aldrich, of Clerkenwell, with a deputation of the inhabitants, should await the visit of the ghost and question it. This was done on the night of February the 1st, 1762, and an interview appointed with the invisible spirit, to take place in its

vault in Saint John's Church, whither they repaired, after "very seriously advertising to it" their intention, and, in the dead of night, they "solemnly called upon the spirit to perform its promise of unfolding itself." Its non-compliance, and several other circumstances coming to light, they were led to the detection of the imposture, and the principal in the confederacy was imprisoned for two years and pilloried thrice, his wife imprisoned for a year, and his servant for three months.

Other impostors practised upon the public credulity with almost equal success. In 1772 sprang up what went by the name of the Stockwell Ghost, by which an elderly lady, Mrs. Golding, was frightened from house and home, and the whole neighbourhood thrown into agonies of terror by the mischievous but ingenious artifices of her servant, one Ann Robinson.

In another vein of credulity, the public were, in 1726, actually made to believe that a woman, named Mary Tofts, had been delivered of four black rabbits, and another woman of a ram!

The absurd superstition that the sovereign had the power of curing the king's evil by touching the person affected, continued to obtain until the reign of George the First. Swift, in his "Journal to Stella," mentions making an application through the Duchess of Ormond, in 1711, to get a boy touched by the queen, but adds, "but the queen has not been able to touch, and it now grows so warm, I fear she will not at all." At a much later period, we read of children being taken upon the scaffold after an execution to have the hand of the corpse applied to them, the "death sweat" of a man who has been hanged being held efficacious in scrofulous diseases; and the disgusting practice was permitted as late as 1760.

But we find another patent cure of the king's evil mentioned in an old work "by William Ellis, Farmer of Little Gaddesdon, near Hampstead, Herts," published at Salisbury in 1750. This is no other than the dried dead body of a toad, to be hung in a silk bag round the neck; although two of the legs from a live toad were still better, for "as it pined, wasted, and died, the distemper would likewise waste and die."

Retailers of health at a cheap rate were among the class who took advantage of the public credulity, and were more numerous than the quacks of the present day, and rather different in their course of proceeding. They principally "pitched their tents" in Smithfield, Tower-hill, Moorfields, &c., and the public were attracted to their rival establishments by a mountebank, merry-andrew, harlequin, clown, or tumbler, who drew a crowd together by exhibiting his feats on a stage erected in front of the booth, and who, after flinging a summerset, or indulging in a grotesque grimace, would wind up his announcement somewhat in the following fashion:—"Come along! Come along, all you who are halt, lame, or blind! This is the cheapest shop for health and long life. The illustrious doctor is inside, making up his elixir to lengthen your days, and performing his marvellous cures! Make way there for that gentleman with the crutches. Come along, sir! Come along, and be whole!"

The advertisements of these quacks bespeak an amount of ignorance and credulity on the part of the public that is perfectly astonishing. We quote the following from the *Evening Post* of August the 6th, 1717.

"This is to give notice, that Doctor Benjamin Thornhill, sworn servant to his Majesty King George, *Seventh Son of the Seventh Son*, who has kept a stage in the rounds of West Smithfield for several months past, will

continue to be advised with, every day in the week, from eight in the morning till eight at night, at his lodgings at the Swan Inn, in West Smithfield, till Michaelmas, for the good of all people that lie languishing under distempers, he knowing that '*Talenta in agro non est abscondita*'—that a talent ought not to be hid in the earth. Therefore he exposes himself in public for the good of the poor. The many cures he has performed has given the world great satisfaction, having cured fifteen hundred people of the king's evil, and several hundreds that have been blind, lame, deaf, and diseased. God Almighty having been pleased to bestow upon him so great a talent, he thinks himself bound in duty to be helpful to all sorts of persons that are afflicted with any distemper. He will tell you in a minute what distemper you are troubled with, and whether you are curable or not. If not curable, he will not take any one in hand, if he might have five hundred pounds for a reward."

Another of these empirical practitioners advertises a long list of questions in the *Original Weekly Journal* of December the 28th, 1723, for the purpose of putting the public on their guard against "such notorious cheats," and winds up the announcement with the following modest allusion to himself:—"For your own sake apply to some man of ingenuity and probity who appears to justify his practice by his success, one of which invites you to his house at the Golden Heart and Square Lamp, in Crane-court, near Fetter-lane. Ask for the surgeon, who is to be advised with every morning till eleven o'clock, and from two till nine at night, in any distemper."

A Mrs. Mapp was a favourite doctress, in or about 1736 (for the curative power was not confined to the male sex), and in one of Mr. Pulteney's letters, dated December the 21st, in that year, we find her mentioned as a famous "she-bone setter and mountebank."

Many of the male repairers of shattered constitutions and fractured limbs were foreigners or Jews, and we need scarcely add, in most cases had very little, if any, knowledge of either surgery or medicine, who traded on the ignorance of the lower classes, upon a successful but accidental cure, or just sufficient knowledge to perform a simple one, and cunning enough to pass it off as a miracle.

We are not informed whether any of these gentry prescribed for the unfortunate tradesman whose case we find recorded in the *Westminster Journal* of April the 22nd, 1775:

"Tuesday morning, Mr. Jefferson, corn-chandler in Vine-street, Southwark, set out for the salt water at Gravesend, having been bit a few days before by a little dog that went mad, and dangerous symptoms beginning to appear."

By the way, so great a terror was felt of mad dogs, that, in 1760, the Lord Mayor of London offered a bounty of half-a-crown for every dog's head that was brought to the Mansion House; but, after paying away 438 half-crowns, he began to sicken of his zeal, which he found too expensive.

But let us return to the impostors of the eighteenth century, with whom we have not yet done, for we have not at present noticed a very numerous class—the Conjurors and Professors of the Art of Magic. Hogarth has enshrined one of the tribe, Doctor Faustus (who died May the 25th, 1731, leaving a fortune of ten thousand pounds amassed in his

calling), in exposing the rage which then existed for this species of diversion. But the law did not always allow the public to be imposed upon with impunity, and, as in our own day, although the fashionable foreign knave might conjure the cash out of the pockets of his Majesty's lieges, the low English wizard was a vagabond fit only for the treadmill or the stocks. On the 8th of May, 1759, according to the *Annual Register*, "A young man, in the shameful disguise of a conjuror, with a large wig and hat of an extraordinary size, and an old nightgown, was committed to Bridewell, being charged with having used subtle craft to deceive and impose upon his Majesty's subjects."

But, reverting to the empirical professors of medicine, if the quack doctors themselves were obtrusive in their ways of winning custom, the vendors of quack nostrums were equally so, and their panacea were of more universal efficacy, and warranted to reach more subtle disorders, than modern quacks have thought of healing, or even dreamt of the existence of. The first edition of the *Spectator* has the following advertisements of some precious heal-alls :

"An admirable confect, which effectually cures stuttering and stammering in children or grown persons, though never so bad, causing them to speak distinct and free, without any trouble or difficulty ; it remedies all manner of impediments of the speech, or disorders of the voice of any kind, proceeding from what cause soever, rendering those persons capable of speaking easily and free, and with a clear voice, who before were not able to utter a sentence without hesitation. Its stupendous effects in so quickly and effectually curing stuttering and stammering and all disorders of the voice, and difficulty in the delivery of the speech, are really wonderful. Price 2s. 6d. a pot, with directions. Sold only at Mr. Osborn's toy-shop, at the Rose and Crown, under Saint Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street."

"Loss of Memory or Forgetfulness certainly cured by a grateful electuary peculiarly adapted for that end. It strikes at the primary source, which few apprehend, of forgetfulness—makes the head clear and easy—the spirits free, active, and undisturbed—corroborates and revives all the noble faculties of the soul, such as thought, judgment, apprehension, reason, and memory ; which last, in particular, it so strengthens, as to render that faculty exceeding quick and good beyond imagination ; thereby enabling those whose memory was before almost totally lost, to remember the minutest circumstances of their affairs, &c., to a wonder. Price 2s. 6d. a pot. Sold only at Mr. Payne's, at the Angel and Crown, in Saint Paul's Churchyard, with directions."

Doctor James's powders were in great request, and Goldsmith was a firm believer in their efficacy to the last ; but it does not appear to have been noticed that Newberry, of Saint Paul's Churchyard, was, as he advertises, "Sole Agent" for the sale of them.

Another miraculous charm was the Anodyne Necklace, "which," says the advertisement, "after the wearing them but one night, children have immediately cut their teeth with safety, who, but just before, were on the brink of the grave with their teeth, fits, fevers, convulsions, gripes, loosenesses, &c., all proceeding from the teeth, and have almost miraculously recovered." The price of this wonderful necklace was 5s. 5d., but then it was "patronised by the King for the royal children !"

The *Grub Street Journal* of January the 9th, 1735, contains a formidable list of the quacks who had reigned for a time in public estimation from the beginning of the century. Among them we find :

"First—Doctor Tom Saffold, the Heal-maker, who used to publish his bills in verse, thus :

Here's Saffold's pills, much better than the rest,  
Deservedly have gained the name of best ;  
A box of eighteen pills for eighteen pence,  
Tho' 'tis too cheap in any man's own sense.

"Second—Sir William Read, Mountebank, Oculist, and Sworn Operator for the Eyes, 'who,' it is stated, 'could not read one word,' but 'was knighted and kept a chariot.' He was a tailor by trade.

"Third—Roger Grant, originally a tinker, Oculist to Queen Anne.

"Fourth—Doctor Trotter, of Moorfields, a Conjuror, Fortune-teller, and Mountebank.

"Fifth—The 'Unborn Doctor' of Moorfields. This was a name with which he dubbed himself for attraction's sake, and explained it by saying 'he was not born a doctor.'

"Sixth—An Anonymous Fortune-teller, whose bills announced that he had been 'the Counsellor to the Counsellors of several Kingdoms ; that he had the seed of the true female fern, and also had a glass.'

"Seventh—Doctor Hancock, who recommended cold water and stewed prunes as a general panacea. He was a shining light till he was put out by the writings of some men of superior sense..

"Eighth—Doctor Anodyne, the inventor of the necklace which bears his name, to assist children in cutting their teeth. One year he informs us, gratis, that all the woodcocks and cuckoos go annually to the moon. Another year he presents us (gratis, also, good man !) with an almanack crammed with many valuable secrets, particularly one receipt to choke those noxious vermin the bugs, and another to make sack-whey.

"Ninth—The famous Doctor who has taught us to make a soup, a hash, a fricasee of quicksilver, which he intended should pass in a regular and continued stream through the system till the patient was cured.

"Tenth—The Worm Doctor in Lawrence Pountney-lane ; and

"Eleventh—Mr. Ward, of whom the public are cautioned in the pithy lines,

Before you take his drop or pill,  
Take leave of friends and make your will."

Thanks for this list, Mr. Bavins of the *Grub Street Journal*! Let us hear Mr. Bickarstaff of the *Tatler* :

"There are some who have gained themselves great reputation for physick by their birth, as the Seventh Son of the Seventh Son, and others by not being born at all, as the 'Unborn Doctor,' who I hear is lately gone the way of his patients, having died worth five hundred pounds per annum, though he was not born to a halfpenny." . . . . "There would be no end of enumerating the several imaginary perfections and unaccountable artifices by which the tribe of men ensnare the minds of the vulgar, and gain crowds of admirers. I have seen the whole front of a mountebank's stage, from one end to the other, faced with patents, certificates, medals, and great seals, by which the several princes of

Europe have testified their particular respect and esteem for the doctor. Every great man with a sounding title has been his patient. I believe I have seen twenty mountebanks that have given physick to the Czar of Muscovy. The Great Duke of Tuscany escapes no better. The Elector of Brandenburg was likewise a very good patient." . . . . "I remember when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent mountebank, who sold pills which (as he told the country people) were very good against an earthquake!"

This is the climax! Shame on those credulous times! But stay: Mr. Bickerstaff says this was "some years ago," and, as the century was only ten years old when he said so, we would carry it to the account of the previous one. But unfortunately Dr. Smollett has recorded a case of credulity almost as bad as this, and we are bound to quote him. In the spring of 1750, he tells us that two shocks of an earthquake having been perceptibly felt in London, a crazy soldier increased the alarm that they created, by predicting another and severer shock, to occur on the 8th of April, which was to destroy the cities of London and Westminster, and, as the only means of salvation, preached up repentance. The terror which this prophecy caused among all ranks and classes was productive of a good effect as long as it lasted:

"The churches were crowded with penitent sinners; the sons of riot and profligacy were overawed into sobriety and decorum. The streets no longer resounded with execrations or the noise of brutal licentiousness; and the hand of charity was liberally opened. Those whom fortune had enabled to retire from the devoted city, fled to the country with hurry and precipitation, insomuch that the highways were encumbered with horses and carriages. Many who had in the beginning combated these groundless fears with the weapons of reason and ridicule, began insensibly to imbibe the contagion, and felt their hearts fail in proportion as the hour of probation approached; even science and philosophy were not proof against the unaccountable effects of this communication. In after ages, it will hardly be believed that, on the evening of the eighth of April, the open fields that skirted the metropolis were filled with an incredible number of people assembled in chairs, in chaises, and coaches, as well as on foot, who waited, in the most fearful suspense, until morning and the return of day disproved the truth of the dreaded prophecy. Then their fears vanished; they returned to their respective habitations in a transport of joy."

But,

The Devil was sick—the Devil a priest would be;  
The Devil got well—the Devil a priest was he.

The panic over, "they were soon reconciled to their abandoned vices, which they seemed to resume with redoubled affection, and once more bid defiance to the vengeance of Heaven!"

This was the occasion alluded to by Horace Walpole in his letter to Sir Horace Mann, dated April the 2nd, 1750:—"Several women have made earthquake gowns, that is, warm gowns to sit out of doors all to-night. These are of the more courageous." Others of his female titled acquaintances sought an asylum at an inn, ten miles from town, where they were going "to play at brag till five in the morning."

But the threatened Destroyer did not keep his appointment, and these amiable dames were spared, to play at brag another day!



## THE ANGLER AND HIS FRIEND.\*

ANGLING is an instinct. Let utilitarians whose every thought and impulse is engrossed in the one absorbing dream of covetousness, let mock humanitarians who would not crush a worm but persecute their fellow-creatures, and morbid sentimentalists who swallow hecatombs and strain at white-bait, denounce the art as much as they like, there still always will be brethren of the rod, learned, poetic, literary anglers, as well as the simple, who will paint its beauties as the spring rain does the meadows, and vaunt its charms as youthful lovers do those of their mistresses. Here is Dr. John Davy, a physician, a philosopher, and an angler, who will tell you that the first symptom of a man's intellect becoming impaired was his giving up the gentle art!

It has been argued that while fishing for food is excusable, angling, as an amusement, is reprehensible. We know few anglers who do not eat their fish, and, what is more, like them, too. Nor, on the score of sensitiveness, is the argument all on one side. Fish, and more especially salmon and trout, are omnivorous, and especially voracious. They devour their own ova and that of each other. From the gullet of one trout no less than six hundred salmon ova were obtained, some of which, put apart, were afterwards hatched, using the artificial process.

According to Dr. John Davy, the two great functions by which fish are supported and their species maintained—viz., their mode of feeding and of breeding—are both carried on in the most inhuman way, according to our ideas of humanity.

“Take the example of a trout: its food is entirely animal matter, and its favourite food living animals, which it seizes and swallows entire; and so indiscriminately voracious is it, that, with the exception of the poisonous toad, there is no living creature that comes in its way it will not devour, from the frog or mouse to the common fly and gnat, from the slimy slug to the stony incased larva, and not even sparing its own kind, it being no uncommon occurrence to take a large trout with a smaller one in its stomach. In manner of breeding they can hardly be said to show any parental affection, at least the salmonidæ. Their eggs are deserted, after having been properly deposited in a suitable bed of gravel, left to the mercy of chance to be hatched, and the young fish, consequently, never know their parents, who, Saturn-like, often feed on their helpless offspring.”

The sense of feeling is so obtuse in fish—that every angler knows—that a fish will often bite again with a hook in its mouth, which it has only just before carried away. Salmon have been taken an hour after being liberated when sorely wounded with the gaff.

The exercise afforded by angling is most favourable to health and enjoyment. See the fly-fisher even advanced in age; in his lithe erect frame what a contrast is visible, comparing him with the man of the desk, or the studious and indolent man. The love of nature entertained by ever varying scenery and out-of-door pursuits is in no small degree

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\* The Angler and his Friend; or, Piscatory Colloquies and Fishing Excursions. By John Davy, M.D., F.R.S., &c. Longman and Co.

favourable also both to moral as well as intellectual enjoyment and improvement.

What books are more popular than those on angling? What book has passed through more editions than "The Contemplative Man's Recreation?" "Izaak Walton," Dr. Davy remarks, "in our English literature, is second only to Shakspeare and Milton, and probably is more universally read. What an idea does that book, published now two centuries ago, give of the culture which the art has received in this country, hardly inferior to the most prized of the useful arts. My copy of it, which I purchased when a student, had previously passed through many hands and in distant countries, Scotland, Prince of Wales's Island, Bombay; and since it has been in my possession, now more than forty years, it has accompanied me in all my wanderings, and has never been more pleasing than when remote from home and the charming scenes so well described in it."

"Salmonia" has been designated a supplement to Walton. "The Angler and his Friend" will, we think, be the complement. Worthy brethren of the angle! such love and partiality for the most innocent of all pursuits has adorned the career of both—both alike having also largely added to the stores of knowledge acquired to mankind! In such presence one would hesitate to indulge in the cheerful hilarity of a Walton. Yet such is not the case; both could, and one can yet, sing:

Oh the gallant fisher's life,  
It is the best of any;  
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,  
And 'tis beloved by many:  
Other joys are but toys;  
Only this lawful is,  
For our skill breeds no ill,  
But content and pleasure.

The chief scenes of Dr. John Davy's fishing exploits, at once in a sporting, a philosophical, and a descriptive point of view, are the lakes and rivers of Connemara; the renowned salmon leap of Ballyshannon; Gwedore, Donegal; the Teme, Shropshire; and Hawes Water, Westmoreland: all beautiful sites, most promising to the angler, and rich in scenic accessories.

Derryclare, with its numerous islets, every one dressed in native wood, holly, oak, and birch, with a rich undergrowth of varied heaths, among which the lovely purple bell-shaped species, presenting a great contrast to the woodless shores and naked surrounding mountains; and Lough Inagh, with a larger island, and trees of larger growth, overshadowed by the projecting spurs and buttresses of Bencorr, breasted by clouds, the highest of the Twelve Pins, connected by fine streams of clear water—rough and rapid—and in the centre of the wildest and grandest region of that wild country Connemara, together with the great common outlet of Ballinahinch, with its islanded castle, are in every sense most attractive and most delightful sporting grounds for the angler. Here, as indeed in all the Ballinahinch lakes, many so curiously connected by small, sluggish streams, hardly wide enough to allow a boat to pass, he will find abundance of white-trout, or salmon-trout—the *salmo trutta*—and like the common salmon, a migratory fish; while in the rivers are the common

trout, the brown-trout, and the fry of the salmon and white-trout. Need we add, in the Ballinahinch, the angler's great pride—the salmon—the killing of which with a rod and line is still to many an untutored hand altogether a myth.

The white-trout and salmon (Dr. Davy tells us) in large numbers enter the Ballinahinch river; the salmon passing through the first and second lake, Ballinahinch and Derryclare, collect in Lough Inagh, and principally in its upper portion, where the river, the main feeder of the lake, and in which the salmon make their spawning-beds, enters. To these three lakes of the group, the salmon, I believe, confines itself:—but not so the white-trout; it is found in all of them, and in plenty, though probably in greatest plenty in the three that have been named. I could mention some other examples of waters common to the salmon and white-trout, such as the Crawley river in Donegal, and the Clany river adjoining, and the three lakes in connexion, from which it issues, situated at the foot of that grand weather-beaten hill, Arigal; such as the River Moy, in Mayo, and Lough Conn, the great feeder of that river. Instances, however, of the contrary, of the two kinds of fish not occurring in the same water, are, I believe, even more common. The following are notable of the kind: the Lakes of Killarney, a great resort of salmon, and abounding in brown-trout, but without white-trout; Lough Melvil, the same, where the gillaroo is found in company with the salmon; the River Erne, celebrated for its salmon fishery at Ballyshannon, and Lough Erne, whence it flows, for its large brown-trout, but sparingly frequented by white-trout.

We must decidedly take an exception here to Dr. Davy's designating Arigal, a grand weather-beaten *hill*. Having spent a day and a night and part of an ensuing day on its acclivities, and in a cottage in a secluded vale at its base, bewildered in an Atlantic mist, we do not like to see the mountain of our imagination so humbled. Dr. Davy, speaking of Bencorr, remarks, that in its effect on the mind it is a good example of the little importance of absolute height. Though so comparatively low, yet from its form and its accompaniments—those clouds gliding along its summit and all but hiding it—that torrent rushing down its side—that deep corry partially seen on its flank—give to it a character almost Alpine. How much more so is this the case with Arigal! The worthy doctor himself, in another part of his work (p. 198), speaking of what he designates as the *mountain-chains* and peaks of Muckish and Arigal, says, the latter “naked and storm-beaten, rising pyramidally, and seemingly inaccessible, impart to the waste an air almost of sublimity.”

Few places in the world present, perhaps, a more exciting scene to the angler than the rocky portals of the great Lough Erne at Ballyshannon—a broad expanse of water, a roaring fall below, a noble old bridge above, buildings, dwelling-houses on each side, their walls rising out of the water. We happily timed our visit, at the period when the salmon were taking the leap in their migration up the river, and never shall we forget the lively piscatorial scene presented to our sight! Dr. Davy was there at the time of the migration inwards of the eels—a marvellous phenomenon; the pools bordering the rapids are at the time black with them; they are in millions; they climb over the rocks, get astray upon the land; numbers innumerable die in the migration, and the very air is tainted with their smell!

It is a curious fact, that notwithstanding the abundance of salmon which take the leap at Ballyshannon, Lough Erne is not distinguishedly a salmon lake. Dr. Davy remarks upon this point, that there are many

lakes communicating with good salmon rivers destitute of salmon, as well as the more fortunate examples of lakes so situated abounding in salmon. "Of the cause of the difference I am ignorant. This too is a subject deserving inquiry. I once fancied that the presence of pike might be the chief cause, finding that this fish is unknown in certain salmon lakes, such as Killarney, Lough Inagh, and others I could mention, whilst it is common in certain destitute of salmon, such as Windermere, and some others of our English lakes;—but I was obliged to relinquish the notion, finding that there are lakes in which both fish are met with; for instance, Lough Derg, an expansion of the Shannon."

Although there is undoubtedly greater variety in river-fishing than in lake-fishing, still the latter has great charms, wind and clouds changing that scene for the angler which, when roving along the river banks, he changes for himself. There are also, it is to be noted, moods of mind suitable to each—times when the quieter and more monotonous exercise may be most agreeable; other times when the more active may be most needed and useful. There is also always a relation between the scenery of a district and the kind of fishing it affords. The trout belongs to the mountain and the moor, the grand and wild; the grayling, to park and meadow, the cultivated valley and rich pastures.

Dr. Davy is a practical as well as a philosophical angler, and is not wedded to prejudices. Perhaps, he says, the angler generally gives the fish credit for more discrimination than it exercises, and over-refines in the attempt to assign certain forms of artificial flies to the several months of the year, and to different states of atmosphere occurring during the fishing season. Elsewhere he also describes an experienced old fisherman in Connemara, who stuck to one or two flies the whole season, and laughed at the luxury of gentlemen anglers with their fly-book full of flies, of almost endless variety of forms and colours. The love of variety of flies is a passion that grows upon one, and one which we have generally remarked more particularly characterizes an impatient and an unsuccessful angler.

Dr. Davy is, we have said, also a philosophical angler.

"Has not there," inquires Amicus, "been much dispute on the subject of the salmon-fry, and especially respecting the parr?"

PISCATOR. There has been, and with much profit. The stage of growth which has given rise to the discussion, is that middle one, attained, as I have stated, about June, and retained during the remainder of the year. In this stage, the young salmon, however designated, was long considered a distinct species, quite apart from the salmon, and therefore not needing protection by law in the manner of the acknowledged salmon-fry, that is, when the silvery scale had been acquired. Accordingly, the capture of the one was allowed, and is still allowed in some of our English rivers, as it is also in some of the Irish,—a permission attended with an immense destruction;—whilst that of the other was prohibited under a heavy penalty. Not only was the marked difference of appearance insisted on by those who supported the doctrine of the distinct species in the instance of the parr, but also the fact,—and it is a curious one,—that in the parr the milt is matured so as to be fit for the impregnating function; it being acknowledged, however, that in the female fish no corresponding development of the ova could be detected. To one inquirer, Mr. Shaw, we are most indebted for throwing light on this obscure subject, and for explaining what appears anomalous. He, by a series of well-conducted experiments, proved that the parr—the fish with its mature milt in August and September—kept in a confined pond, changed its appearance in the following spring, and in May had become a

veritable smolt, with its silvery scales, ready and impatient for emigration. And, he further proved that the milt of the parr is capable of impregnating the eggs of the full grown salmon; and as the young fish, the male parrs, haunt the spawning beds of the salmon, they may be considered as a supplementary provision designed in wisdom to secure the due impregnation of the ova,—these, in a large spawning-bed, the resort of many fish, being deposited in countless numbers. Another fact, and I think a convincing one, in conjunction with the preceding, is, that the parr has never been found except in streams frequented by salmon;—a coincidence that would be strange indeed, were it an independent species and not migratory, which the advocates of its being a distinct species have never held it to be.

This is somewhat in advance of the time of good old Izaak Walton, who makes Piscator say, in answer to a question from Venator, “But, master, I have heard that the great trout you speak of is a salmon.”

“Trust me, scholar, I know not what to say to it. There are many country people that believe hares change sexes every year; and there be very many learned men think so too, for in their dissecting them they find many reasons to incline them to that belief. And to make the wonder seem yet less, that hares change sexes, note that Doctor Casaubon affirms, in his book of incredible things, that Gasper Peucerus, a learned physician, tells us of a people that once a year turn wolves, partly in shape, and partly in conditions.”

In advance we say, and yet not perfectly satisfactory, witness the following conversation, supposed to occur at the English lakes:

AMICUS. You alluded, just now, to the crossing of breeds, such as result from the impregnation of the ovum of the salmon or of the charr by the milt of the trout: this brings to my recollection the hypothesis of an ingenious man of my acquaintance, that all the Salmonidæ are merely varieties; he, holding, that compared individually, they are not more distinct than the varieties of dogs, or even of the human race; and that their peculiarities, those by which they have been separated into species in an artificial system of classification, have been acquired accidentally, and have become hereditary.

PISCATOR. It is an hypothesis which may be maintained, and if practically investigated, may lead to interesting results. Pray keep it well in mind, and make it the subject of experiment. This we know for certain, that the brook-trout of two or three ounces and the lake-trout of many pounds weight are identical species, and that the river-trout can live and flourish in brackish water:—now, would it be more extraordinary, were it established, that the young of the salmon confined to a river on slender diet, unable to obey its instinct and descend to the sea, can propagate and give origin to a persistent variety, similar to the parr, and which might be called a species.

AMICUS. I have heard it said, and by a naturalist, who, I know, has paid much attention to the subject, that the parr has all the characters of a fish in its immature state,—a state in which it may be compared to the boy, and that it would be just as reasonable to believe its persistence in this state, as to believe that a boy, however long he might live, would continue a boy.

PISCATOR. This is stating the case so as to reduce it, as it were, to the *argumentum ad absurdum*; but I do not think justly, inasmuch as the analogy is incomplete. To make it complete, we should have a race of boys endowed with the procreative function of men. Whether or not there be a parr, distinct as a variety or species, can only be determined, I think, by careful observation, and not by analogical reasoning: and I may add, that at present, as well as I can judge, the weight of evidence and of authority is altogether in the negative.

A word or two anent the bearing of these natural historical and physiological inquiries upon legislative topics.

AMICUS. Now we are in this discursive mood, allow me to inquire respecting the legislative acts for the preservation of salmon, and whether you join or not in the commonly received opinion, that the existing ones are defective and inadequate?

PISCATOR. I unquestionably do, and for the preservation of fish generally. Unless some more stringent laws be enacted and enforced, one of our most delightful country sports will be in great danger of being lost, or of being only within the reach of a few rich proprietors, who have streams of their own,—private property, and are able to incur a great expense in preserving them. This lake district is a striking instance in point. Formerly its lakes and rivers abounded in fish: it was the paradise of anglers; in no part of England were there more kinds or greater numbers of fish, affording sport to the angler, from the noble salmon to the brook-trout. Now, on the contrary, its angling, from its glory has become its opprobrium, and the tourists, ignorant of the change, who come in sanguine expectation of great performance with the rod, leave in disgust, with the settled determination, should they repeat their visit, not to cumber themselves with fishing gear. I speak of the district generally, not of the lake we have been fishing to-day,—that being well preserved, and almost a solitary exception.

AMICUS. Pray inform me as to the causes which have been most injurious, and which, if new laws are to be enacted for the preservation of fish, ought, in your opinion, most to be kept in mind.

PISCATOR. The causes are many. I shall mention those only, which may justly come under the head of poaching,—such as night-fishing with nets, and using nets of small mesh, fishing with salmon-roe, a very destructive bait; setting night-lines; and in addition to these in the lakes and tarns, fishing with the lath or otter, and cross-fishing: moreover, in the spawning season, taking the charr, both with the net and naked hook, by a process already mentioned, that foul one of “clicking;” and the larger fish, such as the salmon and grey-trout, by the spear or lister. As regards the salmon specially, the importance of which, as an article of food, is immeasurably greater than as a fish for sport, the destructive causes in operation are even more numerous, so much so, that it is really surprising that all our English rivers are not *in toto*, as most of them are, deprived of this fish. The salmon, as you know, on account of its value in its adult state, has watchful pursuers in all directions: if it escape the stake-nets laid along shore contiguous to the river estuaries,—a difficult matter,—it can hardly escape the net that is shot or laid for it within, and the cruives and weares constructed to entrap it in the way of its upward passage. Then, if we consider it in its early stage, being commonly unprotected as a parr, and the parr readily taking the fly and easily taken, its destruction is enormous: I have heard, and on good authority, of a party of three anglers, who in one spring day, fishing with the rod and fly, killed three hundred and sixty-three dozen!

AMICUS. Is there any remedy for this great evil? Can you suggest any measure to check or prevent it?

PISCATOR. As to the suggestion of measures, there is little difficulty. Were a committee appointed to inquire into the matter, composed of men, naturalists as well as anglers, remedial means, I have no doubt, could be proposed, which, if legislated on, would be very effectual. The great difficulty seems to be in getting an act passed through Parliament, it is so expensive and troublesome, and so many interests are concerned. Would that the government would undertake it! But, alas, each administration of late years has been so feeble, its existence so precarious, as to be unequal even to the carrying of measures of higher interest, and to which they have been in a manner pledged. Would that the country gentlemen would unite, and some patriotic angler amongst them make the attempt! Their interests are specially concerned. Were our rivers well stocked with fish, which most of them might be, were they properly protected, the country would be rendered more attractive,—the value of landed property, wherever there is a river, would be enhanced, and streams now running waste and barren would become productive sources of wholesome food, costing nothing in its production, as well as of a delightful and healthy recreation.

Most writers on angling give us—after the fashion of the father of the race, old Izaak—recipes for cooking fish as well as for catching them. Dr. Davy is not an exception, only that he treats the subject in a more novel and philosophical manner.

AMICUS. Now we are on the road, if this track deserves the name, which is barely passable and barely distinguishable in places from the bog and moor, allow me to ask a question about fish as diet. Speaking of our Roman Catholic forefathers and their fasts,—they fasting on fish,—you seemed to hold it incongruous. Tell me, is there not a warrant for it in the circumstance that fish as food affords but little nourishment?

PISCATOR. This is a subject on which I have made some experiments, the results of which go far to prove that there is much nourishment in fish, little less than in butcher's meat, weight for weight;—and in effect it may be more nourishing, considering how, from its softer fibre, fish is more easily digested. Moreover, there is, I find, in fish, in sea fish, a substance which does not exist in the flesh of land animals, viz., iodine: a substance which may have a beneficial effect on the health, and tend to prevent the production of scrofulous and tubercular disease, the latter, in the form of pulmonary consumption, one of the most cruel and fatal with which civilised society, and the highly-educated and refined, are afflicted. Comparative trials prove that in the majority of fish the proportion of solid matter, that is, the matter which remains after perfect desiccation, or the expulsion of the aqueous part, is little inferior to that of the several kinds of butcher's meat, game, or poultry. And, if we give our attention to classes of people—classed as to quality of food they principally subsist on—we find that the ichthyophagous class are especially strong, healthy, and prolific. In no class than that of fishers do we see larger families, handsomer women, or more robust and active men, or a greater exemption from the maladies just alluded to.

AMICUS. May not other circumstances be concerned in rendering them so healthy, such as an unstinted diet, the sea air, and the living so much in the open air?

PISCATOR. These circumstances may contribute to the beneficial effect; but are not, I think, by themselves sufficient to account for the effect. There are facts of a corroborative kind; such as the well-ascertained efficacy of cod-liver oil—an oil containing iodine—in arresting the progress of consumption; the efficacy of the same substance in relieving or curing some other chronic ailments, especially bronchocele; and the virtue of fish-diet,—of raw fish,—as employed in Siberia and in Holland, in the treatment of many chronic complaints resisting ordinary medical treatment, of which there are well-authenticated accounts. In early periods of the world, legislators have thought it necessary to make regulations on the subject of diet, enforcing their restrictions by religious injunctions. The ruder a people, the more ignorant, the more careless they commonly are, and the less fastidious in their dietary. In Eastern nations, in warm climates, most of the coarse feeding animals, especially swine, were prohibited, and as much so by the Mahommedan as the Mosaic law, on the idea probably that their flesh is unwholesome. So amongst the earlier Christians, when the restrictions as to meats were withdrawn,—when none were pronounced to be unclean and defiling,—the Church, with a view to the health of the people, might think it right to institute their so-called fasts,—days on which fish was allowed. And if in Italy, especially in Rome, we visit the markets and see what is there sold and is in request as food, such as cakes of blood, owls, hawks, crows, &c., of very doubtful fitness, we shall not, I think, be surprised at the adoption of fish-fasts, or have difficulty in giving credit to them as usefully instituted as regards the health of the people.

AMICUS. I am pleased with this your explanation of the fasts of the Church of Rome, and am of opinion, if your doctrine as to fish-diet be sound, that we Protestants have made a mistake in abrogating fast, *i. e.* fish-days. What you have said excites my curiosity, and makes me inquisitive. Allow me to ask, is there any material difference in the qualities of fish, viewed as articles of food?

PISCATOR. Unquestionably there is, and of a kind deserving of attention;

indeed, I am confident, of more attention than has yet been paid to the subject. Now, as we walk along, I can only allude to the more striking points. First, comparing fresh-water and salt-water fish, there is, according to my trials, this well-marked difference—the absence in the former of iodine. In the migratory fish, the salmon and white-trout, a trace of iodine may be detected when they first come from the sea, and when they are fittest for the food of man, which disappears after a while, and that with their deterioration. Owing to the presence of iodine in sea-fish, I think we may conclude that, on the whole, the preference is to be given to them. As to individual species, whether of sea-fish or of fresh-water, there are notable differences and peculiarities, some depending on the species, some on the qualities of the feed. Of the first we have instances almost without number, inasmuch as almost each kind has some distinctive peculiarity. The delicate smelt has the odour of the cucumber; the grayling, of the thyme; some of those of the scomber family abound in blood, have a comparatively high temperature, and dark-coloured muscles; others, as those of the Gadidæ, of which group the whiting is one, have little blood, at least few red corpuscles, have white muscles, and are delicately tasted; some, as the common ray, and most of the order of cartilaginous fish, have a muscular fibre of much firmness and power of resistance, yielding and becoming tender from keeping, and consequently, contrary to the general rule applicable to fish, they should not be dressed fish; and other differences might be pointed out,—one kind abounding in oil, as the pilchard, herring, and eel; the eel especially, and so luscious in consequence,—other kinds containing little or no oil, as the sole and ray. Of the influence of feed on the same kind of fish we have striking examples both in many salt-water and fresh-water species. Of the former, how different in quality is the herring caught off different parts of the coast; so too of the common haddock. What herring is equal to that of Loch Fine? What haddock equal to that of the Bay of Dublin? Of fresh-water fish, what a contrast there is between the lake-trout and the brook-trout!—The one well fed, well flavoured, of the colour of the salmon, and sometimes attaining the size of the salmon; the other small, colourless, and insipid. What a contrast between either of these and the trout of bogwater; the latter, black, soft, ill formed, and ill tasted. What a contrast, again, between the trout inhabiting a stream in a fertile limestone district, fed by springs, fluctuating little, and the in-dwellers of the mountain stream in a primitive country, subject to great fluctuations—one day a raging torrent, in a brief space run out and all but dried up. As with other animals, whether beast or bird, domestic or wild, much, we know, as to their quality, depends on their feed, its kind and quantity; and so with fish. Of these, the paradoxical sturgeon may be mentioned as another and very striking example; by the Norwegians, we are informed by Block, it is even designated after the fish on which, from its flavour, it is supposed to have fed,—as the mackerel-sturgeon, herring-sturgeon, &c. Other circumstances, besides food, no doubt, have likewise an effect,—all which anywise influence the health, such as climate, air, water, &c.; nor amongst these should age be omitted. This last, in the instance of fish, and of fish only, is little thought of at home; and it may be, because in our well-fished seas, rivers, and lakes, few fish are allowed to reach a very advanced age: but not so in the tropical seas, where there is not the same activity practised in the capture of fish; there, it is not uncommon to be helped at table to an old fish, and to have its hardness and toughness explained by one's experienced host by reference to age.

AMICUS. You just now called the sturgeon paradoxical. Why so?

PISCATOR. On account of its peculiarities. With its congeners, it is as it were a link between the cartilaginous and osseous fishes; and as regards the table, between fish and butcher's meat, when dressed having a close resemblance to veal. Further, though one of the most widely spread as to its habitats, ranging from the Norwegian coasts to the Mediterranean, it is so abundant in some waters as to be the food of peasants, and so rare in others as to be restricted to the tables of princes: moreover, though bred in fresh water, it traverses the ocean.



## SKETCHES OF THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

AFTER the proclamation of the Neapolitan constitution in the month of February, Bozzelli, a writer of the ultra-Liberal press, had been called into the administration, and was charged with the task of drawing up the promised charter. He immediately accorded irresponsible freedom to the press—a dangerous innovation in that moment of excitement, which enabled the revolutionary clubs to exercise a still more widely-spread influence over the people, whilst they dictated with the most absolute power to the government. Salicetti, afterwards known as a triumvir in the republican government at Rome, had been forced into office by the insistence of the clubs. He immediately demanded the expulsion of the Jesuits, which Bozzelli does not appear to have desired; but the measure was, nevertheless, enforced with so much rigour, that a brother of the order, who was upon his death-bed at the moment in which the command was issued, was dragged from his couch of suffering and conveyed aboard the steamer that was to carry them to Malta. An attempt was then made to expel the other monastic orders from the kingdom; but the people, greatly attached to their religion and to its ministers, gathered in tumultuous assemblages, in which blood was spilt, and order was completely destroyed. Whilst scenes of anarchy and confusion were thus of frequent occurrence, the republican party, led and urged on by the new minister, Salicetti, no longer threw a veil over their design to subvert the monarchy; but Bozzelli, a zealous constitutionalist, yet a friend to regal authority, resolved to save his country from the fury of the democratic party. Salicetti was compelled to resign his office; and the king, supported by his minister, resisted the demand of the national guard that the dangerous addition of a corps of artillery should be made to their force.

Still the disorders continued to rage with unabated fury. The imperial arms were torn down from the Austrian embassy and publicly burnt, amidst the vociferous applauses of the national guard. Large masses of people besieged the official residences of the different members of the government, violently demanding to march for the war of independence; and resolved not to yield, yet unable to resist the pressure, Bozzelli retired from the administration, leaving Salicetti and his hordes masters of the fate of Naples. Yet the king resolutely refused to appoint Salicetti to the vacant place, which now scarcely any honest man had sufficient courage to accept; but at length Troya, Dragonetti, and other members of the constitutional party, were named by the clubs and the national guard, and the king accepted them, in order to exclude Salicetti and the republicans.

After the insult offered to the Austrian arms, Prince Schwartzberg, the minister of that country, had demanded his passport, and quitted Naples; whilst the new ministry despatched four thousand men, under

the command of General Pepe, to Ancona; and five thousand more, with three regiments of cavalry and a train of artillery, marched by land to the scene of action.

In the provinces deeds of violence and terror were daily recurring, with no less frequency and fury than in the capital; and the more moderate members of the government withdrew one by one, finding that they could oppose no effectual resistance to the mob, which now reigned uncontrolled. Their places were supplied by the popular demagogues, whom the clubs forced upon the king. Palermo, under the provisional government, had proceeded to declare the throne vacant and Ferdinand for ever deposed; but, attached to their aristocratic constitution, and guided by the Chamber of Peers, the revolutionists of Sicily only sought to recover the liberty of which they had been unjustly deprived, but did not wish to establish democratic institutions. They desired to elect a king from the family of one of the princes of Italy; and finally offered the crown to the Duke of Genoa, second son of the King of Sardinia.

At Naples, the opening of the Chambers on the 15th of May caused a renewal of the tempestuous scenes that had attended the commencement of the revolution. The deputies arrived in the capital to enter upon their legislative functions, attended by armed bands of the provincial population, whose presence was little calculated to inspire confidence or to restore order; and at the first step towards the assumption of their public duties strife broke out between the Representative Chamber and the royal authority. The deputies were required to swear to the constitution as it had been prepared and published: they refused to comply, upon the plea that future modifications would be required, and that they could not fetter themselves by a pledge that would exclude prospective improvements. However plausible the pretext might sound, this first demur served to unmask the designs of the republicans to subvert the monarchy; and the measures of that party, throughout the revolutionary crisis, lead to the certain inference that the king did not overrate the danger to which he was exposed. The moderate and enlightened portion of the population, here as in all the other states of Italy, sincerely desired the establishment of constitutional liberty, whilst they dreaded democratic violence; but this party was completely deficient in courage and energy when placed in collision with the furious factions that offered a lawless opposition to every rational system of government. And if the king had contented himself with upholding the constitution that he had bestowed with fearless loyalty against the disciples of Mazzini and the anarchical mob that obeyed their call, he might have been spared from the terrible imputations of having shown bad faith towards his people, and a tyrannical devotion to the principles of absolutism.

The deputies persisted in their refusal to take the oath; the king declined to dispense with it; and in the midst of the contention the ministry gave in their resignation. The Representative Chamber continued its sittings, and appeared resolved to instigate the people to insurrection; the civic guard supported the refractory Chamber; and the demon of civil war seemed to await their determination. The republican agents loudly accused the king of betraying the people; and they openly instigated the mob to every excess. In this moment of urgent peril the king still showed a

wish to conciliate, and sent a message to the Chamber, proposing to modify the oath hitherto exacted into one which should promise fidelity to the fundamental laws that had been propounded, but reserved to the Chamber the power of making future amendments. The ministry consented to retain their offices if this compromise were accepted. The Chamber required time to deliberate; but as soon as the king's messenger withdrew its precincts were invaded by the civic guard, led by the notorious republican chief La Cecilia. They interrupted the deliberations by their fierce and disorderly cries, and loudly accused the king of treason against the national liberties. The order for calling the citizens to arms was demanded and accorded, and barricades were instantly constructed in all the principal streets. All the customary arts were resorted to in order to increase the terror of the moment and add to the excitement of the insurgents; and an atrocious report was industriously circulated that the king had bribed the lazzaroni to massacre the parliamentary deputies.

The Chamber of Peers assembled at the house of their president, Prince Cariatì, to deliberate on the measures to be adopted for the preservation of their rights against the violence of the Lower Chamber, which had already resolved on the abolition of their order. Continual messages passed between the palace and the Upper Chamber; but the government remained undecided what course to adopt, whilst the tumult without gained strength every moment, and threatened the lives and properties of the citizens. Still foremost amongst the insurgents were the foreign exiles, who everywhere led on the republican movement, which found little sympathy from the majority of the people.

Prince San Giacomo, whilst conveying a message to the king from the Chamber of Peers, was arrested by the insurgents; his carriage was seized to aid in piling up a barricade, and he was himself compelled to labour with the rioters, who were tearing up the pavement of the streets, and raising batteries at every defensible point. After some hours' detention he succeeded in effecting his escape, and fled to the king. The whole military force of Naples was by this time assembled round the palace; and its leaders implored the king's permission to act with vigour before the insurrection gained greater strength.

After a night of tumult and terror, at dawn of day on the 15th of May the Chamber of Deputies, which had not separated during the night, voted its sitting permanent, and proceeded to deliberate upon the measures to be adopted. The deputy Ricciardi proposed that two demands should be addressed to the government:

1st. The surrender of the fortresses into the hands of the national guard.

2ndly. The disbanding of the royal guard, or its immediate departure for the war of independence.

These propositions were received with rapturous approbation by the Chamber; but the deputies from the insurgent provinces soon suggested two other votes for the approval of the Chamber:

1st. The abdication of the king.

2ndly. The removal of all the troops to a distance of forty miles from the capital.

The Chamber rejected the first of these propositions but adopted the

last, and four deputies were appointed to convey the demands to the king. But before the royal consent could be obtained—and it was believed that in the emergency of the moment it would not have been withheld—either accident or the crime of some individuals hastened the impending collision. Some men, from behind a barricade, fired on the troops and killed one of their number. No sooner had the sound reached the ears of a body of insurgents who were posted on a balcony above the barricade than they also fired on the soldiery, and the desolating scene of civil carnage commenced. All communication was cut off between the palace and the fortresses, and a moment of terrible suspense ensued, until the king was assured of the support of the commanders of those important posts. But the red ensign, which called the garrison to arms, was soon displayed from the towers of St. Elmo, and the other fortress quickly followed the example of the citadel. The signal to engage was now given, and the troops attacked the defenders of the barricades, aided by the brave but semi-savage lazzaroni, who fought with desperate enmity against the popular party.

The Duke de Rivas, the Spanish minister, endeavoured to reach the palace, but he was stopped, and his carriage served to strengthen the nearest barricade. He returned to his own house, and there assembled the diplomatic corps. In a few moments more they went forth on foot, in order to support the king by their counsels. Meanwhile the combat raged around. The artillery discharged its thunders on the barricades; but the insurgents, far from yielding before its terrors, fought on with desperate courage. The royal guard attacked the great barricade in the principal street. After a severe contest the cannon effected a breach, and finally the lazzaroni, armed with their long knives, took possession of this fortification of modern revolution.

The Swiss guard had, at first, shown some reluctance to act against the people; but, converted from friends into foes by the savage attack with which the insurrection began, they now forced their way through other streets to the rear of the chief barricade, which the royal guard had attacked in front. Overwhelmed by showers of balls, stones, and every missile that could be hurled against them from the roofs and windows of the surrounding houses, each step of their advance cost the lives of numbers of their gallant band. Yet they fought on unflinchingly to join their comrades, who were contending against equal dangers on the other side of the barricade. A murderous fire was poured down upon them from the shelter of the buildings; but at length the barricade was carried, and the royal troops met upon the scene of their dearly-bought triumph. The national guard, completely defeated, gave way in every direction; but each house became a citadel, that was defended with the desperation of men who had no hope but to succeed or die. Every room required to be stormed, and an entrance could only be effected over the bodies of the dying and the dead, and across the murderous fire of the survivors. Yet the troops fought their way with resolute intrepidity; house by house, and street after street, were assailed and taken; barricades fell successively before their assaults; and finally the triumph of the king's cause was complete.

During the whole of this sanguinary contest the deputies seem to have been but ill-informed of the progress of events without, and up to the last

moment their agents continued to delude them with assurances of victory. The Chamber elected a committee of public safety, consisting of five members. They voted the deposition of the king, and cast down his bust by which the hall that they met in was decorated. But they awoke from their reverie at the approach of the victorious soldiery. Many of their number sought safety in flight, whilst the remainder were arrested, or dispersed by the adverse party.

Reactionary measures were now immediately adopted, although the new cabinet still included Bozzelli and other members of the constitutional party. The national guard was at once disarmed and disbanded, and the order was expedited to recal the Neapolitan troops from the war of independence. Many of the deputies had taken refuge on board the French fleet, and it was believed to be at their instigation that Admiral Baudin addressed to the government a note of remonstrance against measures tending to an extreme reaction. But unfortunately this judicious advice received little attention, and on the 17th of May the Chamber was dissolved. Though every lover of constitutional freedom must deplore the determination of the king to adopt a principle of action of which the whole evils and dangers have not yet, perhaps, fully developed themselves, yet it must, on the other hand, be admitted that the Representative Chamber itself provoked the revocation of the constitution by its first act of bad faith in refusing the oath, and its subsequently evinced intention to destroy the monarchy.

Civil war, with all its attendant horrors, now broke out in the provinces. The royal forces penetrated into the mountain fastnesses of the wild Calabrias on the one side, and into the northern extremity of the kingdom on the other; and advancing from either direction, the country was deluged with blood. The victory which was finally obtained over the national party was purchased by a frightful carnage, and by the lives of hundreds of the brave and free peasantry of the mountain districts. Many horrible acts of barbarism and revenge were committed on both sides, and the details—too revolting to be related—recal the savage warfare of the wild tribes of the American forests, rather than the heroic contests of civilised men struggling for the freedom of their country, and emulating the glorious deeds by which order and liberty have been obtained in the few favoured lands in which they still subsist. Scenes of relentless cruelty and suffering ended by smothering for awhile the awakened spirit of liberty, whilst a royal proclamation, announcing that the constitution was not abolished, failed to blind the people to the real condition to which they *were* once more reduced.

In Sicily, where the revolution wore a less democratic character, it had been resolved to restore the constitution of 1812, of which the country had been unjustly deprived; and a vote of both Chambers concurred in offering the crown to the Duke of Genoa, second son of Charles Albert. A French frigate conveyed the Duke of Serra di Falco, president of the Chamber of Peers, and seven other members of both the Legislative Chambers, to Genoa, whence they were to proceed to lay the offer of the Sicilians before the government of Turin. But the misfortunes of the king had already commenced, and news of the defeat of Custoza was the first intelligence that greeted the messengers when they landed in Piedmont.

It has been already said that the recal of the Neapolitan troops from the war against Austria was the first measure taken by the king after his victory over the revolution in the streets of his capital and in the distant provinces of the kingdom. General Pepe refused to obey the order, and continued his march towards Venice. Other officers returned with the force that they commanded; and as General Statella passed through Florence on his way to Naples, the people of that city expressed their abhorrence for his desertion of the national cause by a furious attack upon the hotel in which he lodged. He effected his escape with difficulty through a back door; but they seized his travelling carriage, and burnt it publicly on one of the squares of the town—an offering to the violated cause of Italian independence.

Tuscany had been one of the earliest states upon which a constitution had been conferred. Her sovereign appeared to sympathise sincerely in the enthusiastic hopes that awakened in the hearts of his people, and cordially to adopt the measures of reform which were everywhere demanded. An amnesty had been accorded, by which a considerable number of political offenders had been restored to liberty. Amongst those most remarkable for their abilities, and the conspicuous part which they afterwards played in the affairs of Tuscany, were Montanelli, and the more able—but less fortunate—Guerrazzi. These two men—both ardent lovers of liberty, but adopting different views in pursuit of the bright shadow which finally eluded their grasp—were both elected by their fellow-citizens as deputies to the Chamber of Representatives.

In the month of June the parliamentary assembly had also met at Rome, under the auspices of Mamiani's government; and nearly at the same moment the false report of a fresh victory over the Austrians gave rise to an uncontrollable demonstration of popular violence.

Whilst these events were in progress, two circumstances were paving the way for the final overthrow of the gallant King of Sardinia and his good cause. The defeat of the popular party at Naples, and the consequent recal of the Neapolitan troops, if it caused little injury to the army, which was left to fight singly against the forces of the enemy, yet occasioned irreparable mischief by the divisions which it fomented and the discouragement that it created. At the same time, the republican party, led by Mazzini and his agents, dreaded that the successes of Charles Albert, which they had at first employed for their own ends, should eventually lead to the results which the moderate party had in view. For the establishment of a strong frontier kingdom of Northern Italy would be effectual not only for the expulsion of foreign domination, but might prove sufficiently powerful, in the hands of the victor of Austria, supported by a conquering army, to put down republicanism, and to establish a stable and durable form of constitutional government. This prospect—already almost achieved—which formed the hope and wish of the moderate party, was the dread of the republicans; and Mazzini—with the fatal egotism with which he sacrificed his country to his own wild and desperate theories—lost no time in exciting all those cities which had placed their hopes of salvation in a union with Piedmont, to a groundless mistrust of the king, and a jealous fear of sinking into a position secondary to the Sardinian capital. The uncertainty and mistrust which arose from all these dissenting views and opinions fer-

menting in the public mind, cooled the general enthusiasm by which so much had been obtained, and as soon as the division declared itself it occasioned the loss of all that had been gained.

Venice and Milan, thus instigated, rejected the projected union with Piedmont, and resolved to erect their states into independent republics. The king wasted precious and irrecoverable moments in besieging the fortress of Mantua, hesitating to advance whilst Venice maintained her attitude of independence. The delay unhappily proved fatal to his arms. General Nugent had been sent with a corps of eighteen thousand men to reinforce Radetzky. He defeated General Zucchi at Palma Nova, and took possession of the town of Udine without opposition. General Durando was despatched with the Roman troops to prevent the junction of the Austrian forces; but after a brave defence at Vicenza he was overcome and taken prisoner by General d'Aspre, and being released soon after, on the condition of not fighting against Austria in that campaign, he and his troops returned to Rome.

Radetzky now reassumed an offensive attitude. His forces were concentrated around Verona, whilst the Piedmontese army was weakened by being distributed along an extensive line. The first success of the Austrians occurred at Somma Campagna, an important post, out of which they drove the Sardinians after a vigorous resistance. The Piedmontese general, Sonnaz, retired on Villafranca; and Radetzky remained master of both banks of the Mincio. No sooner did this disastrous intelligence reach the king, than he abandoned the siege of Mantua, and marched with one-half the force employed against that fortress to reinforce his army in the field. The Duke of Savoy marched on Custoza with nine thousand men; the Duke of Genoa advanced on Somma Campagna with a column of reserve composed of five thousand men; whilst general Bava commanded in chief. One more brilliant feat of arms rewarded the zeal and bravery of the Sardinian princes. The Austrians were suddenly attacked, and received a signal defeat, leaving five hundred men upon the field; whilst two banners and eighteen hundred prisoners remained in the hands of the victorious Piedmontese.

But on the following day, the 24th of June, Charles Albert, who had reached the head-quarters of his army, sustained a complete overthrow upon the field of Custoza. The king and his two sons exhibited the utmost personal courage, but the troops had been without food for thirty hours, and, harassed by the continual marches and countermarches of the preceding days, they perished in greater numbers from hunger and exhaustion than from the fire of the enemy. After the most heroic exertions the king was compelled to command a retreat at six o'clock in the evening. The army fell back on Villafranca, and these first tidings of defeat spread a panic throughout the country.

The provisional government of Milan, instead of endeavouring to remedy the disaster, thought only of its own safety, and when Charles Albert reached Goito, he found his army totally unprovided with food, or any means of subsistence. He was then compelled to propose an armistice; but the hard conditions offered by Radetzky were rejected by the king. On the 27th, the half-famishing army of Sardinia retired upon Cremona, with the purpose of defending Milan. But the Milanese had taken no measures either to supply the men who had fought and bled in their defence, or even to prepare the means of resistance within their own

walls. At Lodi the unfortunate king made another attempt to arrest the progress of the Austrians, but his soldiers were dying around him from hunger, too feeble and too despairing to make head against the foe. Overcome by famine and suffering, they remained dispersed and straggling along the roads; and the Piedmontese army, which seven days before, at Goito, had amounted to fifty thousand men, scarcely numbered twenty-four thousand when they arrived beneath the walls of Milan.

On the 4th of August the king took up his quarters in a suburb of the town of Milan. Radetsky, who was in full pursuit, reached the city at four o'clock on the same afternoon, and immediately attacked the Piedmontese army at the Roman gate. Charles Albert fought with his accustomed reckless gallantry; fearless of danger, he was to be seen in the thickest of the battle, wherever his presence could encourage his own soldiery or intimidate the enemy. A violent thunderstorm burst over the town as the fight was raging beneath, and blended, in loud explosions, the awful artillery of Heaven with the deadly instruments of human strife. The committee of defence ordered some houses to be set on fire near the scene of action, in order to prevent their being taken by the Austrians to facilitate their attack upon the town. The tocsin sounded to call the citizens and the neighbouring peasantry to arms, and nothing was wanting, amidst the loud crash of the elements and the terrors of the combat, that could add to the horrors of the moment.

Night came on whilst the battle still raged. The gallant Piedmontese would not yield, though they had lost nine pieces of cannon, and were driven back within the walls of Milan. In a council of war, which was held during the night, the Sardinian officers determined that it would be hopeless and impossible to renew the contest. The Milanese government had not taken a single measure to provide for the safety and subsistence of the army, or to aid them in their exertions. They had raised no troops, provided neither ammunition, food, nor forage for their defenders; and the spirit which had animated them to such heroic deeds a few short months before, appeared to have died away beneath the baneful influences of jealousy and mistrust, which paralysed every honest exertion.

The ill-fated king was the victim offered up on the altar of republican egotism. A capitulation now became inevitable, and the stipulations entered into obliged Charles Albert to abandon Milan, and retire within his own territory. Two days were accorded for the retreat of the Piedmontese army. Such persons as desired to quit the town before the entrance of the Austrians, were permitted to leave within twenty-four hours, and Marshal Radetsky engaged to respect the persons and properties of those who preferred to remain.

On the following morning the capitulation was made public, and excited the people to a state of ungovernable fury. A riotous and threatening mob instantly flocked to the Palazzo Greppi, where the king lodged. Cries of "Death to the traitor" arose on every side, and they endeavoured to set fire to the palace. The king appeared on the balcony, and addressed the ferocious horde beneath:

"Milanese," he said, "if the capitulation displeases you, it shall be annulled. If you require it, we will fight again, and I will bury myself with you beneath the ruins of your city."



But the chivalrous proposal of the prince did not accord with the wishes of the Milanese, who required that he should fight whilst they remained in safety. The municipality of Milan—which had ordered a general levy throughout the country, *excepting only the inhabitants of the capital*—entreated the king to maintain the capitulation, and on the same evening its ratification was announced.

The enraged people then rose in wild disappointment and fury, and attacked the king, who was preparing for his departure. They pillaged his luggage, upset his carriages, and barricaded the palace, in order to detain him a prisoner within its walls; and the liberator of Italy, who might have upheld the freedom that he had gained for his country had the Milanese government afforded him the needful aid in the hour of peril, was exposed to cowardly insult and serious risk, in atonement for the faults of his dastardly assailants. The musket-balls of the mob fell in showers around the place where he stood; but Providence reserved the doomed prince for a still drearier destiny, and Milan was saved from the infamy of the attempted crime. Yet the walls of the palace were riddled and broken by the shot directed against the breast of Italy's bravest soldier and most self-devoted patriot, and the attempt to set fire to the palace was with difficulty prevented. Colonel de la Marmora, an aide-de-camp of the king, escaped from a window to carry the news to the camp, and he quickly returned with a regiment of carabinieri. But Charles Albert's departure was opposed by the people in their fury; the tocsin sounded; the light of the houses, still burning since the battle, threw its lurid glare over the scene: as the king traversed the city he was fired upon in every street through which he passed; and when he reached the gate of the town the mob was so dense, and the opposition to his departure so determined, that it was with the utmost difficulty that his escort fought their way through the throng and forced a passage to the camp.

On the 9th an armistice was signed, by which the fortress of Peschiera was restored to Austria, the Piedmontese fleet was recalled from Venice, and Radetzky re-entered Milan in triumph.

In the beginning of August the Roman Chamber had voted its sittings permanent, under pretence of providing means for the continuance of the war: its real object was to form itself into a Constituent Assembly, in order to change the form of government. The Chamber demanded that the Pope should instantly declare war against the emperor. The Pope refused; and his refusal was followed by frightful excesses and disorderly assemblages, in which all who opposed the opinions of the revolutionists were threatened with death.

The Austrians at this time took possession of Ferrara; and the Pope made an energetic protest against the violation of his territory, and of treaties which he had respected amidst every danger and difficulty. The ministry called the people to arms; the Pope sent a deputation, headed by Prince Corsini, to the Austrian general, and obtained the evacuation of the town. But nothing could calm the violence of the Chamber; every sitting presented scenes of scandalous outrage; neither the prince nor the ministry were respected; and, unable to combat the lawless violence of the republican party, Mamiani retired from the administration.

We have hitherto omitted all account of the Tuscan revolution, be-

cause the events that had disturbed that country, although exhibiting the same general tendency as in the other states of Italy, had been conducted with much greater moderation; and, if we except some acts, chiefly instigated by foreign exiles, who everywhere prepared the first germs of insurrection, the moderate, or constitutional party, had hitherto preponderated, and a sincere attachment to the sovereign animated the hearts of a people, grateful for the long continuance of a mild and paternal form of government. The prince was personally respected by all classes for his piety and his domestic virtues; and the rural population, in particular, was deeply attached to the reigning dynasty. Florence, gay and peaceful, had always been a favourite resort of foreigners, who brought their wealth to enrich its industrious inhabitants, attracted by the salubrity of the climate, the unrivalled galleries, in which the masterpieces of ancient and of mediæval art are to be studied in their perfection, and the enchanting scenery which surrounds the smiling capital of Tuscany. But the distant sound of the nations raising their voice to invoke the spirit of liberty—the offspring of increasing knowledge and advancing civilisation—resounded on the Etrurian shores, and Leghorn, a city whose extensive commerce had brought its citizens in contact with the natives of every country of the globe, was the first to respond to the appeal. Here, too, foreign adventurers mingled with the population, to exaggerate discontent, and to exasperate political agitation into riotous insubordination. Guerrazzi, the ablest, the most moderate, and the most remarkable man which the Italian revolution produced and led forward to the conduct of public affairs, was foremost amongst those who aspired to secure a free representative constitution to their native country.

Upon the first outbreak of disturbances at Leghorn, in September, 1848, the grand-duke formed a camp of the national guard at Pisa; and there he received and accorded the demand of the Livornese, that Montanelli should be appointed their governor. But Montanelli's programme was the Italian Constituent, an assembly which was destined, in the first instance, to protect the country against Austrian invasion; and after that essential condition of liberty was secured, it was intended to form a federal alliance between the new constitutional states for the preservation of their acquired institutions. The members of this assembly were to be chosen by universal suffrage, and were to meet at Rome, the city destined to be the head of the confederation. This prospectus was not approved by Mazzini and the ultra-republican party, as the continuance of regal authority in the various states was adverse to their views; neither was it acceptable to the constitutionalists, who disliked the democratic construction of the proposed assembly and its power of coercing the governments. But the republicans acceded to the measure as a preparatory step which might lead to further concessions.

The constitutional ministry of Tuscany, at the head of which was the Marquis Gino Capponi, an able and honest man, became alarmed at the progress of democratic insubordination, and withdrew from the government. They were replaced by an administration formed by Baron Bicasoli, and entertaining nearly the same political opinions as their predecessors. But the pressure of the democratic party, and the violence of the clubs, over which the government exercised no control, rendered the position of the cabinet untenable; and the grand-duke, by the advice of

his former council, called upon Montanelli to undertake the government. Montanelli demanded Guerrazzi for his colleague, and made the establishment of the Roman Constituent the basis of his future plans.

At Rome, the extraordinary violence of the Representative Chamber became so excessive, that it threatened the entire subversion of public order. The Pope, in consequence, prorogued the Chambers till the 15th of November, and in the interim he appointed as his chief minister Count Rossi, who had previously held the post of ambassador from Louis Philippe to the Holy See. Rossi, formerly an exile from Italy, on account of his extreme opinions, had now wisely modified the exaggerated views which he had once entertained, and professed a sincere attachment to the monarchical form of constitutional government. It was then, to hands fully competent for the task, that the pontiff committed the future administration, of which Rossi himself, temporarily, held three of the chief offices—so great was the difficulty to find persons at once moderate in opinion and capable of carrying on the affairs of the country.

Rossi's plan did not exclude the much-desired constituent; but he proposed to modify its construction in such a manner as would render it innocuous in the hands of the factions. He designed that a general congress should meet at Rome, to be composed of plenipotentiaries from each of the Italian governments, furnished with powers to form and maintain a strict defensive alliance between the several states. This expedient, by which he purposed to disarm the cherished plan of raising up a republican assembly to control the sovereigns of the peninsula, was probably the chief cause that excited the "red" faction to such deadly animosity against the doomed statesman, who alone possessed courage and capacity to save his country in that terrible crisis.

The 15th of November had been fixed for the reassembling of the Chambers. The government, fearful of violence, took every measure in their power to ensure the maintenance of order. A body of carabinieri was ordered up from the provinces. The minister himself passed them in review, and instructed them on the importance of the duties that devolved on them; and in spite of menacing rumours which were vaguely circulated, it was hoped that the precautions adopted would suffice to ensure tranquillity, and to defeat the suspected purposes of the anarchists. But as the hour drew near, the threatening reports gained strength and consistence; and it was publicly intimated that Count Rossi's life was menaced.

Two ladies, friends of the fated minister, Madame de Menou and the Duchess di Rignano, wrote, on the morning of the 15th, to conjure him to abandon his intention of opening the session in person; but, resolute and calm, he despised the warning, and determined to brave the peril. On the steps of his own house, as he proceeded to his destination, a stranger, in the dress of a priest, addressed him:

"Eccellenza," he said, "do not go out. You will be assassinated."

"They shall not force me to draw back," replied the fearless Rossi. "The cause of the Pope is that of God."

When his carriage drew up at the foot of the wide staircase that leads to the Capitol, where the assembly sat, he was received with hisses and other expressions of insult. Rossi advanced with imperturbable coolness, and his haughty and sarcastic countenance expressed his profound contempt for his enemies. The crowd pressed upon him, but he made his

way through it, accompanied by the minister of finance. On the first step of the stairs a man darted forward from the dense crowd and stabbed him in the side with a dagger. The count turned hastily to face his assailant, when a still more fatal blow was dealt him from the opposite direction, and he received the deadly stroke of a poniard in the throat. He uttered no cry, but, with a firm hand, drew out his handkerchief, and tried to stanch the wound. He still continued to ascend a few more steps, which streamed with torrents of his blood, till, undaunted in the midst of his dastardly destroyers, he fell dead into the arms of some persons who had rushed forward to his aid. It has been confidently asserted that forty hired bravos awaited him upon those fatal steps, and that if the first blows had failed, thirty-eight other daggers were prepared to take his life. Thus fell beneath the cowardly knife of the assassin an able statesman, an ardent lover of liberty, and the only man who, in that decisive moment, possessed courage and capacity at once to save the papacy, and yet to uphold the rational liberty which the wise and good required and expected from the statesman to whom the destinies of their country were entrusted. From that moment the friends of anarchy stalked triumphantly through the land, and Mazzini and Cambré took possession of the state.

In that disastrous hour yet one more indelible stain attached itself to the Roman name. The murderers were mere hired ruffians, who sold the service of their blood-stained daggers to the profligate politicians who obtained the ascendant by this inhuman deed. But how can we express sufficient abhorrence for the cold indifference of the Legislative Chamber which received the announcement of the murder committed on its threshold with calm acquiescence, and expressed no commiseration for the victims and no detestation for the crime. Yet it is just to record that Count Mamiani and a few others, overwhelmed with horror at the event, resigned their seats in the assembly and quitted the city.

The corps diplomatique immediately retired from the Chamber, and the members of the administration, having lost their animating spirit, at once resigned their offices. Montanelli, afterwards so well known as a member of the provisional government of Tuscany, had held the office of minister of public works in Rossi's brief and fruitless ministry, but he quitted the country immediately after the inhuman slaughter of his chief.

Horrible orgies and demonstrations of barbaric joy disgraced the streets of Rome in honour of the murder that had been perpetrated before the eyes of a whole people, either too demoralised to revolt against the act of infamy, or too cowardly to resent it. Scenes worthy of the Reign of Terror, enacted sixty years before in the French capital, filled the night that followed Rossi's death. Houses were illuminated in approbation of the event; the mob, with frantic cries, applauded the deed, and blessed the daggers that had drunk the blood of an aristocrat; and Mazzini, Galetti, and their party lost no time in exhibiting to the people their exultation at an act which had delivered them from their most formidable foe.

On the following day it was proposed in the Chamber to present an address of sympathy to the Pope, but the Prince of Canino opposed the proposition. The club determined to go in a body to the Chamber to express its wishes, or rather, to impose its commands on the Legislative Assembly; and its leaders called upon the civic guard and the troops of

the line to join them in intimidating the government. The Duke di Rignano, minister of war during the short administration of the unfortunate Rossi, had provided for his own safety after the murder by flying from Rome, or hiding himself within its walls. General Zamboni, who commanded the regular force, received the Pope's orders to prevent the troops from joining the club; but Lentulus, the new minister of war, either fearing the fate of Rossi, or assuming fear to effect his object, gave permission for the troops to obey the club, in defiance of the commands both of the prince and of the general.

The Chamber received the club with the most perfect cordiality, and, after a short deliberation, it decided on joining the mixed mob that awaited without, in order to convey to the Pope the four following demands:

1st. Italian nationality.

2nd. A general Constituent Assembly to form a federal union of the whole peninsula.

3rd. War against Austria.

4th. Mamiani's programme.

The Pope received these demands with cold determination, but promised to take into consideration the wishes of the assembly. Galetti, a noted republican, who had been chosen to convey the message of the Chamber, returned with the answer of the sovereign. They then insisted on an immediate promise to adopt these propositions, but the Pope firmly refused the required acquiescence. A furious assault upon the palace was the immediate result of this reply, and the Pope sent to General Zamboni to demand the protection of the troops, but his messenger was intercepted.

The Swiss guard defended the palace with their accustomed intrepidity against the mob, who now endeavoured to force open and to burn down the gates. Barricades were erected to protect the assailants from the muskets of the guard, and a destructive fire was kept up on the windows of the palace from the opposite houses, which were all in the hands of the people. Monsignor Palma, prefect of the palace, was shot in the royal chamber, and fell dead at the Pope's feet. It is said that the Prince of Canino, with his own hand, pointed a piece of ordnance against the palace gate, and there can be little doubt that, if they had succeeded in effecting an entrance, the lives of the Pope and his defenders would have been sacrificed to the fury of the revolutionists. But finding that a long resistance would be impossible, and losing all hope of safety for himself or the devoted Swiss, who fought so loyally and so gallantly in his defence, the Pope sent for Galetti, and ordered him to intimate the royal submission to force which he had not the means of repelling. A ministry was instantly named, at the suggestion of the Chamber and the club, consisting of Galetti, Sterbini, and Mamiani, who was to be sent for to assume the chief post in the administration. At ten o'clock at night the mob retired, satisfied for the moment with the victory it had achieved.

It has been said that, whilst the assault upon the palace was at its height, and the fire of the rebels was pouring in through the defenceless windows of the Quirinal, the Pope, who continued perfectly calm, in spite of the extremity of the danger, stooped to pick up a ball which fell at his feet, and remarked to his attendants, with bitter sarcasm: "*Questo, io lo tengo, in ricordo dei miei Romani.*"

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

HAVING described in the last number of the *New Monthly* the effective strength and organisation of the Austrian army, we will now proceed to furnish a few details about the Prussian, which, more especially at the present time, when there are, apparently, well-founded rumours that France intends to apply for permission to march her army *vid* Hanover to the seat of war in the north, may form a serious impediment in the way. Nothing, to our minds, would be more dangerous than any collision—even on amicable terms—between Prussian and French troops. A few words of introduction will serve to explain our reasons for such an assertion.

It cannot be imagined that a nation, justly considered one of the most enlightened and liberal on the Continent, would passively remain neutral in the impending war of peoples, in face of the danger to which Germany would be exposed by the victory of despotism over constitutionalism, as expressed in the present uprising of Russia, unless there were some more powerful motive at work than has hitherto been ascribed. This motive is intense hatred of France. The adherents of Russia in Berlin may be numbered: personal predilection and relationship fetter the king's hands; and the party represented by the *Kreuz Zeitung* is made up of equally innocuous coefficients. But the animosity to France is felt by the whole nation, and is reciprocated. We can remember, of our own knowledge, an instance of this during the Badese revolution of 1849. While in pursuit of the insurgents, a detachment of Prussians was quartered in Kehl, at the head of the bridge of boats connecting Germany with Alsace. Within two days it was found necessary to remove them, for the French poured over and insulted them in every possible way, which only such a fertile genius as the Gallic could invent. The French occupation of Berlin, where their memory is still cherished, and the return visit in Paris after the battle of Waterloo, sowed seeds of discord which will bear fruit for ages. Blücher's threat to blow up the bridge of Jena, and his sarcastic reply to Talleyrand's messenger, that he would be delighted to give his master an aerial excursion along with it, were an insult to the national pride which Frenchmen will never forget or forgive.

It may be objected that the hatred between French and English was equally persistent and deep-rooted, and yet that has been eradicated. Granted: but can Prussia enter into an alliance with France in the same disinterested spirit as we have displayed? The Rhenish provinces will ever remain a bone of contention between the two countries, and, spite of the king's strenuous exertions, the majority of the population in those countries clings with fond affection to the remembrance of French

authority, and in 1848, had a strong government been permanently established in Paris, the revision of the map of Europe might long ago have commenced in that quarter. These views were confirmed by a tour we made at the period we write of through the Rhenish provinces. The population was intensely liberal, though this was, probably, rather a reaction after liberation from oppressive checks than a fixed sentiment; but however this may be, the prevailing opinion everywhere among the artisan classes was, that emancipation upon a permanent basis could only be obtained by cordial fraternisation with France. How far these views may be now prevalent it is impossible to say; for the gendarmes effectually suppress the utterance of such heterodox sentiments; but we fully anticipate that, whenever the war terminates and the European balance is sought to be restored, France will be enabled to lay claim to her old dominions, and be supported by the approval of a large portion of the population. These suggestions will serve to show how much Prussia, apart from other considerations, would have to dread any closer intimacy with France than at present exists.

The PRUSSIAN ARMY must be regarded from a very different standpoint from that of Austria, for, in forming our opinion of it, and more especially of the Landwehr system, whose opponents are very many, we must bear in mind, before all, that Prussia exerted all her energies to form an army of half a million of combatants, in spite of her population only amounting to 16,000,000, and her extremely unfavourable geographical position, for this was her only method to maintain a position as a European great power. If we keep this in mind, we cannot refrain from expressing our admiration of all the Prussian military arrangements, for, considering the slight means at her command, she has worked wonders. In fact, a succession of great men was requisite to give an army, recruited from only 16,000,000 souls, that European importance which Prussia has succeeded in retaining even to the present day. The first founders of Prussia's military power were the Great Elector, and the strict Frederick William I., who converted their country into one huge camp. Frederick the Great worthily completed what his predecessors had so well commenced, and his brilliant victories first implanted in the Prussian army that military pride which now distinguishes it in so eminent a degree. After the death of this great king and general, the government was satisfied in retaining the empty form without the animating spirit which had so brilliantly distinguished it hitherto. They closed their ears obstinately to the requirements of the age, and would not perceive that with Napoleon I. a new chapter in the strategic art had commenced. The defeat at Jena, and the following days of misfortune—although many regiments fought bravely, and did not disgrace the old reputation of Prussian courage—were the necessary consequence of such insane blindness. The Prussian army, and with it the Prussian states, might easily have been ruined, had not Providence given them men who were enabled to form again a compact whole out of the fragments. All that was good in the old school was retained, the bad and antiquated was rejected, and a new organisation was substituted, possessing the highest merit. Above all, Scharnhorst, whose name will endure as long as a Prussian soldier wears his cockade with honour; then Boyen, Gneisenau, Clausewitz, York, Grollman, and Blücher, and many others, were the

founders of the present Prussian *esprit de corps*. "It must be regarded as an honour through the whole nation to be allowed to wear the soldier's coat—a disgrace not to be considered worthy of it." Such, in a few words, is the basis of the spirit which has enabled Prussia to keep her military dignity till now unweakened. Every son of the nation must feel a pride in being allowed to become a combatant for it; and had not this feeling been kept up, Prussia would never have reattained her place in the European family.

The new organisation prospered, however, spite of the unspeakable difficulties it had to contend with, both abroad and at home, thanks to the spirit which created it, and the powerful will of the Prussian nation, which instinctively recognised its importance. The sanguinary years of 1813 to 1815 furnished the army with an opportunity for action, and it displayed itself in the brightest colours. We are perfectly aware that the Prussian Landwehr battalions and the youthful volunteers would have fared much worse, had not the old well-disciplined French regiments been lost in Russia, and their place taken by raw conscripts, but still their services were most meritorious. The Prussian Landwehr acquired an honourable name both from friend and foe in those campaigns, and we feel sure that they will always do their utmost to retain it.

After gaining many blood-stained laurels, the Prussian army returned home, and afforded a striking proof of the value of the new organisation. And, although a certain reactionary party—horried at the institution of the Landwehr with its bourgeois officers, and regarding it as an insult that the son of a count must perform his military duties alongside the tailor's apprentice as a private—tried hard to upset it; fortunately, any overthrow of the new system had by this time been rendered impossible. It was far too deeply implanted in the Prussian nation, and the calm, reasoning mind of Frederick William III. was too cognizant of its value to allow any important alterations to be carried into effect. It is true that much was introduced between the years 1820 and 1842 which did not quite harmonise with the spirit of a Scharnhorst, but the fundamental principle remained unaltered, and was even more jealously protected than before, when Boyen was appointed minister of war. The events of 1848 and 1849 have given no extraordinary impulse to the Prussian organisation, but showed once more what an excellent spirit generally pervaded the army. It withstood many and severe trials, but always did its duty and proved itself a thoroughly-disciplined and well-affected force. Great and widely-extending alterations have been effected since 1851, by attaching the Landwehr still more closely to the line, and by appointing regular officers to the command of the militia battalions. We regard this as a very great improvement, for, though thoroughly recognising the immense value of the Landwehr, and especially the spirit which animates it, we undoubtedly believe that its efficiency has been greatly augmented by a closer attachment to the line. General von Bonin, who founded his reputation by the formation of the Schleswig-Holstein army, has gained no slight credit in Prussia by the introduction of these regulations.

But what causes us more especially to admire the Prussian army, is the spirit of military pride which animates nearly all the troops. The remembrance of the glorious past, and the certainty that no one can be a soldier who has committed a dishonouring crime, but that every soldier



can lay claim to honourable treatment at the hands of his superiors, produced this proud sentiment. Had it not been so—had the troops been regarded as mere machines—the revolution of 1848 would have found willing instruments in the Prussian army, and the troops would not have withstood the corrupting influences which would have subverted the throne. Another admirable point is the high degree of education which all the officers enjoy. The excellent military schools, and the severe examinations to which officers are subjected with the greatest display of impartiality, have produced this highly desirable result. The non-commissioned officers are also remarkable for a great degree of instruction and excellent temper. The military spirit which, thanks to the establishment of universal service under arms, animates a large majority of the Prussian nation, displays in this instance again its valuable results. After these rapid allusions—for they could not be more, as any thorough examination would naturally have led us far afield—we will pass to the composition of the Prussian army.

The INFANTRY is composed of the guards, and the line, the Landwehr of the first and second levy.

The guards contain four regiments = 12 battalions = 48 companies; 1 reserve regiment of guards = 2 battalions = 8 companies; 1 chasseur and 1 rifle battalion of the guards, together amounting to 8 companies. A company of the guards is made up of

5 Officers
1 Ensign
18 Non-commissioned officers
1 Doctor
4 Musicians
2 Train soldiers
227 Rank and file

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A battalion, exclusive of officers and staff, contains 1002 men, and a regiment 3006. The whole infantry of the guard, consequently, amounts to 16,032, without officers, &c.

The two battalions of chasseurs and rifles are armed with the Thouvenin chasseur rifles; the other battalions entirely with the now so celebrated needle-gun. The guards are chosen from the tallest and picked men in the kingdom. They have distinguishing marks on their collars and helmets, better bands, and enjoy several other privileges. The officers of the first regiment of guards and of the *garde du corps* receive double pay, but, with this exception, the pay and rank of all grades are precisely similar to those in the line. A regiment of the guards certainly presents a grander appearance on the parade-ground than one of the line, and this is especially the case in the cavalry; but the future will teach us whether they would be of more service in the field. In the campaign of 1813 to 1815, the guards were only twice under fire—namely, at Möckern and Paris—and displayed that bravery which may be justly expected from every Prussian regiment.

The line infantry is composed of 32 regiments, each regiment of 2 musketeer and 1 fusilier battalions; 8 so-called reserve infantry regiments, each made up of 2 musketeer battalions; and 8 combined reserve

battalions, one attached to each *corps d'armée*; or altogether to 120 battalions. Each battalion on a war footing containing 1002 men, without officers and staff. The entire line infantry would consequently amount to 120,240 men, without officers, &c. The 32,000 fusiliers, for whom light and active men are selected, are armed with needle-guns, the remainder with smooth-bored percussion muskets. In consequence of the universal conscription, the Prussian infantry regiments can call in many more soldiers on furlough than their strength requires, and, therefore, during a protracted war, they could always be kept up to their full establishment.

In addition, we must mention 8 battalions of chasseurs, each battalion = 4 companies = 1002 men, exclusive of officers and staff, or altogether 10,016 men. These chasseur battalions are armed with Thouvenin rifles, and are generally chosen, as far as possible, from practised marksmen and foresters' sons; and they are always kept in a perfect state of efficiency.

The entire line and guards would, therefore, have 148,292 rank and file. Of these, 36,000 are fusiliers and 10,000 chasseurs, or altogether about 46,000 light troops. With the exception of the eight reserve battalions, which are intended during war to form dépôts, the whole of the line and guards infantry are ready for service in the field, and very considerable reserves can be held in readiness at home.

The uniform consists of blue tunics with red collars and facings (the chasseurs, green tunics and felt caps), long grey pantaloons, dark-grey cloaks, and the well-known *pickelhaube* or helmet of leather, with metal ornaments. The belts, arms, knapsacks, &c., are all in excellent condition, and of good patterns; and we may safely assert that the Prussian line infantry wants for nothing which could increase its efficiency.

We also consider the Landwehr of the 1st levy, especially since its recent reorganisation, equally well prepared for war. Each line regiment has now 1 Landwehr infantry regiment attached to it, bearing the same number and forming a brigade with it. Thus, for instance, the first line and the first Landwehr regiment form the first infantry brigade.

The Landwehr of the 1st levy contains 4 Landwehr regiments of the guard = 12 battalions; 32 Landwehr regiments of 3 battalions = 96 battalions; 8 Landwehr battalions of the reserve regiments, or, altogether, 116 battalions, of the same strength and composition as those of the line, or 116,032 rank and file. They are perfectly equipped and organised for immediate service in the field. The 8 battalions of the reserve would alone be kept back for service in the garrisons. The Landwehr infantry wear the same uniform as the line (except the red edging on the tunic, and that on the front of the helmet there is a cross, with the motto "With God for King and Fatherland"), and are armed with percussion muskets, a bayonet, and side-arms. The staff-officers and leaders of companies of the 1st levy are entirely drawn from the line, but the lieutenants are either officers who have retired, or those men of the educated classes who formerly satisfied their military duties by serving one year in the line or guards, and then passed an examination as Landwehr officers. The 1st levy is drawn from men between twenty-six and thirty-two years of age, who have already served their time in the line. But, as the number of these men would be too excessive, many

exceptions from this general rule occur. During a time of peace, the Landwehr of the 1st levy is only called out once every two years, when they go through their manœuvres for several weeks with the line regiments.

The chasseurs have no actual Landwehr attached to them, but each battalion, when marching into the field, calls in enough men on furlough to form a fifth company, called the reserve, so that  $2\frac{1}{2}$  battalions of chasseurs would remain behind.

According to these regulations, Prussia could, therefore, employ in a foreign campaign:

12 Battalions of guards	=	12,034 men
12 " guards Landwehr	=	12,094 "
96 " line infantry	=	96,192 "
96 " Landwehr (1st levy)	=	96,192 "
10 " chasseurs	=	10,020 "
<hr/> 262 "	=	<hr/> 226,452 "

For garrisoning the numerous fortresses, chief towns, formation of depôts, there would be left in addition to the Landwehr of the second levy:

1 Guards reserve regiment	=	2 battalions	=	2,604 men
8 Line " "	=	16 "	=	16,932 "
8 Landwehr " "	=		=	8,016 "
36 Line depôt battalions	=		=	36,072 "
Chasseurs reserve	=	$2\frac{1}{2}$ battalions	=	2,500 "

Or,  $64\frac{1}{2}$  battalions = 64,624 "

It is indubitable that, in case of need, a large portion of the latter troops could be sent into the field. The military organisation of Prussia is of such a nature, that from 280,000 to 290,000 excellently-disciplined and thoroughly-equipped infantry troops can always be employed beyond the frontiers of the country. Of course, such exertions must not last any great length of time, for they would prevent the cultivation of the ground, and disturb the regular relations of commerce.

In addition to the Landwehr of the 1st levy, the 2nd levy is made up of 116 infantry battalions = 82,900 men. This levy is not intended to be employed in an external war, but is amply sufficient for garrisoning fortresses and disciplining recruits, &c. The officers are generally selected from those who have retired on a pension, or have obtained civil employment; and the rank and file are men between thirty-two and thirty-nine years of age, who have also served. During peace, the 2nd levy is not called out; but in the autumn of 1850 they were generally under arms. The numerous evils detected on this occasion the government has been since earnestly engaged in removing. This 2nd levy will never be converted into parade troops, but they will perform all that is required of them, and that is the main point. At the present time, the arms and accoutrements of the 2nd levy are all in readiness, which was not the case in 1850.

The Prussian CAVALRY are also divided into the guards, the line, and the Landwehr.

The guards and line cavalry are made up as follows:

10 cuirassier regiments (2 belonging to the guards) = 40 squadrons. On a war footing each of these regiments will be composed of

- 1 Colonel
- 1 Staff-officer
- 6 Captains (2 attached to the *Landwehr*)
- 4 First lieutenants (*ditto*, *ditto*)
- 12 Second *ditto*
- 4 Cornets
- 89 Non-commissioned officers
- 616 Men

The entire regiment is made up of 744 men, with 702 horses (without officers).

The Prussian cuirassiers wear white tunics, grey trousers, metal helmets, and white or yellow back and breast-plates. They are armed with a long, straight cut-and-thrust sword: in addition, each man has a pistol, and 20 in each squadron carbines. Their horses are tall and handsome, and are generally obtained in the eastern provinces of the empire, namely, East and West Prussia and Pomerania.

The total strength of the cuirassiers is equal to 7410 men, who are all intended to take the field.

The Prussian guard and line uhlans are mounted on horses very like those of the Austrian dragoons, and form the transition from light to heavy cavalry. There are 2 guard and 8 line uhlan regiments, made up precisely like the cuirassiers, and, therefore, amounting to 7410 men. The horses of the uhlans, of whom a regiment is attached to each *corps d'armée*, are very good, and not so slenderly built as those of the hussars and dragoons. Their arms consist of a lance, with a black and white pennon, and a sabre: 20 men per squadron have carbines, the remainder a pistol. The uniform is dark-blue jackets, with red collars and facings, and dark-grey trousers and cloaks, such as are worn by the entire Prussian cavalry.

The light cavalry is made up of—(1.) 13 regiments of hussars (1 belonging to the guards). Each regiment is of the same strength as the preceding, or, altogether, 9633 men, all intended for active service. Their principal weapon is the sabre, and, in addition, two-sevenths carry short rifles, four-sevenths carbines, and one-seventh pistols. The uniform consists of dolmans and fur jackets of various collars, a bearskin cap with a colpak, grey trousers and cloaks.

(2.) 5 regiments of dragoons (among them 1 of dragoon guards), altogether amounting to 3705 men. The dragoons are mounted and armed precisely like the hussars, and are only distinguished from them by the uniform, which consists of a light-blue tunic and a helmet of leather, with brass ornaments. The light cavalry horses are chiefly obtained from East and West Prussia and Lithuania, and are generally very good and handsome, though here and there some of them are not sufficiently strong.

The strength of the whole guard and line cavalry is, consequently,

40	Squadrons cuirassiers	=	7410	men
40	" uhlans	=	7410	"
52	" hussars	=	9633	"
20	" dragoons	=	3705	"

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152 " 28,185 "

who are all employed on active service.

(1.) 2 guard Landwehr regiments, each regiment of 4 squadrons with 602 horses, or, altogether, 2408 horses. The men are chosen from those who have served their time in the guards, and, when called out, are generally commanded by old officers of the same branch. A portion of these guard Landwehr cavalry, whom we had an opportunity of seeing in 1850, was most admirably equipped and drilled, and might fearlessly challenge comparison with any regiment of the line.

(2.) 8 heavy regiments of Landwehr cavalry = 32 squadrons = 4816 men. These heavy regiments are made up with men who have served their time in the 8 line cuirassier regiments, and are attached to them in such a manner that 1 heavy Landwehr and 1 cuirassier line regiment are commanded by the same colonel.

(3.) 8 Landwehr uhlan regiments = 32 squadrons = 486 men, also attached to the 8 line uhlan regiments, and armed, like them, with lances.

(4.) 12 Landwehr hussar regiments = 48 squadrons = 7224 men, attached to the 12 line hussar regiments.

(5.) 4 Landwehr dragoon regiments = 16 squadrons = 2408 men, attached to the dragoon line regiments.

The total Landwehr cavalry of the first levy will, therefore, amount to 136 squadrons, or, on a war footing, 20,416 horses. The whole of this Landwehr cavalry of the first levy, intended for service in the field, can always be called out within a few weeks, as all the *matériel* is ready, with the exception of horses. The officers and men have all served for various periods in the cavalry of the active army, and find themselves perfectly at home in their military duties very soon after calling out. The remounting of this Landwehr cavalry varies rather, as this is generally effected in that province to which the Landwehr regiment belongs. In East and West Prussia, Lithuania, several districts of Pomerania, Brandenburg, Silesia, Saxony, and Westphalia, where a good breed of horses is kept up, the Landwehr cavalry is excellently mounted: in the Rhenish provinces and some districts of Westphalia, Silesia, and Saxony, this is not exactly the case. Some time must, besides, always elapse before a newly called out Landwehr regiment of cavalry is thoroughly disciplined and organised. But when this has once taken place, and the regiments have passed a few months in the field, they would not be in any way inferior to a line regiment. They are all armed like the line. The uniform consists of a dark-blue tunic, with different collars and facings, according to the various arms, and a light helmet of the dragoon pattern.

The Prussian cavalry intended to be employed in an external war would consequently be made up of

28,158 men, line and guards  
20,416 Landwehr cavalry (1st levy)

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48,574 men, thoroughly equipped

In addition to these 34 Landwehr regiments of the first levy, there are 8 reserve squadrons, appointed to serve in the fortresses. Whenever the army is on a full war establishment, 55 *dépôt* squadrons will be formed, with a total strength of 6350 horses. These reserves and *dépôts* will have a strength of 7000 or 8000 men and horses, and are sufficient to keep up the field regiments at their full strength.

The Landwehr cavalry second levy is intended to be made up of 104

n squadrons, each squadron of 120 horses, or, altogether, 12,480 com-  
batants. We do not doubt that by an extraordinary exertion the whole  
of the second levy could be mobilised, but we believe that, otherwise,  
it would present great difficulties. They would not be employed except  
in case of an invasion of the country, and though they would have many  
defects, they would still be of some service to the state.

The ARTILLERY of the Prussian army is composed of 9 artillery regi-  
ments, of which 1 is attached to the guards.

Each regiment is made up of 3 detachments, each commanded by a  
staff-officer, and is composed of

4	6-pounder foot batteries of 8 guns .....	= 32 guns
3	12-pounder foot batteries of 8 guns .....	= 24 "
1	7-pounder howitzer battery of 8 guns...	= 8 "
3	Horse 6-pounder batteries of 8 guns .....	= 24 "

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11 Batteries with..... 88 guns

In addition, each regiment has 1 fortress artillery detachment, 1 reserve  
company, 1 artisan company, 1 laboratory column, and 6 ammunition  
columns. On a war footing each regiment will be made up of

5	Staff-officers
21	Captains
15	First lieutenants
50	Second ditto
3	Pyrotechnic ditto

1374 Non-commissioned officers and privates

There is no actual Landwehr artillery, but each regiment has Land-  
wehr artillery officers and men attached to it, who are called out to ex-  
ercise in time of peace, and in war would be employed to reinforce the  
regiment and serve the fortress ordnance. In addition to the artillery,  
the Prussian army has numerous arsenals, foundries, powder-mills, which  
are all under military management, and served by soldiers.

The strength of the artillery intended to take the field is 19,000 men,  
with 99 batteries of 792 guns. In comparison to the general strength  
of the Prussian army, this number of field guns appears to us rather  
small. Recent strategics attach a great weight—and we believe justly—  
to heavy batteries. It seems as if Prussia had recognised this defect,  
for, as we heard recently, each artillery regiment is to be augmented by  
a battery, which would form an additional total of 9 batteries, equal to  
72 guns, and hence 864 guns will be brought into the field in future.  
But even this number is not sufficient, and it ought to be raised to at  
least 900, with as many 12-pounders as possible. Since small arms have  
been so extraordinarily improved during the last ten years, we believe that  
it will be necessary to introduce guns of much heavier calibre than the  
6-pounders which are now so much in vogue. The French artillery,  
which is an object of special attention, has set a good example in this.

If there was a period when the Prussian artillery was treated in a rather  
step-motherly fashion, every exertion has been made since 1848 to repair  
the error, and it is now on a very satisfactory footing. The officers, edu-  
cated in excellent schools, combine theoretical knowledge with practical  
experience, the men are well disciplined, and the *matériel* is first rate.  
The horses are powerful animals, which are principally bought up in the  
eastern provinces. As in all else, the guards have a preference here, and  
their horses are considerably superior to those of the line artillery.

The uniform is a dark blue tunic with black collars and facing, and helmet of leather with brass ornaments, trousers and cloaks dark green.

The ENGINEER corps, with the pioneers, who must also perform the duties of pontonniers, contains 216 officers and 9 pioneer detachments (1 belonging to the guards); each detachment has 2 companies, and contains 452 men. In war, a *dépôt* company of 225 men is to be formed of the Landwehr men of the pioneer detachments. There are also 2 reserve pioneer companies, together amounting to 500 men, attached to the Federative fortresses, which Prussia helps to garrison. The total strength of the pioneers on a war footing, after calling out the Landwehr pioneer will amount to 7743 men. As Prussia has many strong fortresses, no more than 5000 pioneers could be detached for a foreign campaign. This number appears to us rather small. The general condition of these troops is declared by competent military authorities to be extremely satisfactory, and we could not indeed expect otherwise in so intelligent an army as the Prussian.

The Prussian army on a war footing would also have the following corps attached:

(1.) A transport corps, subdivided into various detachments. On a war footing it would amount to 27,000 men, and its organisation is most praiseworthy.

(2.) Mounted orderlies, especially attached for carrying despatches, &c., 4 officers and 77 men.

(3.) An army corps of gendarmerie, attached to the various staffs, whose number is not settled.

(4.) A company of non-commissioned officers of the guards of 80 men, who serve in the royal palaces and gardens.

As the organisation of the Prussian army is especially calculated upon the intelligence of the officers and men, all the military educational establishments are, and always have been, excellent. For officers the following schools have been founded:

Five cadet houses.

Numerous divisional schools for preparation of ensigns.

An artillery and engineer school.

A general war school for the higher instruction of officers.

In addition to the regimental and company schools, we also find:

Schools for non-commissioned officers.

A military orphan school, with branches through the country.

For the purpose of introducing a regular system of equitation in the cavalry, there is a military riding-school at Schwedt, and an instructive battalion for infantry at Potsdam. The various regiments detach competent officers and soldiers to join these establishments.

The whole Prussian army, including the Landwehr of the 2nd levy and the reserves, would thus have a strength of 580,000 men. Of these there might be employed in a campaign beyond the frontiers of the country:

Guard, line and Landwehr infantry (1st levy)	226,452 men
Guard, line and Landwehr cavalry (1st levy)	48,574 "
Artillery (exclusive of the present augmentation), 792 guns, with	19,000 "
Engineers, officers, and pioneers	5,000 "
	<hr/> 299,026 "

or, in round numbers, 300,000 effectives.

The Prussian army during peace is divided into a corps of guards, permanently garrisoned in Berlin, Potsdam, and Charlottenburg; and into eight *corps d'armée*, one to each province. Each *corps d'armée* is composed of

- 4 Line infantry regiments
- 4 Landwehr do. do. (1st levy)
- 1 Chasseur battalion
- 4 Line cavalry regiments
- 4 Landwehr do. do. (1st levy)
- 1 Regiment artillery
- 1 Pioneer division
- 1 Combined reserve battalion

The eight reserve infantry regiments, of which each *corps d'armée* has one, are principally garrisoned in Mayence, Luxemburg, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and on the Rhine. As the Prussian regiments during peace very rarely change their garrisons, which would, indeed, entail various difficulties, owing to their close connexion with the Landwehr, the dislocation into divisions and brigades may be regarded as permanent, but would probably be entirely altered on the troops taking the field.

It will be very evident that the maintenance of such an immense army, derived from a numerically small amount of population, must be managed with the utmost degree of economy, if the government wishes to refrain from laying an unsupportable amount of taxation on the nation. This economy, however, is displayed in numerous very clever and satisfactory devices: for instance, through the Landwehr system, Prussia is only called upon to pay one-half of her standing army; each year the arrival of the recruits is found never exactly to coincide with the departure of those on furlough; the volunteers enrolled for one year receive no pay; the Prussian army in garrison has no pay for the 31st of the month; and, lastly, retiring officers, instead of receiving pensions, obtain employment in the civil service.

But the principal reward on which the Prussian government relies is the almost unlimited distribution of orders—a system rendered necessary by promotion depending entirely on seniority; and distinguished services are rewarded by other methods than attaining a step. Orders, when wisely distributed, indubitably exercise a great influence on the spirit of an army; and, hence, we venture to close our account of the Prussian army with a cursory statement of the orders which the troops are enabled to gain, together with an account of their origin and design:

1. The ORDER of the BLACK EAGLE is the highest in Prussia; and this is seen in the decoration itself, as the Black Eagle forms the national arms. It was founded on the 18th of January, 1701, by Frederick I., first King of Prussia, at his coronation. It is employed as a reward for all high military and civil dignitaries of the empire, in peace and in war. All the princes of the royal family are chevaliers of this order by birth. The number of chevaliers is limited to thirty, exclusive of princes of the royal blood and foreign potentates. No one can receive this order unless noble; and hence, a bourgeois must be ennobled by the king prior to his reception of it. The decoration consists of a silver plate, bearing on a yellow field the black eagle, surrounded by the motto, *Suum cuique*. The grand cordon is a wide orange ribbon, worn from the right shoulder



to the left hip, and supporting a blue enamelled cross, the angles filled with black eagles. In exceptional cases, the decoration is ornamented with diamonds. The Chevaliers of the Black Eagle are at the same time, and *ex officio*, Chevaliers of the Red Eagle. There is no pension attached to this order.

2. The ORDER of the RED EAGLE was founded by the Margrave of Anspach and Baireuth, in 1705. On the margravate reverting to Prussia, in 1791, Frederick William II. declared this the second order in his empire. At that period it only consisted of one class; and the decoration was a silver star attached to the cordon of the order. In 1810, Frederick William III. divided it into three classes, to which he added a fourth in 1830. It is intended to reward distinguished military and civil services.

The first class consists of a silver star with eight rays; in the centre, on a white field, being the red eagle, surrounded by the motto, *Sincere et constanter*. Above this device are three gold oak-leaves. The grand cordon consists of a broad white ribbon with two orange stripes, to which is attached a white cross, the centre containing the red eagle, and the ring adorned with oak-leaves.

The second class of the Red Eagle is subdivided into two categories; one "with the star," the other "without the star." The second class "with the star" is composed of a square cross of silver, containing a large white cross with the red eagle in the centre. In addition, a white cross is worn round the neck, attached to a white ribbon with two orange stripes. The second class "without the star" only wears the small cross round the neck.

The third class wears a similar white cross on the chest of smaller dimensions, fastened to a ribbon of the same cross.

The fourth class is distinguished by a cross of silver. When an officer gains the order of the Red Eagle on the battle-field, the cross he wears is ornamented with two crossed swords. There are no pensions attached to this order. Only officers can obtain it.

3. The ORDER *Pour le Mérite* was founded by Frederick the Great, on his accession to the throne, in lieu of the Order *De la Générosité*, instituted by his father, and was intended to reward military and civil services. It consists of a blue enamelled cross, in the angles of which are gilt eagles, and it is worn attached to a black ribbon with two silver stripes. Frederick William III. decreed, in 1810, that the Order *Pour le Mérite* should be exclusively reserved for the military: he also ordered that, in the case of very distinguished services, the order should receive a further decoration of oak-leaves. When an officer has obtained this order, in the first instance, without leaves, and then receives the higher distinction, he only wears the latter; but, in that case, the ribbon has three silver stripes instead of two. Frederick William IV., the present King of Prussia, resolved, on the 31st of May, 1842, to confer this order again on artists and literary men, in accordance with the intention of Frederick the Great. For this purpose a new and special class of the order was founded, under the title, "Class of Peace of the Order *Pour le Mérite*." The decoration consists of a blue enamelled cross, with a gilt eagle on a yellow field. The number of chevaliers of this class is invariably fixed at thirty for Prussia, and thirty for foreign countries.

4. The ORDER of the IRON CROSS was founded by Frederick William III., on the 10th of March, 1813, to reward the officers and soldiers who fought against France in the campaigns of 1813, 14, and 15. It comprises two classes, conferred on soldiers of all grades. The second class consists of an iron cross, bordered with silver, and worn on the left side of the chest, attached to a black ribbon with two white stripes. The front of the cross bears the initials F. W., with a crown, three oak-leaves, and the date 1813. The decoration of the first class is the same, but, instead of depending from a ribbon, it is attached to the coat. The holder of the first class is also entitled to the second. Up to 1841 there were no pensions attached to this decoration; but on the 3rd of August of that year, Frederick William IV. decreed, that in the first class, 12 officers, and 12 non-commissioned officers and privates, should receive an annual pension of 150 thalers; and, in the second class, 36 of each grade an annual pension of 50 thalers.

5. The ORDER of the IRON CROSS, white ribbon, though not military, is so frequently confounded with the previous order, that we think it advisable to point out the distinction. It was created in 1813 by Frederick William III. to reward civil functionaries who distinguished themselves by their patriotism during the campaign of 1813, &c. The cross is the same as the second class of the preceding, but is attached to a white ribbon with two black stripes.

6. The GRAND CROSS of the IRON CROSS was instituted at the same time as the two last, and was only given to those commanders-in-chief who gained a battle, took an important town, or defended a fortress with success. It is precisely similar to the last, except that it is double as large. The orders 4, 5, and 6 will soon be extinct; and, indeed, the Grand Cross can no longer be found, as all the generals have died.

7. The military decoration founded by Frederick William III. in 1814 to reward the services of officers, is divided into two classes: the first consisting of a silver cross attached to a black and white ribbon; the second class is given to non-commissioned officers and privates, and consists of a silver medal, bearing the inscription "For service done the State."

8. The MEDAL for the CAMPAIGNS of 1813, 14, and 15, was made of gun-metal, and given to all the troops engaged. It is of a round form, is attached to a yellow ribbon bordered with black and white, and bears the following inscriptions above and round a crown: "F. W., to the brave warriors of Prussia. God was with us; to Him be the honour!"

9. The GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL for officers was created June 18, 1825, by Frederick William III. for officers who had served twenty-five years. The cross is of silver gilt, bearing the initials of its founder.

10. The GOOD CONDUCT CLASP for non-commissioned officers and privates was founded at the same date, and varies in character according to the seniority of the recipient. After twenty-one years' service the clasp is yellow, and is fastened to a blue ribbon edged with yellow. After fifteen years' service it is silver, attached to a blue ribbon with white edging. After nine years' service the clasp is iron, fastened to a blue ribbon with black edge. The clasp is in all cases ornamented with the cypher of the founder, F. W. III.

11. The GOOD CONDUCT CLASP for the Landwehr, founded on the

16th of January, 1842, by Frederick William IV. for those officers and privates who performed their duties well in the first and second levies, consists of a blue ribbon, in which the initials of the founder are worked in yellow silk.

12. The ORDER of ST. JOHN is an offshoot of the once celebrated knights who held the islands of Malta, Cyprus, and Crete. In 1814, the knights of Brandenburg separated from the order, and elected a grand master; this separation lasted till the re-formation. In 1810, Frederick William III. abolished it, and instituted, in 1812, a new Prussian order of St. John, only in name bearing any affinity to its illustrious prototype. This new order is granted to such noble persons as the king wishes to personally reward; and several officers hold it. The decoration consists of a white enamelled cross, the angles occupied by black eagles. There is no special prerogative attached to this order, save the right of wearing the dress of the order—a red uniform with a white collar, embroidered in gold, and gold epaulettes.

13. The ORDER of the HOUSE of HOHENZOLLERN was founded on the 5th of December, 1841, by the reigning Prince of Hohenzollern Hechingen and Sigmaringen. When that prince resigned his states to Prussia, Frederick William IV. admitted this order into Prussia on the 23rd of August, 1851, granting the prince permission to present the order to whom he pleased, according to the new organisation. This order is now divided into two sections. The first is granted as a reward for special devotion to the royal family; the second is conferred as a reward for peculiar services in the education of youth and the propagation of pious sentiments. Each of these sections contains three classes: grand commanders, commanders, and chevaliers.

The decoration of the first section consists of a black and white enamelled gold cross, in the centre of which is a round shield, bearing the motto of the order, "From the rock to the sea," and in the centre the eagle of the royal arms on a white field, with the escutcheon of Hohenzollern on its breast. Between the arms of the cross is a gold green-enamelled crown, supported on the left by laurel-leaves, on the right by oak-leaves. Above the cross is the royal crown. The decoration of the second section consists of the eagle of the royal arms, of black enamel, bearing on its breast the escutcheon of Hohenzollern. The motto is in a blue garter surrounding the head of the eagle. There are no special prerogatives or pensions attached to this order.

14. The MEDAL of HOHENZOLLERN was founded in 1851, for all those officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates who retained their fidelity during the struggles of 1848 and 1849. It is made of gun-metal. It bears on the front the cross of the order of Hohenzollern, and on the reverse this inscription: "Frederick William IV., to his warriors faithful till death, 1848-1849." It is worn on the chest from the button-hole, fastened to the ribbon of the order of Hohenzollern.

As for the foreign decorations, which are also very numerous in the Prussian army, the soldiers must obtain the royal authority to accept them, except in the case of Austrian and *Russian* orders, when they need only to make a simple declaration of the imperial decree conferring them.

## HUMAN LONGEVITY.

ARISTOTLE was the first to point out the fact that the length of an animal's life was indicated by the extent of the term of gestation and of the growth of the young. Buffon showed how this could be reduced to a numerical expression. "Man," the French naturalist said, "grows in height up to 16 or 18 years of age, but the development of the whole body in thickness does not cease till he is 30. Dogs attain their whole length in less than a year, but it is only in the second year that they cease to increase generally in size. Man, who is 30 years growing, lives 90 or 100 years; dogs, that only grow 2 or 3 years, only live 10 or 12 years; and so it is with other animals."

A distinguished physiologist, M. Flourens, the author of many well-known works on the nervous system, and the Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, has lately published a work in which he assumes to himself the discovery of the true sign of the term of growth. The real problem, the physiological problem, was, he says, determined, but the exact expression of the term of growth was wanting, and, consequently, the estimate as to how many times the duration of that growth was comprised in the duration of life was uncertain.

M. Flourens finds this index of the cessation of growth in the union of the bones with their epiphyses. To understand this, it is necessary to premise that ossification commences at the centre, and thence proceeds towards the surface; in flat bones the osseous tissue radiates between two membranes from a central point towards the periphery, in short bones from a centre towards the circumference, and in long bones from a central portion, *diaphysis*, towards a secondary centre, *epiphysis*, situated at each extremity. An epiphysis is then a bone or bony excrescence, which in the long bones is separated from the other bone by intervening cartilage, but which intervening cartilage is ossified at a certain age. M. Flourens fixes the period at which this ossification terminates at, or about, 20 years of age.

This point being given—that so long as the bones are not united to their epiphyses the animal grows—it remained to be seen at what age this term took place in different animals, and what was the comparative duration of life. Now this union is accomplished in man at the age of 20; in the camel, at 8; in the horse, at 5; in the ox, at 4; in the lion, at 4; in the dog, at 2; in the cat, at 18 months; in the rabbit, at 12; in the guinea-pig, at 7. Now man lives 90 or 100 years; the camel, 40; the horse, 25; the ox, 15 to 20; the lion about 20; the dog, 10 to 12; the cat, 9 to 10; the rabbit, 8; the guinea-pig, 6 or 7.

Buffon, proceeding upon his idea of the duration of growth, calculated that man lives six or seven times the length of the time he is in growing; Flourens reduces this, from the above data, to about five times. Thus man is 20 years growing—he lives five times 20, that is 100 years; the camel is 8 years growing—it lives five times 8, that is 40 years; the horse is 5 years growing—it lives five times 5 years, that is 25 years; and so on with the others.

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We have here, then, a well-defined term, which gives us precisely the period of growth; and the duration of growth gives us the duration of life. All the phenomena of life are connected one with another by an uninterrupted chain of relations: the duration of life is given by the duration of gestation, the duration of gestation again by the size of the animal. The greater the animal is, the more is the period of gestation prolonged: the gestation of the rabbit is 80 days; that of man, 9 months; that of the elephant is nearly 2 years. The duration of life in the elephant has never been satisfactorily determined. Aristotle says it lives 200 years; Buffon at least 200; Cuvier says nearly 200; others say 120, 130, 140, 150, up to 400 or 500 years. Certain it is, that it is the longest-lived animal that is known, or, as Blainville justly calls it, "the most extraordinary animal in the whole creation." A single observation as to the epoch at which the union of the long bones with their epiphyses takes place would, according to Flourens' views, determine the duration of the life of the elephant, of the rhinoceros, of the hippopotamus, and of all such gigantic animals, the duration of whose lives is at present unknown.

It is very consoling to learn that scientific investigation grants to man an ordinary duration of life equal to 100 years; but this is not all. There is also an extraordinary longevity, or an extreme duration of life, which the celebrated physiologist Haller estimated from two instances, one of 152 years, the other of 169, at *two centuries*. Flourens, on his side, asserts that experience demonstrates that in the mammifère the extraordinary life may be prolonged to double the duration of ordinary life. In the same manner as the duration of growth multiplied five times gives the ordinary duration of life, so that ordinary duration multiplied twice gives the extreme duration of life.

A first century of ordinary life, and almost a second century—at the least a half century—of extraordinary life, is, then, the perspective offered by science to man. It is true that, to use the language of adepts, science offers us this vast fund of life rather as a power or principle than as an act; *plus in posse quam in actu*; but had it pleased Providence to ensure it to us, the lamentations of men at the brevity of life would not have been the less. "Tell me first," says Micromégas, "how many senses have the people in your globe?" "We have seventy-two," answered the inhabitant of Saturn, "and we complain every day of the paucity." "I can easily imagine that," said Micromégas, "for in our globe we have a thousand, and yet we are very far from being satisfied."

Man, then, who does not perish from accidental causes, lives for 100 to 150 years. Few men die of old age. Thomas Parr, having attained a celebrity by his old age, King Charles I. expressed the wish to see him at court. He was too well treated there, and he died of indigestion. Harvey performed the autopsy of the old man's body. All the viscera were perfectly healthy, the cartilages of his ribs were not even ossified; he might have lived many years more, but he perished at 152 years of age by an accident. Man has made for himself a kind of artificial life, in which the *moral* is more frequently diseased than the *physique*, and in which the *physique* is also much more frequently ill than it would be if the habits of life were more serene, more calm, *more constantly and more judiciously laborious*. "Man," writes Buffon, "perishes at all

ages, whilst animals seem to pass through life with a firm and equable pace. The passions, and the misfortunes these bring in their train, affect health, and disorder the principles which animate us. If the lives of men were more carefully observed, it would be found that almost all live a life of mixed strife and apprehension, and that the greater part die of care or sorrow."

Before, however, we discuss the philosophy of longevity, we must consider life in its twofold aspects, as one of growth and one of decline—two aspects which divide it into two nearly equal portions. According to Flourens' system, these two halves are again subdivided into two others, and from thence the four ages of life: childhood, youth, manhood, and old age. Again, each of these ages divides itself into two. There is a first and a second childhood, a first and a second youth, a first and a second manhood, and a first and a last old age.

Flourens proposes the following as the duration of these different ages or epochs: for the first childhood, from birth to 10 years of age, that is childhood properly speaking; and for the second, from 10 to 20, that is adolescence; for the first youth, from 20 to 30; and for the second, from 30 to 40; for the first manhood, from 40 to 55; and for the second, from 55 to 70. Manhood, taken in its *ensemble*, is the epoch of strength and perfection, as is well expressed in the term of the period of virility. The first old age begins at 70, and lasts till 85 years; and at 85 begins the second and last old age.

This exceeding prolongation of the different ages, which will appear to correspond more to what theoretically should be the case than to what virtually is so, is founded on the fact that at 10 years of age the second teething terminates; at 20 years of age the development of the bones ceases; and at 40 years of age increase of growth has an end, and whatever augmentation there is in volume is mere fatty accumulation. A last condition, which Flourens designates as one of invigoration—an internal, deep-seated action, which, extending to the most remote tissues of the body, gives to them all firmness and finish, and renders all the functions more perfect and all the organs more complete—takes place from 40 to 55 years of age, and prolongs itself afterwards, more or less, to 65 or 70 years.

At 70 old age commences. The physiologists of olden times used to distinguish two kinds, or rather two provisions of forces—the forces in reserve and the forces in use; or, as they expressed it, *vires in posse*, *et vires in actu*; or, as Barthez called them, the radical forces and the acting forces. In youth there is a large amount of force in reserve: it is the progressive diminution of these disposable forces which give to old age its physiological character. So long as an old man only employs his active powers, he does not perceive that he has lost anything; but the moment that he exceeds the limits of his usual active powers, he feels fatigued and exhausted; he perceives that he has no secret resources, and that the abundant forces in reserve in youth-time are no longer at his command.

"When one knows," M. Reveillé Parise remarks in a very able work on old age, "that there is in each of our organs two particular forces, which, although in reality identical, are, the one daily and habitual and always in use, the other secret and in reserve, only manifesting themselves

upon extraordinary occasions, a wise man is induced never to commit an excess. It is, indeed, upon the occasion of these excesses that the employment of the forces of reserve is necessary; but as these forces can only be recovered with difficulty and after the lapse of a greater or less time, it will be felt that they should be had recourse to as seldom as possible, and that more particularly in old age, when the organism is weakened by the lapse of years."

M. Reveillé Parise argues that the period of general decline begins with the lungs; but M. Flourens, we think with great justice, combats this idea, and considers old age not as a local but as a general phenomenon. Nor is it, indeed, always the same organ in which the effects of age are first manifested, but rather in one or another, according to circumstances and to individual constitutions. In considering the manner in which old age operates, it is important to remember that the principle of life, whatever may be its nature, is eminently an exciting, an impulsive, and a motive power. "It is taking a very false notion of life," says Cuvier, "to consider it as a simple bond which keeps together the elements of the living body, whilst it is, on the contrary, a spring that moves them and transports them incessantly. There is an incessant mutation and renovation of parts going on; force alone is persistent, matter constantly changing; we cannot keep what we have, we can only keep repairing what is lost; with old age the forces, by which form is sustained amidst a continual waste, begin to decline, till they ultimately fail altogether, which would be a natural in opposition to an accidental death."

But while we cannot grow aged without a decline of our physical powers, the moral and intellectual man rather gains by increase of years. Who has not read the "Treatise on Old Age" of Cicero? a work of which Montaigne said, "It gives me a wish to grow old." Another work on old age, the effect of which is most consoling and instructive, and to which we shall soon refer more at length, is that of Louis Cornaro. The book of Cicero convinces, because it is written with a master's hand, and under the inspiration of an elevated philosophy. That of Cornaro carries with it the reader, because it is written by a wise and amiable old man, who has lived a hundred years, always cheerful, always gay, always happy to live. Here the fact convinces still more than the book.

"In green old age," M. Reveillé Parise says, "or from 55 to 75 years and beyond that, intellectual life possesses a remarkable consistency and solidity; it is truly the age at which man attains the perfection of his faculties." What M. Parise calls "green old age," it is to be observed, corresponds to what M. Flourens calls "the first old age."

The celebrated anatomist, Duverney, addressed public bodies with all the vivacity and energy of youth at the age of 80. La Fontaine penned some of his best verses at 73; Voltaire was most philosophical at 78. These may be called exceptions—they are not so, they are revelations; they show how, under proper conservative circumstances, certain faculties remain vigorous and intact. In youth, attention, lively and active, receives impressions quickly, but reflection is wanting; in manhood, reflection and attention are combined, and that is what constitutes the force of a ripe age; in old age, attention begins to fail, but reflection

increases ; old age is the epoch when the human heart turns back upon itself and knows itself best. Buffon called old age a prejudice. "Without our arithmetic," says the active-minded naturalist, who wrote his best work, the "*Epoques de la Nature*," when he was upwards of 70, "we should not know that we are getting old." The philosopher, Fontenelle, said at 95 years of age, that the happiest period of life is from 55 to 75 ; at that epoch our lot is established, reputation made, condition in life settled, pretensions discarded or fulfilled, passions calmed, and the place which a man is destined to fill in society determined. He has no longer any illusions, any vain desires or foolish wishes to torment him ; he sits down soberly to enjoy the position in which it has pleased Providence to place him.

Needless to say that a century of normal life, and, still less, two centuries of extreme longevity, are not to be obtained without conditions of a most rigorous character : there must be good conduct and *almost incessant occupation*, work or study, and, above all, moderation and sobriety in everything. The greatest writers on the physiological conditions of longevity are, beyond compare, Hufeland, who entitles his work "*The Art of Prolonging Life* ;" Cornaro, who calls his "*On a Sober Life*," but adds, "*Means of Insuring a Long Life* ;" Reveillé Parise, who defines hygiene to be "the art of justly estimating one's powers, and of exciting and sustaining them so as to preserve life the most possible, the best possible, and the longest possible." To these we must add the two Combes, the physician and the philosopher, the one in his work on Physiology, the other in his work on the Constitution of Man, both advocating that enlightened obedience to the Natural laws, without which there is neither health nor happiness, and most assuredly not longevity. The principles advocated in the present work by M. Flourens reduce themselves to precisely the same category.

It is a most singular fact in the history of the human mind—a most remarkable psychological feature of human society as at present constituted—that while the desire of self-preservation, and of protracting the short span of life, is so intimately interwoven with our constitution, that it is justly esteemed one of the first principles of our nature, and, in spite even of pain and misery, seldom quits us to the last moments of our existence, that few are found to obey the most simple dictates of prudence in the ordinary conduct of life. Evil example, and, we fear to say, ignorance, are first causes, habit another, and all combine to entertain that state of things upon which that law of mortality is founded which is the basis of Life Insurance. Uncertain as is the life of any one individual, it is very well known that if two different numbers of individuals, at or near the same age, be taken, the number that will be left at the end of a few years will be nearly the same, *if they exist during that time under similar circumstances*. All Life Insurance Companies have to assume this latter condition of the same state of habits of society. Was any state of things to arise by which there would be less necessity for a killing competition in labour and professions ; was greater sobriety and moderation commonly practised—and by sobriety we do not mean mere abstinence from fermented liquors, but general steadiness of conduct and pursuits, and the avoidance of all excesses in labour and diet—were the passions better regulated, were there a less unequal distribution of wealth,



and not gluttony, idleness, and fastidiousness on the one side, opposed to squalid want and merciless debauchery on the other; were the sanitary laws not a matter of mere talk from Central Boards and Boards of Guardians, but a legal and scientific reality; and were, above all things, the Natural laws observed religiously by every one, as the great principles of existence, as an imperious duty towards ourselves and others, and their infringement considered to be, as it is, an act of the grossest ingratitude towards our Creator, the "Carlisle Tables" would no longer do for the office calculations of the Life Insurance Companies. Few instances are more striking than the life of Louis Cornaro of the effects of moderation in prolonging life. Cornaro had naturally a very delicate constitution; in his youth he indulged in the dissipated life of his time, his health gave way, and at thirty-five his medical advisers gave him only two years to live. He determined from that moment to reform; he changed a dissipated life for a regular one, and intemperance for sobriety. His moderation was even carried to excess. Twelve ounces of solid food, and fourteen ounces of wine, were all that he took daily, for upwards of half a century. This amount of food, which includes bread, meat, and game—for he was an advocate for variety, so long as it was easily digested—was divided into four meals. When he got very old, he is said to have made two meals upon the yolk of one egg!

"I have always been healthy," says the old man in his work, "since I have been sober." But Cornaro did not look solely to moderation for a long life. "I so manage," he says, "as to avoid extremes of heat or cold; I never indulge in violent exercise, I avoid late hours, I shun all places where the air is impure, and I have always been careful not to expose myself to a strong wind, or the excessive heat of the sun."

Nor did he pay less attention to the moral and intellectual man. "I found," he says, "my condition to improve materially by not giving way to sorrow, and by banishing all such thoughts as were likely to beget care." He had eleven grandchildren, and he delighted to see them happy and playful in his presence. He likewise took an active interest in the welfare of his tenantry. Whilst he thus cultivated his moral being by the most healthy exercise of the heart, he sustained his intellectual powers by literary and scientific pursuits. At eighty-three years of age he penned a comedy for his own amusement; and he assisted materially in the embellishment and improvement of Venice, by his considerations on the lagoons by which that city is surrounded. (*Trattato delle Acque*, 1560.)

A remark of Cornaro's, which Flourens delights to improve upon, is as follows: "That which gives me a real pleasure is to see that age and experience can give a man more learning than the schools. Few know the real value of ten years of a healthy life, at an age when a man can enjoy all his reason, and profit by all his experience. To speak only of the sciences, it is certain that the best works we have were written in those last ten years which the dissipated affect to despise; it is certain that the mind perfects itself in proportion as the body grows older: science and art would have lost much if all the great men who have cultivated them had shortened their days by ten years."

"I entirely agree with Cornaro," writes M. Flourens, "that the mind perfects itself in proportion as the body grows older. Each age

has a strength of mind which is peculiar to it. There are certain discoveries which are made by young men ; there are others which can only be made by men at a ripe age. Galileo discovered at the age of eighteen or twenty the regularity of the oscillations of a pendulum, but Harvey was fifty before he arrived at the splendid induction of the circulation of the blood."

The rules of conduct followed by Cornaro in order to prolong his life are by no means recommended to all alike. His diet and system were adopted for a weak stomach and a delicate constitution; and it would be absurd, the physician Ramazzini remarked long ago, to insist upon strong and healthy constitutions following the same régime. The great point is to possess the intelligence necessary to observe such sobriety and moderation as we find to be beneficial to us and suitable to the ever-varying circumstances of health and tone. The only secret of longevity is a sober life—by which is meant a well-regulated life, a rational life, a well-conducted life.

It is positively surprising in the present day, when the principles of longevity are reduced to so simple an expression as the observance of the Natural laws, to find what erroneous opinions our forefathers entertained upon so important a subject. It was especially an erroneous belief that the loss by perspiration abbreviated life. Lord Bacon, who distinguished, philosophically enough, three intentions for the prolongation of life—retardation of consumption, and proper reparation and renovation of what begins to grow old—was yet so far misled by a false idea of the relation of what he calls predatory influences and reparatory influences, as to believe that the ambient air could be rendered less predatory by dwelling in cold climates, in caves, mountains, and anchorites' cells; or be kept off from the body by a dense skin, the feathers of birds, or the use of oils and unguents without aromatics. Upon the same mistaken principle Maupertius recommended that the body should be covered with pitch. And Cardan actually argued that trees lived longer than animals because they took no exercise!

Lessius, a Dutchman, was, like Cornaro, of a feeble constitution. He read Cornaro's book after he had been condemned by the physicians, adopted its principles, and lived to a good old age. He afterwards translated Cornaro's work into Latin, and added a preface on the advantages of sobriety. His style is not, however, so convincing as that of the amiable, poetic, joyous, old Italian, who thus finishes his first discourse:

"Such is this divine sobriety, friend of nature, daughter of reason, sister of virtue, companion of a temperate life; modest, noble, regulated, and neat in her work. She is as the root of life, of health, of joy, of skill, of science, and of all the actions worthy of a well-born mind. Divine laws and human laws are in her favour; before her, irregularities and the dangers that follow in their train vanish like clouds before the sun. Her beauty attracts all sensible hearts; her practices promise to all a gracious and durable conversation; lastly, she knows how to become the amiable and benignant guardian of life, alike to the poor and to the rich; she teaches modesty to the rich, economy to the poor; she gives to youth the firm and certain hope of life, and enables the old man to defend himself from death. Sobriety purifies the senses, renders intelligence lively, imparts gaiety to the mind, and renders memory faithful; by it the soul,

almost disengaged of its terrestrial weight, seems to enjoy the foretaste of an eternal freedom."

The rules of longevity, as laid down in modern times by M. Reveillé Parise, are four in number:

The first is to know how to be old. The expression is borrowed from La Rochefoucauld, who said, "few people know how to be old." Voltaire also wrote:

Qui n'a pas l'esprit de son âge  
De son âge a tous les malheurs.

which conveys best the idea of what is meant by knowing how to be old—that is to say, to know how to conduct oneself with propriety in old age.

The second rule is to know oneself well, which, like the former, is a philosophical precept applied to medicine. "And why," asks M. Reveillé Parise, struck with the same agreement, "have philosophy and medicine so many relations? Because happiness and health are united and inseparable."

The third rule is to dispose suitably of habitual life—that is, to dispose of the details of daily life with propriety and in accordance with the Natural laws. It is, in fact, the aggregate of good physical habits which constitute health, as it is the aggregate of good moral habits which constitute happiness. Old men who go daily through the same well-regulated routine of life, and fulfil the duties of their social position with the same moderation, the same taste, and the same enjoyment, live almost for ever. "My miracle is to live," said Voltaire; and if the foolish vanity that never gets old, to use an expression of Buffon's, had not made him exchange the quiet of his country residence on the Lake of Geneva for the turmoil and agitation of Paris, at eighty-four years of age, his *miracle* might have lasted a century.

"No one would believe," says M. Reveillé Parise, "how far a little health, properly cared for, can be made to go." "To use what one has, and act in all things according to one's forces, such is the rule of the wise man," wrote Cicero.

The fourth rule is to combat every symptom of sickness at the very first. We have already seen that in youth life is as it were seconded by another life; that in reserve of life in activity, there is also a life in power. In old age there is only one life; and hence everything that tends to exhaust that must be cut short; for there are no other vital resources to have recourse to.

Such are the four fundamental rules laid down by M. Reveillé Parise. With these four rules, and that consideration of their practical application to diet, exercise, labour, exposure, and all other habits of life, which cannot but strike the most unintellectual reader, how long can one live? One will not live for ever, but one will live all one's life—that is to say, all that the particular constitution of each individual, combined with the general laws of the constitution of the species, will permit.

It has been argued by some that the health which is only to be sustained by ceaseless watching and care is of itself a tedious disease. Such an argument attests at once an utter ignorance of the philosophy of longevity, and a very poor idea of the value of life. To a person who is

once soundly imbued with the necessity of moderation and sobriety there is no more watching requisite to avoid error than there usually is from tumbling down, being run over, or any of the thousand accidents to which we are daily exposed: as to care, all experience shows that the man who is in that state of mind and body which ensures longevity has less cares than he who is constantly putting both out of order by his recklessness. As well might a man discard all thoughts of the future, as to discard all thoughts of the present. The very gourmet discusses the comparative digestibility and wholesomeness of his high-seasoned viands, his sauces, and his wines; why should not the ordinary man do so likewise? But the fact is, the philosopher has no occasion to trouble himself with such matters; his system has rejected them long ago, and he requires neither care nor thought for his mode of living. A man in this world, it has been again observed, has his duties to perform. He has no right to submit to any epicure who teaches him that he may be well by living idly and dismissing care. Now this is either wilful or disingenuous misrepresentation of the case. Judicious labour, and almost incessant occupation, are the indispensable conditions of our being, and the essentials of longevity. We have seen them insisted upon as such by all our previously-quoted authorities. Is it not possible to labour and to do one's duty as a responsible member of society, without recklessness as to the present or the future? As well say it is not possible to do one's duty in life, and not dismiss care. Undoubtedly, no soldier should purchase safety by allowing himself to fall into the hands of an enemy, rather than as a free man risk his life for his country. But soldiering is altogether an exceptional thing. Perhaps the day will come when people will think their forefathers were very stupid to sacrifice millions of lives to the ambition of their rulers. As it is, war is already nearly limited to the wielding of physical power by the civilised to keep down the predatory excursions of barbarous, or the aggressive ambition of semi-barbarous nations. To defend one's home and hearth is a point of duty which no Englishman will ever fail in, even at the immediate sacrifice of all chances of longevity. Nor would the philosopher harbour a thought of deserting his friends or relatives when struck down by fell disease, because he knew that sickness to be mortally contagious. A due regard to the laws necessary to ensure health and happiness by no means entails a disregard to the higher calls of honour and duty. On the contrary, all example shows that the healthy man and the cheerful man is always the most active in his duties; the most elastic under reverses; the most willing, ready, and capable to assist others; and the most enterprising and the most courageous in trial, adventure, or war.

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## A KING OUT OF HARNESS.\*

THE private life of an Eastern king! How the very words thrill through one! We gloat over the thought that some of those dark mysteries, whose existence is whispered, will be revealed to us: we shall become intimate with the sayings and doings of the Zenana, and find ourselves mentally enjoying the orgies of a monarch whose power is even more unlimited, for good or evil, than that of the great Northern Autocrat. On perusing the book to which we now propose to draw attention, we find our wishes more than realised, and we may venture to assert that its publication will throw more light on the internal condition of India, and the cause of her gradual absorption by John Company, than all the Blue-books beneath whose weight the library-tables of our M.P.'s so patiently groan. But there is a trite saying about "the proof of a pudding," &c., and we cannot do better to prove the truth of our assertion than by giving our readers a taste of its quality, and assuring them that if they like the sample, the remainder of the article will be equally worth purchase and careful digestion.

The author was induced to visit Lucknow, partly on business, partly through the curious tales he had heard in Calcutta about the immense menageries maintained by the king, and his fondness for Europeans more especially. Having a friend at court, he succeeded in procuring an interview with his majesty, who immediately took a great fancy to him. As he received a hint that there was a vacant place in his majesty's household, he determined on applying for it. But as no European could be taken into the king's service without the sanction of the Resident, he was compelled to apply to that illustrious man, and was granted permission to take service under his Majesty of Oude, "on condition that he was not to meddle or intermeddle, in any way whatsoever, in the politics of Oude—not to mix himself up in the intrigues for power between rival ministers, or in the quarrels of the large landed Zemindars, who were continually warring among each other."

The household of his majesty contained five European members, one of them being the tutor, nominally employed to teach the king English. But the king was truly a royal scholar; and after hardly ten minutes' application to a page of the "Spectator," or some popular novel, would exclaim, "Boppery-bop! but this is dry work: let us have a glass of wine, master;" the books would be thrust aside, and the lesson ended. The tutor received fifteen hundred pounds a year for giving them. The tutor then was one of the king's friends; the librarian (who appears to be the author of this work), another; his portrait-painter was a third; the captain of his body-guard, a fourth; and last, but by no means least, his European barber was a fifth. The life-history of this Olivier le Daim of the East is so romantic, that we venture to transcribe it.

He had come out to Calcutta as cabin-boy in a ship. Having been brought up as a hair-dresser in London, he had left his ship, on arriving in Calcutta, to resume his business. He was successful: he pushed and puffed himself into

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\* The Private Life of an Eastern King. By a Member of the Household of his late Majesty Nussir-u-deen, King of Oude. Hope and Co.

notoriety. At length he took to going up the river with European merchandise for sale; he became, in fact, what is called there a river-trader. Arrived at Lucknow, he found a resident—not the same who was there when I entered the king's service—anxious to have his naturally lank hair curl like the Governor-General's. The Governor-General was distinguished by his ringlets; and, of course, in India he is the glass of fashion and the mould of form. The Resident would be like him; and the river-trader was not above resuming his business. Marvellous was the alteration he made in the Resident's appearance; and so the great Saheb himself introduced the wonder-working barber to the king. The king had peculiarly lank, straight hair; not the most innocent approach to a curl had ever been seen on it. The barber wrought wonders again, and the king was delighted. Honours and wealth were showered upon him. He was given a title of nobility. . . . The king's favourite soon becomes wealthy in a native state. The barber, however, had other sources of profit open to him besides bribing; he supplied all the wine and beer for the royal table. Nussir put no bounds to the honours he heaped upon the fascinating barber; unlimited confidence was placed in him. By small degrees he had at last become a regular guest at the royal table, and sat down to take dinner with the king as a thing of right; nor would his majesty taste a bottle of wine opened by any other hands than the barber's. So afraid was his majesty of being poisoned by his own family, that every bottle of wine was sealed in the barber's house before being brought to the king's table; and before he opened it, the little man looked carefully at the seal to see that it was all right. He then opened it and took a portion of a glass first, before filling one for the king.

The confidence the barber enjoyed of course soon became known over India, and the press found him a capital mark for their shafts of satire. "The low menial," as the *Calcutta Review* called him, was the subject of squibs, pasquinades, attacks, and satirical verses, without number; and marvellously little did the low menial care what they said about him, as long as he accumulated rupees." The paper most incessant in its attacks on the barber was the *Agra Uckbar*, since dead. He eventually employed a European clerk in the Resident's office, to answer these attacks in a *Calcutta* paper, with which he corresponded, and for this received ten pounds a month. Surely it might have been worth a little more.

Our author naturally evinced much curiosity to see this great man, and his wishes were gratified at the first dinner-party, where the king made his appearance, leaning on the arm of his favourite. Of the two, the king was much the taller, the favourite the more muscular and healthy-looking. His majesty was dressed in a black English suit; and an ordinary black silk tie and patent-leather boots completed his costume. "He was a gentlemanly-looking man, not without a certain kingly grace; his air and figure a complete contrast to that of his companion, on whom nature had indelibly stamped the characteristics of vulgarity. Both were dressed similarly; and the contrast they presented was made all the more striking by the outward habiliments in which they resembled each other."

The dinner was quite European, save and except in the presence of dancing-girls, whom we do not usually see. The cookery was excellent; for a Frenchman presided in the royal kitchen—a cook who had formerly been *Cordon Bleu* in the *Calcutta* Bengal Club. After dinner there was a display of puppets, and the king did a tremendously clever feat, at which, of course, all laughed heartily, by cutting the strings with a pair of

scissors. After this brilliant feat had been repeated several times the king applied himself with fresh vigour to the bottle, until consciousness was almost gone; and he was then assisted by the female attendants and two sturdy eunuchs behind the curtain, and so off into the harem. But the king, when in good temper, was fond of harmless jokes; the following anecdote will serve as a sample:

We were in a large walled-in garden at Chaung-gunge, one of the park palaces, where animal fights often took place. The garden might have been some three or four acres in extent, and was surrounded by a high wall. Some one had been describing the game of leap-frog to his majesty, or else he had seen some pictures of it, and it had taken his fancy mightily. The natives were left without the garden, the heavy gates were swung to, and his majesty commanded that we should forthwith begin. The captain of the body-guard made a back for the tutor, the librarian stood for the portrait-painter. Away we went, like school-boys, beginning with very "low backs," for none of us were highly expert in the game, but gradually making backs higher and higher. Tutor, barber, captain, librarian, portrait-painter—off we went like overgrown schoolboys, now up, now down. It was hot work, I assure you. The king, however, did not stand long a quiet spectator of the scene; he would try too. His majesty was very thin, and not over strong. I happened to be nearest him at the time, and he ran towards me, calling out. I made a back for him, and he went over easily enough. He was very light and a good horseman, so that he succeeded in the vault: he then stood for me. I would have given a good deal to be excused; but he would not have it so, and to have refused would have been mortally to offend him. I ran, vaulted; down went the back, down I went with it; and his majesty the king and the author of these reminiscences went rolling together amongst the flower-beds. He got up annoyed. "Boppery-bop, but you are as heavy as an elephant!" he exclaimed. I was afraid he would have been in a passion, but he was not. The barber adroitly made a back for him forthwith, and over he went blithely. The tutor, a thin, spare man, was the lightest of our party, and the king made a back for him, and succeeded in getting him safely over. It was then all right. Away they went, vaulting and standing, round and round, until majesty was tired out, and wanted iced claret to cool him. The game was frequently repeated afterwards.

Another royal amusement was *snow-balling*; not with real snow, of course, but with large yellow flowers. One of the party had been giving the king a description of English sports; and a word was let fall about snow and snow-balling. The king pulled some of these yellow flowers and threw them at the librarian. Like good courtiers, all followed the example, and soon every one was pelting right and left. The king enjoyed the sport amazingly. Before they had concluded they were all a mass of yellow leaves; they stuck about in their hair and clothes, and on the king's hat, in a most tenacious manner. But it was enough that the king was amused. He had found out a new pleasure, and enjoyed it as long as the yellow flowers were in bloom. With such a king, and among people so obedient to authority as the Indians, it may be easily believed that favouritism was unbounded. The barber made the most of his time, and, it appears, feathered his nest very considerably. His monthly bill was a perfect treasure of arithmetical art; and one which the author saw, when measured, was found to be four yards and a half long. The amount was frightful—upwards of ninety thousand rupees, or nine thousand pounds. It was paid without a murmur; and when an influential courtier tried to draw the king's attention, some months later, to

the fact that the barber was robbing him through thick and thin, the king indignantly replied, "If I choose to make the khan rich, is that anything to you—to any of you? I know his bills are exorbitant; let them be so, it is my pleasure. He *shall* be rich." But, unfortunately for the recipients of his majesty's favour, he was wont to be terribly capricious, and a very slight thing would make him as great an enemy as he had hitherto been a friend. The story of a Cashmere dancing-girl was a case in point. She was an ordinary Nautch girl; and one evening the king felt highly delighted with her singing. "You shall have a thousand rupees for this night's singing," said the king. When leaving the table for the harem, he would have no support but her arm. The next evening no other Nautch girl would be heard, and two thousand rupees were her reward. She grew rapidly in the royal favour, and she was kotoced by the whole court. Native festivities interrupted the dinners for a week, and then the Nautch girl reappeared, but the king had already grown tired of her. All at once he felt a fancy to see how she would look in a European dress. A gown and other articles of female attire were fetched from the barber's house, and when they were brought, she was told to retire and put them on. The transformation was wretched: all her grace was gone—her beauty hidden. It was quite distressing to see her disheartened look as she took her place again. The king and the barber laughed heartily, while burning tears poured down the poor girl's cheeks. For weeks she was compelled to appear in this unseemly attire, and then she disappeared, and made no sign.

But the king at times held his friends in pleasant memory. For instance, let us refer to a former Resident, with whom the king had been on very intimate terms. We will call him Mr. Smith. The gentleman had a very captivating wife, and scandal did say that the king was fonder of Mrs. Smith than of her husband. All that, however, was before our author's time in Lucknow, so that he can only speak in hearsay. Mr. Smith left Lucknow a richer man than when he entered it by seventy-five lacks of rupees—that is to say, seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds. So large was the amount invested in Mr. Smith's name in the Company's paper, that an investigation took place, conducted by the Bengal government, with closed doors: and the result was that Mr. Smith resigned the service and returned to England. But to prove how "the memory of the just smiles sweet and blossoms in the dust," we may mention that the king would frequently talk of his "dearest friend" with tears in his eyes—especially after an extra allowance of champagne—and sent Mrs. Smith, by a returning European, his own beautifully jewelled watch, which had cost fifteen thousand francs.

Of the living curiosities of the palace, there were none the account of which will strike a European ear as stranger than the female sepoys. Our author had seen these Amazons pacing up and down the entrances to the female apartments for months before he was informed of their real character. There was nothing but the fulness of the chest to distinguish them from other sepoys, and this is so common a circumstance in England that he took no notice of it. But let our author speak for himself.

These women retained their long hair, which they tied up in a knot upon the top of the head, and there it was concealed by the usual shako. They bore the



ordinary accoutrements of sepoy in India—a musket and bayonet, cross-belts and cartouche-boxes, jackets and white duck continuations, which might be seen anywhere in Bengal. Intended solely for duty in the palace as guardians of the harem, they were paraded only in the court-yards, where I have seen them going through their exercise just like other sepoys. They were drilled by one of the native officers of the king's army, and appeared quite familiar with all the details of the barrack-yard. Whether they could have gone through the same manoeuvres in the field with thousands of moustached sepoys round them, I cannot tell—probably not. They had their own sergeants and corporals. None of them, I believe, attained a higher rank than that of sergeant. Many of them were married women, obliged to quit the ranks for a month or two at a time occasionally. They retained their places, however, as long as possible; and it was not until the fact of their being women was pointed out to me, that I perceived their figures were not always in the proportions allotted to the other sex. I have seen many a sergeant, however, in England, whose figure was just as *outré* as those among them furthest advanced in pregnancy. Their appearance was a piquant subject of merriment to the king, who usually ended his *badinage* by ordering some present to be given to the delinquent—delinquent, properly so called, for there was an express order against such disfigurement, clothed in the plainest language, and of the most absolute character, posted up in their barracks.

The influence of the barber had by this time become so great, that our author found it impossible to make head against it. Several causes conduced to this ascendancy. The low, depraved tastes which the king had contracted during years of unrestrained indulgence, and an almost boundless command of wealth, were just those which the barber found it his interest to foster. He had made himself necessary to the king, and took advantage of the opportunity. "Every bottle of wine consumed in the palace put something in his pocket: it was his interest, therefore, to prevent the king's reformation in respect of drunkenness. Every favoured slave, every dancing-girl who attracted the king's notice, paid tribute of his or her earnings into the open palm of the barber. Even the Nawab and the commander-in-chief of the king's forces found it their interest to conciliate the reigning favourite with valuable presents." At the same time, the barber encouraged the king's innate taste for ferocity, and took every occasion to rouse his tiger nature. There was a strong feeling of enmity prevailing between the king and his uncles, because they had tried to prevent his gaining the Musnud, and he was always delighted when he could invent some scheme to outrage their feelings. In this the barber was his willing coadjutor. One of the uncles, Azoph by name, was invited to dinner by the king, and made fearfully intoxicated—not by fair means, but by the barber compounding for him a bottle of Madeira more than half brandy. He soon fell off in a heavy, lethargic sleep, and the barber had an opportunity to carry out his villanous designs. At first he pulled the old man's long moustache, which reached nearly to his waist, turning his head, as he did so, first one way, then the other. It was barbarous usage, especially for an infirm old man; and two of the household rose from their chairs to interfere. But the king was furious. "The old pig," as he politely termed his uncle, "should be treated just as he and the khan pleased." The barber then procured a piece of fine twine, which he divided into two parts, tying one firmly in each moustache. He then fastened the other ends to the arms of the chair on which the old man sat. The king clapped his hands, and

laughed loudly at the ingenious device. The barber left the room. Feeling convinced that some new trick was preparing, the Englishmen could not endure it any longer, and one of them rose to release the old man. But the king fiercely bade him begone, and our author accompanied him, feeling his powerlessness to sway the king in his present excitement. They heard subsequently what occurred after their departure. The barber returned with some fireworks just after they had left. They were let off under the old man's chair. The legs of the unfortunate uncle were scorched and burnt, and he seized the arms of the chair with his hands, and started to his feet. Two locks of hair were torn from his upper lip as he did so, and a portion of the skin with them. The blood flowed freely from the wound, and the drunkenness of the sufferer disappeared. He left the room, thanking the king for his entertainment, and regretting that the bleeding of his nose prevented him from remaining.

After this outrage, the active enmity of the king's family was aroused. All Lucknow was in commotion. The royal troops were beaten by the insurgents, and the king demanded assistance from the Resident, who, however, refused it, recommending him to make a trip with his family. After a week of utter confusion a hollow peace was patched up. The absence of the barber, who was sent by the king on a mission to Calcutta, gave a favourable opportunity for the other Europeans to remonstrate, and they obtained a promise from the king that, on his return, he should be kept to his own station, and not be permitted to join the dinner-party. But, alas! these good resolutions faded away on the barber's return, and a crisis inevitably took place, the result of which was that our author and his friend resigned their functions and quitted Lucknow.

A few words will complete the story of Nusser's life: "The power of the barber grew daily greater. His pride increased with his power, and no limits were set to the caprices and wild pranks of despotic authority and reckless depravity combined." This state of things could not last long: the energetic remonstrances of the Resident forced the king at last to part with his favourite, who left Lucknow, it is said, with 240,000*l*. But this was sealing the king's death-warrant. His family soon obtained influence in the palace—the king was poisoned; and one of his uncles, whom he had treated so badly, succeeded him on the Musnud. But the future career of the barber, as we have heard it, will also serve to point a moral if not to adorn a tale. On his return to England, he took a fancy to speculating, and after a time, like the frog in the fable, tried to outvie the ox, in the shape of a railway king. His speculations were unsuccessful: he lost all his ill-gotten wealth, was compelled to go through the Insolvent Court, and is now to be found as conductor of a 'bus, from his lofty position probably speculating on the vanity of all human wishes.

In taking leave of this most interesting book, we must not omit mentioning that it contains some most graphic accounts of the animal fights for which Lucknow was once famous, from which our limits would not permit us to cull any extracts, but which are equally well deserving perusal as the portions to which we have drawn attention.

# SKETCHES OF THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

WHEN the Chamber assembled again, the deputies of the more moderate party proposed an address of thanks to the Pope, expressive of their loyalty and submission ; but the motion was opposed by the Prince of Canino, then better known in Rome as the Citizen Bonaparte. The Pope, who was now a prisoner in the hands of the republican faction, which he had no means of resisting, resolved to fly from his capital, and this determination was approved and strengthened by the counsels of the foreign diplomatists, who offered him, in the name of the powers they represented, an asylum at Paris, Madrid, Berlin, Munich, or Brussels.

But watched in his palace, and surrounded by the armed revolutionists, the Pope could only withdraw from Rome by eluding the vigilance of his gaolers and effecting a secret flight. This alternative was then resolved on, in the private deliberations of the Pope with the corps diplomatic. As the road to Civita-Vecchia was too much frequented to afford a chance of safety, it was determined that he should travel by land, and in disguise, to the Neapolitan frontier.

On the 24th of November the Pope feigned indisposition ; and having supped early, he retired to his room, after having spoken, with even more than his accustomed kindness, to those of the noble guard who were in waiting on him, and expressing the gratitude with which their devotedness had inspired him. He divested himself of the pontifical habiliments, and assumed the simple dress of a priest. The Duc d'Harcourt, the French ambassador, remained behind for some time, as if engaged with the Pontiff on business ; and then rang a bell to dismiss the noble guard from the ante-room, as was usual when the Pope retired to rest. The lights in the palace were then extinguished, and the Pope passed through the darkened saloons, accompanied by the head of his household, Filippini, his valet, and Monsignor Stella. At the gate they found a hired carriage, in which the Pope placed himself, accompanied by Monsignor Stella ; his valet got up behind, and Count de Spaur, the Bavarian minister, seated himself beside the coachman.

"Addio, Signor Abbate," said Filippini, as the carriage drove off—for the palace gate through which they passed was guarded by sentinels of the civic guard. A little beyond Aricia, the Countess de Spaur awaited the fugitive, and conveyed him, in her travelling carriage, safely across the Neapolitan frontier. The Pope rested at Mola di Gaeta, whilst Monsieur de Spaur proceeded to announce to the king that the Sovereign Pontiff had taken refuge in his dominions. The king hastened to give him welcome ; and the narrow limits of Gaeta soon received within their precincts the chief persons of both courts.

As soon as the diplomatic body arrived at Gaeta, the Pope protested against the acts which had been extorted from him by violence previous to his departure from Rome. He dissolved the ministry of the 16th of November, and appointed a commission to carry on the government. Rome sent a deputation to invite its sovereign to return : the Pope replied by a peremptory refusal. Shortly after, the Constituent Assembly was

convoked at Rome, which proceeded at once to vote the abolition of the papacy, and to proclaim the republic.

On the 9th of January, 1849, the Grand-Duke of Tuscany opened the Chambers in person in the ancient hall of the Cinque Cento, which had witnessed the councils of free and republican Florence, ere the ambition of her merchant-sovereigns rendered Tuscan liberty the prey of the greatest and the best of the Medici. The grand-duke addressed the Constituent Assembly in a speech wherein he professed to feel the warmest approbation for the new order of things, and declared that Tuscany had now but one enemy remaining, and that that enemy was—Austria!

The question soon arose of submitting to the Chamber the minister's favourite project of the Italian Constituent: and it then appeared that the sovereign hesitated to carry through the concerted measure. There can be little doubt that this plan must always have been highly distasteful to the prince; and it was, at no time, very strongly advocated by Guerrazzi. The latter statesman had been an agitator from ambition, as well as from conviction, whilst absolute principles were in the ascendant; but republicanism formed no part of his political creed. Having attained to the direction of affairs, the chief motives that impelled his subsequent acts were the promotion of the war of independence, the maintenance of constitutional liberty, and the security of the independence of Tuscany. It was with these views that, at a later period, he opposed the union with Rome, which would have reduced his country to a province of the metropolitan state; resisted the Piedmontese intervention, when he feared that the ambition of Charles Albert would absorb Tuscany into the Sardinian monarchy; and finally deferred the restoration of the grand-duke until he could obtain sufficient guarantees against an Austrian occupation of the country, and the abolition of popular institutions, which would be its inevitable result.

When Montanelli presented for the grand-duke's signature the decree for proposing the elections for the Constituent, the prince delayed its execution. Thus unable to carry out his programme, Montanelli prepared to give in his resignation. The grand-duke sent for Guerrazzi, then minister of the interior, and held a long conference with him, in the presence of Mr. Charles Hamilton, brother to the English minister. The principal arguments by which Guerrazzi succeeded in changing the determination of the prince, and in overruling the advice which he received from Sir George Hamilton, to resist the law for the Constituent, are given at length by Guerrazzi himself. That statesman was of opinion that a federal union of the states of Italy would strengthen the weaker principalities against the aggression of the stronger, and would especially serve to defend Tuscany against the ambition of Sardinia, which, if victorious over Austria, would obtain the sovereignty of all the northern and central states. In case of defeat, Charles Albert incurred but little risk, as the integrity of Sardinia would be secured by French intervention; whereas the existence of Tuscany, as a sovereign state, was a matter of complete indifference to the rest of Europe. But the Constituent offered to the Pope, the grand-duke, and the King of Naples, a guarantee for the maintenance of their independence, on condition of their adhering to the new kingdom of Upper Italy, which was to be composed of

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Piedmont, Lombardy, Venice, Modena, and Parma, under the sovereignty of the house of Savoy. Sardinia insisted on these limitations as conditions of the Constituent; whereas Montanelli required unrestrained powers for the deputies. Guerrazzi reconciled the difference by proposing a power of unfettered action for the Tuscan deputies, whilst the Piedmontese government should retain the proposed conditions as the bases of its own proceedings; and he added the important modification, that the executive power in Tuscany should possess the privilege of assigning to its own representatives such limitations as it deemed essential to the safety of the existing government. The grand-duke then consented to sign the decree, and consigned it to Guerrazzi, to be presented to the Chamber.

It is difficult to determine whether Montanelli's project had been, at first, accepted by the grand-duke in ignorance of the extent of the danger to which it might expose him, or whether he had always entertained, but concealed, his dislike to it. Guerrazzi reports a conversation that took place between himself and the prince, which renders the subsequent conduct of the grand-duke strange and inexplicable. When Guerrazzi assumed the duties of office, he desired to be informed of the sovereign's real wishes upon the important question of the Constituent. The grand-duke replied, that he had frankly and honestly accepted the ministerial programme. Guerrazzi represented to him, that by so doing he might endanger his crown; but the grand-duke assured him that he had considered the danger, and did not fear it, because he was so well convinced of the love of his people, that he was persuaded, if the question of government were referred to universal suffrage, that the vote of the majority would prove their attachment to the constitutional monarchy. Guerrazzi expressed the same conviction; but added a promise, that if the prince should ever find occasion to regret having given his consent to the Constituent, he would, if frankly consulted, endeavour to free the grand-duke from the necessity of carrying out this dangerous measure.

It is also certain, that at a later period, only a short time before the grand-duke left his capital for Sienna, Guerrazzi, in the presence of Mr. Hamilton, repeated the same offer, and expressed Montanelli's willingness to withdraw from the administration, convinced, as he then was, of his inability to carry through the measure to which he was pledged. He was of opinion, that had no other cause intervened to frustrate the execution of his plan, it was certain that Charles Albert, if victorious in the Italian war, would never consent to lay down the crown which he had conquered before the commissioners of the Constituent. Or, if he submitted to the vain form, who could dictate to a monarch triumphant in arms, and elated with success? Nor was there now any chance of the King of Naples' adherence to the project.

Montanelli, actuated by these convictions, offered his resignation; but in token of his good-will towards the ministry, from which he separated himself, he consented to accept a diplomatic mission to Turin, or Paris. The grand-duke consulted Guerrazzi, who willingly undertook to reduce the project of the Constituent into narrower and more manageable limits. It is believed that the English minister also counselled the grand-duke to accept Montanelli's resignation; but the prince decided upon refusing it, and having ordered Montanelli to return to the palace, received him with the greatest cordiality.

After thus rejecting the offer made to him, by his two chief ministers to liberate him from the obnoxious measure of the Constituent, as proposed by Montanelli, the grand-duke, on the 30th of January, adopted the unfortunate resolution of withdrawing privately to Sienna; whither he had already sent his family. The members of the government, as soon as his departure was known, immediately wrote to the grand-duke, entreating him to return to Florence without delay, as his absence, in moments so critical, endangered the safety of the state. In the event of his refusal, they tendered their resignations. The grand-duke informed them, in reply, that he was then ill; but assured them of his return as soon as his health permitted him to undertake the journey. In the interim, he desired Guerrazzi in particular to watch over the public security.

The ministers then despatched two confidential messengers, Chigi, general of the civic guard, and Peruzzi, the chief of the municipality, to pray the prince to return to the capital in time to avert the dangers which his absence threatened to occasion. The grand-duke renewed the assurances to his council of his sincere intention to return as soon as his health was re-established, expressed his unwillingness to accept the resignation of his ministers, and commanded that one of them should attend him at Sienna. On the 5th of February, Montanelli, the chief of the council, obeyed the order, and repaired to the grand-duke.

On the 7th of February, Montanelli returned to Florence; and, on the evening of the same day, in spite of his reiterated promises to his ministers that he would return to the capital immediately, the grand-duke fled privately to San Stefano, a small fishing-town on the coast. It may fairly be asked why so much duplicity was employed to escape from a ministry which had voluntarily tendered their resignation, or to avoid the vote for the Constituent, from which Guerrazzi had offered to free him, and which Montanelli himself was already prepared to abandon? The complicity of the government with the republican party for the dethronement of the grand-duke has been adduced as a reason for these ill-advised acts of the sovereign. But the subsequent trial of Guerrazzi for high treason enabled him to put forward ample and unanswerable proofs not only that he was not in league with that faction, but that he opposed their plans so powerfully and so effectually, that he was threatened with the same fate as Rossi by that infuriated party.

It is evident that the grand-duke, alarmed at the daring attitude assumed by the revolutionists, whom he had hitherto flattered and encouraged, determined no longer to content himself with the offer of his ministers to save him from the dangerous chances of the Constituent, but, trusting to the success of the Austrian arms in the Milanese, resolved to abandon his dominions, that he might return to them again under the protection of foreign bayonets. No other supposition can be reconciled with the events that occurred. After the flight of the grand-duke—amidst the awakened hopes and increased audacity which were thus aroused in the republicans—the ministers had no choice but to accept the authority that was conferred on them, or to abandon the country a prey to the most fearful anarchy.

It appears beyond a doubt, from the communications of Guerrazzi, at this crisis, with Figli, the governor of Leghorn, a man of ultra-republican

opinions, that the minister employed every effort to calm the public agitation, and to conceal the division between the prince and his council. And when Guerrazzi learnt that Mazzini was expected at Leghorn, he sent the following telegraphic despatch to the governor of that city: "I hear that Mazzini is coming. The government warn the governor to employ every possible precaution. The grand-duke is absent from the capital. A republican movement would suffice to prevent his return; and this would be the greatest of all evils. Here, all are entirely averse to the republic."

Many other documents equally conclusive might be quoted to attest Guerrazzi's strenuous endeavours to prevent the republican party from stirring at this perilous crisis, and his own determination to keep them down.

As soon as the flight of the grand-duke was known, it became necessary to take such measures as would best provide for the safety of the state, and of society itself, menaced with utter disorganisation by this unfortunate event, in the midst of a crisis of political excitement and popular violence. During the night of the 8th of February, Guerrazzi and Montanelli called to their presence the leaders of the revolutionary clubs, and exhorted them to assist in restoring tranquillity by abstaining from any acts of outrage. But the republicans were too well aware of the favourable nature of the present contingency for the furtherance of their designs, and they would not consent to lose so promising an opportunity.

On the following day the ministers announced to the Chambers the departure of the grand-duke for San Stefano, and read the letter in which he commanded them to publish, without delay, his determination to retract his consent to the project of a law for the Constituent.

"I beg the administration," it said, "to give publicity to the whole of the present declaration, that every one may be made acquainted with the occasion and the reasons which have led to the negative that I now give to the sanction of the law for the election of Tuscan representatives to the Italian Constituent; and if this publicity is not completely given with the greatest despatch, I shall be constrained to do it myself, from the place to which it may please Providence to remove me."

No sooner was the communication from the sovereign read, than Niccolini, the head of one of the revolutionary clubs, burst into the Chamber, followed by a mob, and announced himself as the bearer of the commands of the people. The president declared the Assembly dissolved in consequence of this violence, and putting on his hat, he retired, followed by a portion of the deputies; whilst the mob decreed, by acclamation, the dethronement of the grand-duke, the dissolution of the Chamber, and the nomination of a provisional government. Guerrazzi exhorted the Assembly not to yield to the violence of the mob, but to return to their places, and confront the peril which threatened their country. Niccolini, in the name of the people, still insisted that the Assembly was dissolved, and that the deputies should descend into the public square, that the people might elect a provisional government. But Guerrazzi successfully opposed himself to the violence of the demagogues and his ferocious bands; and the president, having been induced to return, the Assembly resumed its sitting. It was then proposed by two

deputies, Socci and Trinci, that, as the country, in these terrible moments, remained without a government, they should accede to the wishes of the people, and provide for the public safety by naming a provisional government. The proposal was unanimously adopted; and the votes of that day comprise the names of Don Andreo Corsini, Duke of Capigliano, and nearly all the members of the actual government of Tuscany (December, 1853). The members of the new government, consisting of Guerrazzi, Montanelli, and Mazzoni, were carried by the people down to the Piazza, before the Palazzo Vecchio, in which the Chamber met; and the vote of the Assembly, confirmed by public acclamation, placed the three popular leaders at the head of the state.

The mob then proceeded to commit every excess of frantic outrage. The arms of the grand-duke were torn down wherever they were to be found, but the government removed them from many places to prevent the violence of the people; trees of liberty were planted in every quarter of the town; and the republican press, under the direction of the clubs, published the most inflammatory addresses, urging the instant union of the state into a joint republic with Rome, to the perpetual exclusion of the house of Lorraine. Possessing no material force whatever to restrain these excesses, Guerrazzi yet opposed himself to them with his utmost power, and neglected no means by which he might curb the violence of the democratic faction, which—through the preponderance of the clubs—now ruled the country with arbitrary sway. His chief object, at this time, was to postpone, by every possible method, the union with Rome, and the consequent proclamation of the republic; and after the dissolution of the Chambers he purposed to appeal to the country. There was no room whatever to doubt that this reference of the question of government to universal suffrage would be answered by a large majority of the people with a vote for the return of their legitimate sovereign, to whom a great portion of the country, especially the rural population, was, at that time, sincerely attached. There is also little doubt that, bearing in mind the guarantee for the maintenance of constitutional liberty which would arise from the popular vote, Guerrazzi preferred to effect the restoration of the monarchy in Tuscany by means of this appeal. But his aim was frustrated by the acts of men certainly less capable—perhaps less honest—than himself. Yet Guerrazzi's sincerity in opposing the republic is proved by the fact that the Roman Assembly, at the suggestion of the Prince of Canino, offered to him, as the price of the immediate proclamation of the union of the Roman and Tuscan States, a seat as triumvir of the joint republic. Guerrazzi not only refused the offer, but was the constant and successful opponent of the union of the two states, and of the proclamation of a republic in Tuscany.

On the 18th of February an immense mob—incited by the armed and desperate exiles, who filled the town and chiefly composed the clubs—collected before the Palace of the Assembly, in order to compel the government to proclaim the republic upon the spot. Niccolini harangued the people, and represented, in the most violent terms, that Guerrazzi was deceiving them; that he was a determined enemy to the republic, and acting in the interests of the grand-duke; that it was no longer the duty of the people to suffer themselves to be trifled with. The moment now arrived for them to force their way into the palace, and compel the



Assembly to proclaim the republic; and if the chief of the provisional government continued to oppose himself to the wishes of the people, justice demanded that he should be hurled down from the windows of the hall, to meet the fate that awaited the enemies of liberty. Excited by the furious declamations of their tribune, the people burst into the hall of the Assembly, threatening death to Guerrazzi if the republic were not instantly proclaimed; and the witnesses of that fearful scene expected every moment to see the menace carried into execution.

But the ready wit of the statesman saved himself from the deadly peril, and his country from the impending evil. He replied that he was willing to proclaim the republic as soon as two thousand Florentines should appear in arms to support the new form of government. The people replied, with loud acclamations, that thirty thousand were ready to take up arms in the cause. "Two thousand are enough," replied Guerrazzi. But in accordance with his sagacious anticipation, two thousand were not found willing to fight for a republic.

After the capitulation of Milan, Venice had withdrawn herself from the union with Piedmont; the commissioners who had been sent there by Charles Albert were driven out of the town; and Manin was re-established in his former authority, as chief of the republic. In the autumn of 1848, Manin had restored the fortifications of Venice; and, with the aid of the Roman and Neapolitan reinforcements, the garrison had been able not only to hold out the town, but had repulsed the Austrians, with the loss of seven hundred men and eight pieces of artillery. The rich voluntarily contributed their money, their jewels, and their plate to supply the expenses of the war; but the recall of the Neapolitan troops greatly weakened the means of defence.

In February, 1849, some changes had been made in the form of government, which was, however, still conducted by Manin, aided by a responsible council.

The 12th of March, 1849, was the term of the armistice concluded between the King of Sardinia and Marshal Radetsky. Gioberti was now at the head of the Piedmontese ministry, which warmly advocated the prosecution of the war with Austria. The Chambers hesitated at the renewal of the unequal contest; but, after a dissolution, the new Assembly, composed of much less moderate elements than the last Chamber, eagerly entered into the views of the ministry. But Gioberti's government terminated abruptly, through a division in the cabinet, consequent upon a proposed intervention in Tuscany. Gioberti, a zealous constitutionalist, diligently strove to avert the chances of an Austrian occupation of the Tuscan States; Piedmontese troops were offered to the grand-duke in support of his authority in Florence; and the agents of foreign courts counselled the acceptance of this succour, which at once offered a guarantee against Austrian intervention, and for the protection of the constitution. But Gioberti's colleagues in office, of far more extreme opinions than himself, refused to sanction an interference of which the object was the restoration of Leopold II. The Chamber upheld the extreme party in the administration; and Gioberti was compelled to retire from the government. He was sent on a mission to Paris, where he continued to reside; and, four years after, he died in that city.

The Grand-Duke of Tuscany delayed and hesitated for a while at San

Stefano; gave the most positive assurances to the foreign diplomatists who attended him that he would not leave the country; and within a few hours after he had made that promise, embarked on board an English war-steamer which had been placed at his disposal, and sailed for Naples. Various pretexts were adduced for the adoption of this step, which probably formed the completion of his plan. A letter from the Pope was said to have advised it; and it has also been affirmed that he was compelled to fly by the advance of a column of the civic guard, sent against him by Pigli, the governor of Leghorn. But nothing is more certain than the fact that the grand-duke, at that moment, incurred no danger whatever from any quarter. An English frigate was anchored opposite to San Stefano; a war-steamer lay close to land; under the guns of the English ships no hostile troops would have ventured to attack him; and in the event of danger presenting itself from any quarter, Captain Codrington had offered to land the marines of the *Thetis* for his protection.

A renewal of the war was the immediate result of the triumph of the ultra-liberal party in Piedmont. The king, aware of his deficiency in the necessary means for prosecuting a successful contest against the renovated powers of the Austrian Empire, but unable to resist the pressure of the factions that dominated the public mind, resigned himself to the fate which he foresaw, and resumed the war with the melancholy hope that the first battle-field that witnessed his defeat would offer him the shelter of a grave.

Charles Albert found himself at the head of an army which has been differently estimated at a hundred and twenty and at a hundred and thirty-five thousand men, but he was ill supplied with money, or the necessary means for carrying on a lengthened struggle. He repaired to Alexandria, the head-quarters of his army, and at the news of this first step towards the opening of a fresh campaign Brescia rose at once, and drove the Austrians from her walls, after performing prodigies of valour, which excited the admiration even of General Nugent, the Austrian commander, who was severely wounded in the combat.

The Piedmontese army had been demoralised by the acts of the revolutionary agents, who, whilst they urged the troops to shed the last drop of their blood in the endeavour to expel the German oppression, instigated them equally to mistrust the king, in order to deprive him of their all-important support, when the hour of contest should come between the monarchical party and the promoters of anarchy.

The king resigned the command of the forces to General Chrzanowsky, a Pole, under whose orders the two young princes and the Sardinian generals were placed. On the 21st of March, the two armies were in presence of each other at Montara. The Piedmontese general, Bessières, obtained brilliant success in a partial engagement at Sforzesea, and took a great number of prisoners. The Savoyard troops distinguished themselves by their gallant conduct at Gombolo, and repulsed General Wratislaw. But Generals Durando and La Marmora were less successful, and experienced a defeat from the corps with which they were engaged. The army fell back upon Novara on the 22nd, with considerable loss in prisoners, and five pieces of cannon; whilst the despatch of the general commanding in chief announced the treason of Romarino, who had allowed the Austrians to cross the Tessino unopposed.

The 23rd of March witnessed the disastrous battle of Novara. The action commenced at eleven o'clock in the morning, at La Bicocca, when the fire opened along the whole line. The two brigades of Savoy and Savona fought with the utmost spirit, although suffering great fatigue from the combats of the two preceding days. Every position upon that hard-fought field was lost and retaken repeatedly during the day. At La Bicocca, the most important post for the Piedmontese defence, the contest raged with the greatest fury. The body of reserve, under the command of the Duke of Genoa, fought there with the most determined bravery; the prince had several horses killed under him, but continued to direct his troops on foot. Till half-past four o'clock victory seemed secured to the Sardinian arms; but at five o'clock the Austrians succeeded in obtaining possession of La Bicocca, broke through the centre of the Piedmontese line, and the army retreated in disorder on Novara.

Chrzanowsky had shown no ability in command, but the unfortunate king had not omitted any exertion; with his accustomed heroism, he was continually to be seen in the thickest of the fight, and beneath the most destructive fire, seeking a soldier's grave on his last battle-field, when General Durando seized him by the arm, and dragged him forcibly out of the range of fire. The death he sought was refused him in the fight; and he retired within the walls of Novara, where, in the presence of his sons, of his staff, and of such of his ministers as were present with him, he renounced his crown in favour of the Duke of Savoy. He embraced the sons whom he was never to see again; thanked his faithful followers for the fidelity they had shown him; and announced his determination to depart immediately, to die in a foreign and a distant land. The tears of his children and the prayers of his servants failed to shake his resolution; and, in the night of the fatal day that followed his defeat, he set forth, accompanied only by a single attendant, to his place of exile. A few months later, the lonely and melancholy death-bed of Oporto terminated the career of a patriot prince, and affixed a lasting stigma to the misconduct of a people for whom he had hazarded and lost so much.

The night after the battle which decided the fate of Italy, great disorder broke out amongst the Piedmontese soldiery, furious at their defeat, and maddened by the treachery of the Milanese, through which the fruits of so many gallant efforts had been destroyed. The troops attacked the inhabitants of Novara, pillaged their houses, and threatened to burn the town. The young sovereign, who had just mounted a throne under such disastrous auspices, was compelled to employ force to reduce the mutineers to submission, and the conquerors of Pastrengo and Goito were with difficulty taught to bear the hard lessons of defeat and subjection.

An armistice was immediately signed with Radetzky, stipulating the security of the Piedmontese territory. Radetzky then took possession of Parma, and restored it to the hereditary prince, in whose favour the reigning duke resigned the sovereignty. Brescia, Bergamo, Como, were subdued in a few days; and the whole of Northern Italy was again reduced beneath the Austrian yoke. Venice alone held out; and Genoa, taking advantage of the defeat of the king, revolted, and proclaimed the old republican form of government, which flattered the people by the reminiscences of former glory, and the hope of future independence.

General La Marmora was sent against the place, and, after a stout resistance, Genoa was compelled to give up the hopeless contest, and to submit again to the power of Sardinia.

Meanwhile the French government, jealous of German ascendancy in Italy, had resolved to send an army to Rome, for the double purpose of restoring the papacy and of preventing the occupation of that city by the Austrians. The republicans of Rome protested energetically against the destruction of their infant government by a sister republic, self-constituted like themselves; and they prepared to resist the French forces to the last extremity. The famous Garibaldi, an adventurer, who, banished from Italy for political offences, had conducted a partisan warfare in the contests of South America, arrived in Italy at the first intelligence of a renewal of the struggle for liberty, and offered to Charles Albert the services of a sword to which he had given celebrity by fearless intrepidity, and an uncompromising devotion to the cause of freedom. Fearing the republican predilections of his new ally, Charles Albert declined his aid; and Garibaldi now threw himself into Rome with his band, determined to assist in holding out the city to the last.

In preparing for the defence of Rome, neither order nor justice were heeded. The property of the inhabitants—the riches of the churches—treasures of art—were all sacrificed, recklessly and remorselessly, to carry out the views of the desperadoes into whose power the city had fallen.

General Oudinot commanded the French army. With the accustomed courage of that high-spirited people, and something of the presumption which equally distinguishes them, they advanced to the attack of the city with little precaution, intimately persuaded that the adventurers who opposed them could offer no effectual resistance. The result of their rashness was the signal discomfiture of the French, with the loss of from twelve to fifteen hundred men, killed, wounded, or taken prisoners.

The Roman republic was now threatened with many dangers and numerous adversaries. The King of Naples was marching upon Rome with a considerable army; and two thousand Spanish troops, under the command of General Cordova, landed near the mouth of the Tiber. On the other side, Bologna had fallen into the hands of Radetzky, and that city had displayed in its defence a determination and courage that did honour to its citizens.

After the repulse of General Oudinot, a French commissioner was despatched to treat with Mazzini, but it appeared that the views of Monsieur Lesseps, himself a republican, proved too congenial to those with whom he was sent to negotiate. He was soon recalled, reprimanded, and dismissed; and the treaty which he had prepared was annulled, as it promised to the Romans the assistance of the French army to repel the foreign invaders, who had violated their territory on every side.

Whilst the proceedings of the French were thus held in suspense, Garibaldi attacked the King of Naples, whose army was posted within sight of the Alban Hills. The contest was well sustained on both sides, but the success seems to have been doubtful, and the Neapolitan army fell back on Terracina.

Venice, with determined resolution, still repulsed the triumphant Austrians from her shores. Manin exhorted the Assembly to support him in holding out the town. The Chamber decreed that Venice should

resist to the last, and ordered a medal to be struck in commemoration of this resolution. After the defeat of Novara, General Pepe returned to aid the Venetians, and the defence was conducted with spirit and vigour. In a sortie of the garrison at Mestre, they took eight hundred prisoners, six pieces of cannon, and several standards, and glory seemed to smile once more upon the ancient city of the Doges. The fort of Malghera was defended—vainly, indeed, but with despairing courage, which one of the bitterest enemies of Italian freedom has justly named heroic; but at length the reviving strength of the enemy brought to bear upon the beleaguered a force which their most desperate efforts were unable to resist.

On the 2nd of June the armistice expired between the Romans and their besiegers, and the renewed attack upon the strong walls of the ancient city was sustained and repelled with a courage which it would be as unjust to deny to the defenders of Rome, as to their countrymen who so bravely held out Brescia and Vicenza, Venice and Bologna. The French army occupied the range of heights that command the town. The convent of San Pancrazio, on Mount Janiculus, and the Villa Pamfili, beyond the Vatican Hill, were posts of the utmost importance, which were desperately contested. The Villa Corsini was lost and retaken nine times during the siege. Trenches were opened, and a partial bombardment of the town was attempted; but General Oudinot, unwilling to emulate the devastations of the barbarian invaders of the old Queen of the World, omitted no precaution by which the monuments of the city and the works of art might be spared from injury; and it must be admitted that they sustained little damage from their French assailants. The same praise cannot be ascribed to the defenders of the town. Many of the pines, so long the pride and boast of the Villa Borghese, were mercilessly levelled, to prevent the besiegers from approaching the walls under their shelter; the Villa Patrizii, a beautiful residence of the family of that name, occupying the site of the Frætorian camp on the Viminal, was destroyed, and its garden sacrificed to the wild zeal of the defenders of Rome.

Terror and confusion reigned within the city. The few persons of the higher classes who had not already fled, far from displaying either courage or energy, concealed themselves at the approach of danger; the middling class, trembling for their property, sanctioned every act of the new government, which few of them in sincerity approved; and a mob of lawless men, who alone could hope to profit by the disorganisation of society, were the real actors in the excesses that were committed. Robbery and murders were frequent amongst the armed ruffians who held the mastery of the city; priests were constantly assassinated in the public streets; and all who were suspected of attachment to the former government, or a desire to restore order, were compelled to save their lives by flight or concealment. Bands of desperate adventurers, driven into exile by the revolutions of Warsaw, Milan, or Palermo, instigated the discontented to deeds of violence, and often outraged humanity by their savage acts.

In spite of the forbearance which they displayed in their advance, the besiegers gained ground everywhere, and Mazzini soon found that the ultimate success of the French was certain. On the night of the Feast of St. Peter, the patron saint of the town, the French, after long efforts,

which had been courageously and energetically repelled by the besieged, succeeded in making a breach in the walls; but when they mounted to storm the opening, they found another fortified line within—the old wall of Aurelian—which impeded their progress. A fresh breach was attempted, and speedily effected, and in a few more hours, danger and fatigue forgotten, the French army entered Rome in triumph.

Garibaldi, with three thousand of his followers, had already quitted the city, and turned his steps towards the little republic of San Marino, an independent town, whose liberty, too puny to excite jealousy, has never been assailed; and in the very heart of the Papal States the petty republic has continued free. Here his band dispersed, unable to make head, unaided and alone, against the enemies that menaced him on every side; and Garibaldi embarked for Venice, but was driven back by a storm, and compelled to land again on the Roman coast. Here his wife, a young and beautiful woman, who had followed him through all the dangers of his bold and adventurous career, died from the effects of exposure and fatigue in a solitary forest, beneath whose shade she was interred. Garibaldi then effected his escape to Piedmont, where he was arrested, but soon afterwards released; and he finally retired to America.

After the entrance of the French army, the republican government of Rome disappeared, and the Assembly was heard of no more. The pontifical flag was again displayed from the tower of St. Angelo, and saluted by a hundred guns, amidst the acclamations of the army, and of the people who had so lately hailed the republic with equal joy; and a deputation was sent to Pius IX., bearing the keys of Rome. Thus ended the famous siege, which will deserve a place in history, from the undoubted gallantry that was there displayed by a people who have been long accused of cowardice, because demoralised by slavery, and because, untrained to manly exertion or military daring, they have proved unequal to contend with disciplined armies and powerful assailants. And on this occasion the French well justified the boast by which they would place themselves at the head of the civilisation of the times, from the considerate forbearance with which they deliberately exposed their own army to danger and suffering, in order to save from destruction the world-honoured relics of the Eternal City.

But injury and devastation had been extensively inflicted during the ascendancy of the revolutionary party. Valuable archives had been burnt, churches of unequalled beauty had been converted into barracks, and walls, whose paintings have been the boast of ages, were defaced, to make room for the managers of the cavalry horses. Church bells, which the great sculptors modelled, had been melted down for cannon; works of art, that genius can reproduce no more, were sold, robbed, or destroyed; and finally, the State was in a condition of total bankruptcy, and the people were reduced to the last extreme of distress and misery.

When the Italian capital had fallen, no hope remained for her sister cities. Yet Venice still held out. Famine, cholera—and, more dreaded than all—the armies of the hated oppressor, had hitherto failed to subdue her resolution, or to vanquish her courage and constancy. It was only when Hungary was subdued—when the struggle for liberty throughout Europe was crushed—when Rome had fallen, and Italy was again compelled to cower beneath the yoke, that Venice, last of all, hopeless of

succour, and unable longer to endure her protracted sufferings, was forced to yield, but not without having evinced a spirit and courage worthy of her former glory.

It has been already noticed that the earliest act of the Neapolitan government, after the victory which it obtained over the revolutionists on the 15th of May, was to recal its troops from the war of independence. Great preparations now commenced, in order to complete the victory obtained at home by the reduction of Sicily. The only fortress of that island that still remained in the hands of the king was the citadel of Messina—a strongly fortified place, which had successfully resisted every attack; and its commandant, General Pronio, had signed an armistice with the authorities of the popular party who governed the town. Prince Filangieri was appointed to the command of the army destined to reconquer Sicily. He was an efficient officer of some reputation, and having assembled an army at Reggio, he embarked for Messina.

That city prepared for a vigorous defence, and instantly summoned the national guard throughout Sicily to march to her assistance. Barricades were raised in every street—the roads leading to the city were undermined, to prevent the approach of the enemy—and every means was taken to strengthen the defences of the town, whilst at the same time they called upon Palermo to aid them in their resistance. Large bodies of troops, as well as of the national guard, poured in from every quarter of the island to support the Messinians; but General Pronio, from the citadel, destroyed the defences of the town as fast as they were raised up. On the 6th of September, Filangieri commenced his attack upon a body of Sicilians concentrated at the village of Contessa to oppose him. He met with a desperate resistance; but at length gained possession of the redoubts, turned their own cannon against the Sicilians, and reached the gates of Messina.

The capture of the ill-fated city is one of the memorable events of the war; and the most determined enemies of the cause for which the brave Sicilians shed their blood have been compelled to pay a just homage to the heroism of the unequal contest. Exposed on one side to the destructive fire of the citadel, and assailed, on the other, by the attacks of the assaulting army, the town was bombarded for fourteen hours; and it was calculated that sixteen thousand projectiles were flung into its precincts on that day. When the gate was carried by storm, the resistance in the streets was so terrible, that each house, each wall, each gun was fought for, and only won when its defenders lay dead within and around. The carnage lasted for twenty-nine hours; and the brave defenders of their country's freedom who still survived, were overpowered only when their city was reduced almost to ashes, and their streets rendered impassable by the bodies of the slain. The English and French admirals interposed, in the name of humanity, to prevent the slaughter of the unhappy citizens; and an armistice was then agreed to by the Neapolitan commander, during the continuance of which peace was to be treated of, with the mediation of England. But the terms offered by the Neapolitan government were rejected by the Sicilians, and the war was renewed on the 29th of March.

Filangieri then advanced towards Palermo, which, in its turn, prepared to repel the royal forces. The command of the Sicilian troops was entrusted to a Pole, named Mieroslawsky. Catania lay upon the road;

but though the popular forces proved unable to cope with the regular troops in the open field, it was only after several desperate encounters, in which great loss was sustained on both sides, that the royal commander approached the last-named city. Five miles from Catana, a strongly-fortified position obstructed the advance of the assailants, and the first Neapolitan regiment that came up to the attack was almost destroyed by the fire of the redoubt. It was after a fierce resistance, and immense loss to the Neapolitans, that Mieroslawsky commenced his retreat towards Catana. Every step of the five intervening miles was fought for, and defended with the desperate determination which civil strife alone calls forth. A murderous fire was poured down from every house and window along the road; mines exploded beneath the feet of the Neapolitans; barricades had to be stormed at every turning of the road; from behind every wall death mowed down the ranks of the assailants.

At length Catana was reached, and its gates forced open. The first barricade within, defended by six heavy guns, was carried by the Neapolitans; but the regiment that obtained this success was exposed to a destructive fire from the windows, the balconies, and the roofs of the houses, and the few survivors were compelled to retreat. Fresh troops soon came up; but every street offered the same deadly resistance, and it was only house by house, as the defenders of Catana were destroyed by the increasing numbers of the enemy, that the royal troops were enabled to advance across the town, encumbered with its slaughtered inhabitants.

Unhappily a ball wounded the Sicilian general in the throat, and he fell insensible into the arms of his aide-de-camp. Dismay then spread universally amongst his troops, and discouragement preceded defeat. Catana surrendered, after a resistance scarcely less memorable than that of Messina.

Appalled by the cruel fate of these unfortunate cities, Syracuse attempted no defence, and the smaller towns opened their gates to the conquerors; whilst some of the country places proved the extremity of their dread by receiving the Neapolitan army with acclamations. At Palermo, confusion and terror paralysed the councils of the popular party. The Chambers voted an act of submission to the king, and the provisional government sought safety in flight. The municipality then assumed the authority; but three days of severe contest without the walls still arrested the progress of the royal army. Finally, the Sicilians were defeated; and Filangieri entered Palermo in triumph on the 15th of May, 1849, the anniversary of the king's victory at Naples the preceding year. The Neapolitan fleet at the same time took possession of the harbour, and Sicily was once more subdued.

Whilst the siege of Rome was in progress, the Pope had accepted the invitation of the King of Naples; and leaving Gaeta, he established himself at Portici, in the neighbourhood of the capital. Here he was received with great splendour, lodged in one of the royal palaces, and hailed with enthusiastic devotion by the people.

After the dissolution of the Representative Chamber, which followed the king's triumph on the 15th of May, another Assembly had been convened at Naples on the 1st of July; but this parliament having proved also tumultuous and unmanageable, was dissolved, after a session of two months. Some riots had followed the dissolution; and Bozzelli was removed from the office of minister of the interior upon the pretence that



he had countenanced the police in distributing arms secretly amongst the people, but probably in anticipation of the abolition of the last remnant of the constitution. A third Chamber was called, and again dismissed, March, 1849; and, in spite of the eloquent appeals of Bosselli, the last shadow of the charter then disappeared before the restored power of the monarchy.

In the month of April, 1850, the Pope took a warm farewell of Naples, where he had been so hospitably entertained, and after being escorted to the frontier by the king, Pius was received again into his state with every demonstration of public respect and attachment. The French general, Baraguey d'Hilliers, rode beside his carriage as he passed through the streets of Rome, which were adorned with flowers and strewed with branches; whilst the French troops, amidst whose kneeling ranks the procession passed, rendered his return to the ancient capital of the papacy a military triumph.

In spite of past discontent and future fears, the rural population—pious and superstitious—regarded the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff amongst them as a prescriptive privilege of their country, and Rome felt all the importance which she derived from being recognised once more as the metropolis of Catholic Christendom. The Pope's entrance into the church of St. Peter, surrounded by the cardinals, the corps diplomatique, the public functionaries of the city, and the chiefs of the army, amidst the acclamations of the populace, the guns of the fortress, and the rejoicings of the whole population, rendered his return a real ovation, of which the gladness might have remained deeply graven on the hearts of a people that had suffered so much, if greater wisdom and moderation had followed the restoration of the papal authority.

#### TO MISS NIGHTINGALE.

Ours had been wondrous days, when truths sublime  
Had risen on the world, and human skill,  
Schooled in an interval of peaceful time,  
Had learnt man's fondest visions to fulfil,  
And brought an age millennial—until  
The horrid din and battle rage of war,  
With shouts that all but drown the orphan's wail,  
Smote on the ear with strange, unwelcome jar,  
And told that terror must awhile prevail;  
Yet through the storm, thy name, fair Nightingale,  
Gleams like the bow that riseth on the cloud.  
For there is hope in thy unselfish love,  
As once the sacred leaf of olive, showed  
A world's bright hopes, entrusted to a dove.

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# WOLFERT'S ROOST.\*

What! Irving? thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain!

and the heart is still warm, and the brain still fine, in this new issue of their joint-stock composition. The warm heart and the fine brain went into partnership, and wrote in good fellowship together, in the days of the Sketch-Book and Salmagundi; and they found it answer, and continue each the other's true yoke-fellow (*εὐφύας γυναικός*) to this hour. In this harmony of the feeling and thinking powers, in this concert of the shrewd with the genial, lies much of the wide popularity, the merited success, past (but not past by), and present (with a decent lease yet to run), of kindly, cheery, gossiping, twinkling-eyed, Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.

Geoffrey Crayon, Gent., is *redivivus* here, not *idem in alio*, not by transmigration of spirit into another bodily presence, but himself in *propria persona*. He gives us what are apparently relict odds and ends which missed insertion in the original Sketch-Book. Thus we have reminiscences of Paris as it was thirty years since. The Parisian hotel—compared to a street set on end—the grand staircase being the highway and every floor or apartment a separate habitation—with its microcosmic gradations of tenantry, from the aristocracy of the *premier* floor to the *attic* regions of petty tailors, clerks, and needlewomen—every odd nook and corner between these polar opposites, *de haut en bas*, being duly fitted up as a *joli petit appartement à garçon*, which Geoffrey translates, “some little dark inconvenient nestling-place for a poor devil of a bachelor.” The restored émigré of the old régime: in sky-blue coat, powdered locks, and pigtail—followed at heels by a little dog, which trips sometimes on four legs, sometimes on three, and looks as if his leather small-clothes were too tight for him. The Englishman at Paris: promenading daily with a buxom daughter on each arm; they smiling on all the world, while *his* mouth is drawn down at each corner like a mastiff's, with internal growling at everything about him; they almost overshadowing papa with feathers, flowers, and French bonnets (ah, Geoffrey! bonnets too may take up their parable and say, specially in Paris—*tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*), while papa adheres rigidly to English fashion in dress, and trudges about in long gaiters and broad-brimmed hat. (*Eheu fugaces*, Goodman Geoffrey,—even such sturdy conservatives as those gaiters and hats may now swell the chorus of the bonnets—or strike up, “on their own hook,” a more plaintive *sic transit gloria mundi*—for a glory, worldly enough, had long gaiters and broad-brimmed hats, when George the Third was king.) Then we have a picture of the Tuileries, as it was, and for a pendant, Windsor Castle, not as it is;—a sketch of the field of Waterloo, when the thoughtless whistle of the peasant floated on the air, instead of the trumpet's clangour, and the team slowly laboured up the hill-side once shaken by the hoofs of rushing squadrons, and wide fields of corn waved peacefully over the

\* *Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost, and Other Papers.* By Washington Irving. Author's Edition. Edinburgh: Constable. 1855.

soldiers' graves, as summer seas dimple over the place where many a tall ship lies buried ;—and a tableau of Paris at the Restoration—filled with a restless, roaming population, hanging about like lowering clouds that linger after a storm, and giving a strange air of gloom to the otherwise gay metropolis. A few stories and legendary narratives, too, are given, in the vein of Tales of a Traveller ; the Widow's Ordeal, a tradition of judicial trial by combat, indited in the story-teller's airiest, smoothest style ; the Knight of Malta, a ghostly fragment, which, once told *vivâ voce* (and we presume *fuscâ voce*, or *raucâ*, befitting the theme), for the entertainment of a youthful circle round the Christmas fire, sent a due proportion of them quaking to their beds, and gave them very fearful dreams ;—Don Juan, another spectral research—in introducing which the writer, in his olden characteristic manner, says : “Many have supposed the story of Don Juan a mere fable. I myself thought so once ; but ‘seeing is believing.’ I have since beheld the very scene where it took place, and now to indulge any doubt on the subject would be posterous.” This pleasant way of wresting logic to an impotent conclusion, is a notable repetition of the knock-down argument of Smith the Weaver in “King Henry VI.”—when, Jack Cade having asserted his relationship to Mortimer's eldest son (who,

—being put to nurse,  
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away ;  
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,  
Became a bricklayer, when he came to age :  
His son am I ; deny it, if you can),

Dick the Butcher, in mood corroborative, adds : “Nay, 'tis too true ; therefore he shall be king,”—and thereupon Smith the Weaver, in terms unanswerable, and as an ultimate clincher, exclaims : “Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it ; therefore, deny it not.” Our traveller saw with his own eyes the convent and cemetery of St. Francisco, in Seville, where was brought about that dreadful *liaison* between the Don and the marble statue,—and henceforth became a believer, as in duty (if not by logic) bound.

The pen that wrote tales of the Alhambra, and records of Spanish and Moorish life, in times of chivalry and high emprise, also furnishes us in the present volume with kindred *morceaux* of legendary lore. For lovers of this class of fiction, there is the “Legend of the Engulfed Convent,” a type and shadow of the woes of Spain ; and there is “The Adelantado of the Seven Cities,” a mystic memorial of that phantom Island of St. Brandan, stigmatised by ancient cosmographers with the name of *Aprositus*, or the Inaccessible, and by sceptics pronounced a mere optical illusion like the *Fata Morgana*, or classed with unsubstantial regions like Cape Fly-away, as known to mariners, or the coast of Cloud Land, as told to the marines. And again there is “The Abencerrage,” a tale of Moslem honour and old-fashioned Spanish courtesy,—as heard by the writer from the tuneful lips of a Castilian beauty, on a sweet summer evening, spent in the hall of the Abencerrages, while the moon shone down into the Court of Lions, lighting up its sparkling fountain.

Moreover, if in these pages Geoffrey Crayon walks and talks before

us, so does the veritable Diedrich Knickerbocker. The volume, indeed, takes its name from a little old-fashioned stone mansion, with more gable ends by a powerful multiple than Hawthorne's grim tenement could boast, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked-hat: the cocked-hat of Peter the Headstrong (*vide* Knickerbocker's "New York") being, in fact, its supposed model, just as the gridiron of the blessed St. Lawrence was the model of the Escorial. It was once a fastness in the wilderness, whither one Wolfert Acker retired world-weary and war-sick, to seek *Lust in Rust*, or pleasure in quiet—whence the name Wolfert's Rust, *inde* Roost. Hither in after-days came the indefatigable Diedrich Knickerbocker—taking up his abode in the old mansion for a time, and rummaging to his old heart's content among the dusty records it contained—documents of the Dutch dynasty, rescued from the profane hands of the English by Wolfert Acker, and which the quaint archæologist set to work with professional zeal to decipher—mementoes of his sojourn still being cherished at the Roost—his elbow-chair and antique writing-desk retaining their place in the room he occupied, and his old cocked-hat hanging on a peg against the wall. Of the papers in this collection more particularly Knickerbockerish, are "Broek, or the Dutch Paradise," and "Guests from Gibbet Island"—both humorous, the latter with a strong spice of the witching. There is a narrative at some length of the experiences, as hunter, trapper, and general adventurer, of "Ralph Ringwood," *alias* (i. e. in reality) the late Governor Duval, of Florida. Another narrative, of a more imaginary cast, called "Mountjoy," which records the love-passages of a dreamy, priggish, very learned youth, has the disadvantage of breaking off abruptly in the very heart of the subject. It is a compliment to the author to make this a ground of complaint. He avows himself prepared to proceed with it, if his readers wish. He is now, being confessedly liable, admonished to keep good faith; and at once, under the penalties and in the language of police, to "move on." We own to a malicious interest in seeing Harry Mountjoy palpably and effectually snubbed. Mr. and Miss Somerville, it is evident, can do it with consummate ease and politeness; and we await the result with confidence, though with some impatience as to the time when, and curiosity as to the manner how. "Mountjoy" is virtually a pledge of Mr. Washington Irving's reappearance with a new batch of chronicles, essays, legends, whim-whams, and sketch-book sweepings.

"Wolfert's Roost," it should be added, is the fourth volume of a highly meritorious series, published by Messrs. Constable, and entitled "Miscellany of Foreign Literature"—the former volumes being devoted to translations of Jokai's "Hungarian Sketches," of Hettner's "Athens and the Peloponnese," and of the celebrated Flemish novelist, Hendrick Conscience's, *Tales of life in his own fatherland*. The series deserves large encouragement; these initial volumes have certainly been selected with tact and discriminative taste, as they are also produced with elegance, at a price temptingly low, and at intervals of convenient distance to all concerned.

## A TALE OF JUTLAND.

FROM THE DANISH OF S. S. BLICHER.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

I HAD often beheld the highest hill in Denmark, but had not hitherto ascended it. Frequently as I had been in its neighbourhood, the objects of my journeys had always required me to turn off in another direction, and I was thus obliged to content myself with seeing at some distance the Danish Schwarzwald; and as I passed on, to cast a hurried glance down the valleys to the charming lake, dotted with green leafy islets, and which winds, as it were, round jagged tongues of land. At length I overcame all obstacles, and resolved to devote two days to a pleasure-trip amidst this much-admired scenery. My cousin Ludvig, who had just arrived from the capital, agreed to accompany me.

The morning was clear and warm, and gave the promise of a fine evening, but shortly after mid-day there gradually arose in the south-west a range of whitish clouds tinged at the sides with flame-colour. My cousin did not notice them; but I, who am experienced in the signs of the weather, recognised these indications of thunder, and announced to him "that the evening would not be as fine as the morning." We were riding exactly in such a direction that we had these clouds opposite to us, and could, therefore, perceive how they kept rising higher and higher, how they became darker at the base, and how they towered like mountains of snow over the summit of the hill. Imagination pictured them to us like the Alps of Switzerland, and we tried to fancy ourselves in that mountainous country: we saw Schreckhorn, Wetterhorn, and the Jungfrau; in the valleys between the clouds we pictured to ourselves the glaciers; and when a solitary mass of cloud, breaking suddenly, sank down, and seemed to mingle with the mountain chain, we called it an avalanche which would overwhelm villages and scattered chalets with everlasting snow. We continued, absolutely with childish pleasure, to figure to ourselves in the skies the majestic scenery of the Alps, and were quite wrapt up in our voluntary self-deception, when the sudden roar of thunder awoke us from our fantastic dreams. Already there stretched scarcely the thinnest line of light in the heavens above us, and the wood which lay before us seemed as if in a moment enveloped in a thick mist by the fast-falling rain. We had been too long dilatory, and now we rode as hard as possible to reach the nearest village; and we were soaked to the skin before we got to Alling, where we sought shelter under an open gateway.

The owner of the place, an elderly farmer, who seemed a sort of half-savage foreigner to us, received us with old Danish hospitality: he had our horses taken to his stable, and invited ourselves into his warm parlour. As soon as he observed our drenched condition, he offered us garments belonging to his two sons to wear while our own wet ones were dried by the blazing hearth. Joyfully did we avail ourselves of his kind proposal; and in a room up-stairs, called the best apartment, we soon made the comfortable change of apparel, while laughing and joking at our un-

expected travestie. Equipped as peasant lads in their Sunday's clothes, we shortly after rejoined the family. Our host was much amused at the change in our outward men, and warmly extolled our *homely* appearance, while his two daughters smiled, and stole sly glances at us—

Blushed the Valkyries, whilst they turned and laughed.

The coffee-urn stood ready on the table, surrounded by china cups; the refreshing beverage, amply provided with brown sugar, and rich unadulterated cream, poured out and handed by one of the pretty daughters, speedily restored genial heat to our chilled blood; and then the father of the family thought it time to inquire the names, occupations, and places of abode, of his unexpected guests.

Meanwhile the thunderstorm had passed away; the sun smiled again in the cloudless west: far away to the east, indeed, could still be heard the distant whistling and rattling of the winds, but where we were all was mild and tranquil. The spirits of the storm had folded their dripping wings, and the rain-drops sparkled like diamonds upon every leaf and flower. The evening promised once more to resemble the morning in beauty.

"And now for the ascent of the mountain!" we exclaimed to each other.

"But your clothes?" interrupted the farmer. We hastened into an outer room, where the other fair daughter was busy drying them; but, alas! they were still quite damp, and she said she feared she could not promise that they would be in a fit state to be put on for at least an hour; and then it would probably be too late to enjoy the view from the top of the hill, as the ascent, proceeding from where we were at that moment, would take, perhaps, another hour. What was to be done? The good-natured countryman helped us out of our dilemma.

"If you are not ashamed of wearing the boys' clothes," said he, "why should you not keep them on?"

"That is a capital idea," we both replied, and thanking him for the offer, as we shook hands with him cordially, we asked him where we could find a guide.

"I will myself be your guide," he said, as he took from a corner a juniper-stick for each of us. We then lost no time in commencing our journey, and still more gaily than before, for we were much amused at our masquerade, especially my cousin, who seemed to feel no small admiration for himself in the rustic blue frock-coat, ornamented with silver-buttons—the jack-boots—and the head surmounted by a high-crowned hat.

"I sincerely wish," said he, "that we could fall in with some other travellers up yonder; that would be great fun."

Our guide laughed, and hinted that he would not be able to talk like the peasantry.

"Yes, I can though," said my cousin, who immediately began to speak in the Jutland dialect, to the infinite diversion of the worthy Peder Andersen, who, however, found still another stumbling-block to the perfections of the pretended peasant—namely, that his nice white hands would betray him.

"I can put them in my pocket"—("A ka puff em i e Lomm")—cried

my gay cousin, who was determined to admit of no drawback to his assumed character.

Presently we reached the river Gudenaæ, which is here tolerably wide, and has rather a swift current. We crossed in a boat something like a canoe, and then entered on quite another kind of a country; for there commenced the moorlands, covered with heather, whose dark tints formed a strong contrast to the bright green on the east of the river. We had yet a good way to walk, and as the heather, which almost reached up to our knees, was still wet with rain, we had good reason to be grateful to our long boots. We approached the wood—a wood of magnificent beech-trees—which appeared to me here doubly beautiful, standing out, as it did, against so dark a background. Amidst sloping dales the path wound always upwards; but the thickness of the foliage for a time deprived us of any view. At last we emerged from the wood, and found ourselves upon the open summit of the mountain.

When I hear delightful music, or witness an interesting theatrical representation, I always wish to enjoy it for a time in silence. Nothing acts more unpleasantly, jars more on my feelings, than when any one attempts to call my attention to either. The moment the remark is made to me, "How beautiful that is!" it becomes less beautiful to me. These audible outbursts of admiration are to me like cold shower-baths—they quite chill me. After a time, when I have been left undisturbed, and by degrees have cooled in my excitement, I am willing to exchange thoughts and mingle feelings with those of a friend, or of many friends; indeed, I find a desire growing within me to unburden, if I may so express it, my overladen mind. It is thus that a poet utters his inspirations: at the sweet moment when he conceives his ideas, they glow within him, but he is silent; afterwards he feels constrained to give them utterance; the voice or the pen *must* afford the full heart relief. Our guide's anxiety to please was a dreadful drawback to my comfort, for, with the usual loquacity of a cicerone, he began to point out and describe all the churches that could be descried from the place where we were standing, invariably commencing with "Yonder you see." I left my cousin to his elucidation of the country round, and, wandering to some little distance, I sat down where I could *see*, without being compelled to *hear*.

When Stolberg had finished translating Homer into German, he threw down his pen, and exclaimed, despondingly, "Reader! learn Greek, and burn my translation!" What is a description of scenery but a translation? Yet the most successful one must be as much inferior to the original as the highest hill in Jutland is lower than the highest mountain in Thibet. Therefore, kind reader, pardon my not describing to you all I saw. *What* I saw I might, perhaps, be able to relate to you, but scarcely *how* I saw it. My pen is no artist's pencil. Go yourself and take a view of it! But you, who perhaps have stood on the summit of the Brocken, or of St. Bernard, smile not that I think so much of our little mountain! It is the loftiest that I, or perhaps many of my readers, have beheld; therefore, what is diminutive to you is grand to us.

I was startled in my meditations by a thump on my shoulder—it was from my cousin, who was standing behind me. He informed me that our guide had gone home at least half an hour, and that I had been sitting for a long time perfectly motionless, without giving the slightest sign of

life. He told me, moreover, that he was tired of such solemn silence, and I must really awaken from my fit of abstraction.

"And at what have you been looking that has engrossed your thoughts so much?" he added.

"The same as you have been looking at," I replied; "air, and earth, and water."

"Well, cast your eyes down now towards the lake," said he, handing me his spy-glass, "and you will see that there are some strangers coming over this way."

I took the glass and perceived a boat a little way from the shore, which seemed to be steering straight across the water; it was full of people, and three straw bonnets indicated that there were women among them. My cousin proposed that we should await their coming, although it would be late before we should reach our quarters for the night at Alling. As the evening was so charming, I willingly consented; we could not have wished a finer one. The sun was about to set, but it seemed to us to sink more slowly than usual, as if it lingered to behold longer the beauty of the earth when tinged with its own golden rays. The winds were hushed; not a blade of grass, not a leaf was stirring. The lake was as a mirror, wherein were reflected the fields, the groves, the houses that lay on its surrounding sides, while here and there, in the valleys towards the west, arose a thin column of smoke from dwellings that were concealed by trees. But if in the air all was silence, sounds enough proceeded from the earth. Feathered songsters carolled in the woods behind us, and before us the heath-larks' love strains swelled, answering each other from the juniper bushes. From the bulrushes which grew on the margin of the lake was heard the quacking of the wild ducks; and from a greater distance came the plashing of the fisherman's oar as he was returning to his home, and the soothing tones of his vesper hymn.

The sun had now sunk below the horizon, and the bells that rang from many a church for evening prayer, summoned the weary labourer to rest and sleep. The heavy dews of night were already moistening the ground, and its mist was veiling the woods, the lake, and the sloping banks. Now broke upon the ear the cheering yet plaintive music of wind instruments. It seemed to come nearer and nearer, and must undoubtedly have proceeded from the boat we had observed putting off from the opposite shore. When the music ceased, we could distinctly hear the voices of the party in the boat, and presently after the slight noise made by their landing. We stood still for a few minutes, expecting to see them ascending the hill, but soon perceived that, on the contrary, they were going in another direction, for the sound of the voices became fainter and fainter, and was lost at last apparently among the woods to the west. Had it not been that the airs they had played were of the newest fashion, we might have fancied it a fairy adventure—a procession of woodland elves, or the bridal of the elf-king himself.

The shades of night were falling around. Here and there a star glimmered faintly in the pale blue skies. In the north-west was visible a red segment over the horizon, where the king of day was wandering beneath, on his way to lighten another hemisphere. Now, all was still; only at a distance on the heath we heard the plover's melancholy note, and beneath us, on the lake, the whizzing of the water-fowls' wings as



they skimmed its darkened surface. "Let us go homewards now" cried my cousin. "Yes, home!" I replied. But we had not gone far before we both stopped at once with a "Hush! hark!" From the margin of the wood, through which we had just come, issued suddenly the sound of harmonious voices, singing as a duet a Tyrolese air. There is something indescribably charming and touching in this union of voices, especially in the open air, when the sweet tones seem to float upon the gentle breeze; and now, at the calm evening hour, when the surrounding hills were awakened from the deep repose into which they had just subsided, the sweet tones had the effect of the nightingale's delightful song. My cousin seized my hand and pressed it, as if to entreat that I should not, by any exclamation, disturb his auricular treat. When the vocalists ceased, he sighed deeply. I gazed in astonishment on him; he was in general so gay, and yet at that moment tears actually stood in his eyes! I attributed to the mighty enchantment of music the power of softening and agitating the hardest and the lightest heart, and I remarked this to him.

"Ah, well!" he replied, "the human breast is like a sounding-board, which, although untouched, yet gives an echo when certain chords are struck."

"Your are right," I said; "as, for instance, the story of the tarantula dance."

He sighed again, and said, gravely,

"But such chords must be connected with peculiar events—must awaken certain recollections—— Yes"—he took my hand, and pointing to the trunk of a tree which had apparently been blown down by the wind, he continued, after we had placed ourselves on it—"yes, my friend, you air recalls to me a souvenir which I have in vain tried to forget. Will you listen to the story?"

"Tell it," I said, "though I can partly guess what it must be."

It was on such an evening as this (he commenced), about two years ago, that, accompanied by a friend, I had gone on a little tour of pleasure to Lake Esrom. We remained sitting a long time on a fallen tree before we could prevail on ourselves to wend our way homewards, so charmed were we with the beauty of the scenery and of the evening. We had just arisen, when a Tyrolese air—the very one you and I have recently heard—sung delightfully as a duet, attracted our attention. It came from the side of the lake, but the sounds appeared to be gradually approaching nearer. We soon heard the plashing of oars, which kept time to the music, and shortly after we saw a boat making for the part of the shore where we were. When the song was ended, there was a great deal of talking and laughing in the boat, and the noise seemed to increase the nearer they came to the shore. We now saw distinctly the little skiff and its merry freight. "Lay aside your oars!" said one; "I will steer you straight in to the land." They did so. "I know a quicker way of making the land," cried another, as he sprang up, and, striding from gunwale to gunwale, set the boat rocking frightfully. "Be quiet! be quiet!" roared a third; "are you mad? The fool will upset the boat!" "You shall have a good ducking for that," said the madcap, swaying the boat still more violently. Then came shouts of laughter mingled with oaths; in the midst of the uproar a loud voice called out,

105. "Be done, I tell you! Fritz cannot swim." But it was too late—the boat was full of water—it upset. Happily it was only a short way from the shore. In one moment they were all silent; we heard only the splashing and hard breathing of those who were swimming. There were six of them. Presently one of them cried, "Fritz! Fritz! come here! Take hold of me!" Then cried another, "Fritz, come to me!" And then several voices shouted, "Fritz! Fritz! where are you?" Two of them had by this time reached the shore, and they stood looking anxiously at those who were still swimming in the lake. One of them began counting, "Three, four." Then crying, in a voice of extreme consternation, "One is wanting!" he sprang again into the water, and the other instantly followed his example.

My friend and I could no longer remain mere spectators of this scene: we threw off our coats and were speedily in the water, searching with the party for their lost friend. We thought he must be under the boat, therefore we all gathered round the spot where it lay, keel upwards, and the best swimmer dived beneath it. In vain! He was not there. But at a little distance, amidst the reeds, one of us observed something dark—it was the missing Fritz! He was brought on shore; but he was lifeless. Zealously, anxiously did we try all means of restoring him; they were of no avail. It was decided that he should be carried to the nearest house. A plank, which had formed one of the seats of the boat, and which had floated to the shore, was taken up, he was placed upon it, and they carried him towards the road. We followed them mechanically. What a contrast to their late boisterous mirth was their present profound silence! We had not proceeded far, when one of the foremost of the bearers turned round and exclaimed, "Where is Lund?" We all looked back, and beheld the unfortunate madcap who had caused the accident half hidden behind a tall bush, stuffing his pockets with pebbles. "He will drown himself," said the person who had just spoken. "We must take him with us."

They stopped, and my companion and I offered our assistance to carry the body, whilst two of the party went to their repentant friend. The way to the house to which the drowned man was to be carried lay through a wood. It was so dark amidst the trees that we were close upon two female figures, dressed in white, before we observed them.

"Good Heavens!" cried the foremost of the party, "if it should be Fritz's betrothed! She said she would probably come to meet us."

It was indeed herself. You may imagine the painful scene; first, her horror at meeting us carrying a drowned man, and then her agony when she found out that the unfortunate victim was the one dearest to her on earth; for she could not be deceived, as she knew them all. She fainted, and her companion caught her in her arms as she was falling to the ground. What was to be done? My friend and I hastened to the assistance of the ladies, while the other gentlemen hurried on with the inanimate body to the house, which was at no great distance. I ran to the lake, and brought back some water in my hat; we threw a little on her face, when she soon came to herself again, poor thing!

"Where is he?" she screamed. "Oh! where is he? He is not dead—let me go to him—let me go!" She strove to rise and rush forward.

"Leave her, kind gentlemen," said her companion, as she threw one

arm round her waist, and with the other pressed her hand to her heart. "Thanks—thanks for your assistance, but do not trouble yourselves further; I know the way well."

We bowed and stood still, while she hastened on with her poor friend and as they went we could hear the sorrowful wailing of the one, and the sweet soothing tones of the other. Having received no invitation we had no right to follow them, and we sought our carriage, both deeply impressed by the melancholy catastrophe which we had involuntarily witnessed.

We were not acquainted with any member of the party, nor were we able to hear anything of them. In vain we searched all the newspapers, and conned over all the announcements of death in their columns; there never appeared the slightest reference to the unfortunate event I have just mentioned, nor did we ever hear it alluded to in society. We should certainly, after the lapse of some time, have looked upon the whole affair as a freak of the imagination—a phantom scene—had we not played a part in it ourselves. It did not make so light an impression on me, however; you will think it strange, perhaps absurd, but I actually was partially in love! Love has generally but one pathway to the heart—the eyes; it took a by-path with me—through the ears. It was so dark that I had not seen the young lady's features, I had only heard her voice. But ah! what a voice it was! So soft—*that* does not describe it; so melodious—neither does that convey an idea of what it was. I can compare it to nothing but the echo of tones from celestial regions, or to the angel-voices which we hear in dreams. Her figure was as beautiful as her voice—graceful and sylph-like. If you have ever been bewitched in a night vision you will be able to comprehend my feelings. I saw her, and I did not see her. Her slight form with its white drapery looked quite spiritual in the dim light, and reminded me of Dido in Elysium, floating past Æneas, who was still clothed in the garb of mortality.

"Of whom are you speaking?" I asked. "Of the friend?"

"Of course," he replied; "not of the widowed girl, as I may call the other."

"I do not see anything so very extraordinary in what you have been telling me," I said. "When it is almost dark, fancy is more easily awakened; everything wears a different aspect from what it does in the glare of day—objects become idealised, and sweet sounds make more impression on the mind, while imagination is thus excited. But is this the end of your drama?"

"No; only the first act," he replied. "Now comes the second."

The summer passed away—winter came, and it too had almost gone, when I happened to attend a masquerade at one of the clubs. For about an hour I had been jostled among the caricaturists, and was becoming very tired, and falling into sombre reflections upon the illusions of life, and the masks worn in society to conceal people's real characters from each other, when my attention was attracted to twelve shepherds and shepherdesses in the pretty costume of Languedoc, who came dancing in, hand in hand. The orchestra immediately struck up a French quadrille, and the French group danced so gracefully that a large and admiring circle was formed round them. When the quadrille was

over, the circle opened, and the shepherds and shepherdesses mingled with the rest of the company. One of the shepherdesses, whose charming figure and elegance of motion had riveted my attention, as if by a magic power drew me after her. I followed wherever she went, until at last I got so near to her that I was able to address her.

"Beautiful shepherdess!" I said in French, "how is it that our northern clime is so fortunate as to be favoured by a visit from you and your lovely sisters?"

She turned quickly towards me, and after remaining silent a few moments, during which time a pair of dark eyes gazed searchingly at me, "Monsieur," she replied in French, "we thought that fidelity had its true home in this northern clime."

"You have each brought your lover with you," I said.

"Because we hoped that they would learn lessons of constancy here," was her answer.

"Lovely blossom from the banks of the Garonne!" I exclaimed, "who could be inconstant to you?"

"There is no telling," she continued gaily. "You are paying me compliments without knowing me. You call me pretty, yet you have never seen *me*. It must be my mask that you mean."

"Your eyes assure me of your beauty," said I; "they must bear the blame if I am mistaken."

Just at that moment another dance commenced; I asked the fair shepherdess to be my partner, and consenting, she held out her hand to me. We took our places immediately. It was then that a recollection came over me of having heard her sweet voice before. I thought that I recognised it—yes! Surely it could be no other's than hers—my fairy of Esrom Wood! But I was determined to be certain of the fact. I said nothing, however, while we were dancing. The dance seemed to me very short, and at the same time endless.

I interrupted him somewhat uncivilly with—"At any rate your story seems endless." He continued, however:

After the dance was over, I conducted her to a seat, and placed myself by her side.

"It strikes me," I remarked in Danish, "that I have once before heard your voice, but not on the banks of the Garonne——"

"No," she replied, interrupting me, "not there, but perhaps on the borders of Lake Esrom?"

A sweet feeling at that moment, as it were, both expanded and contracted my breast. It was herself, the Unseen! She must also have remarked my voice, and preserved its tones in her memory.

"A second time we meet," I sighed, "without beholding each other. This is really like an adventure brought about by some magician's art; but, oh! how I long for the moment when you will no longer hide that charming countenance."

She laughed slightly; and there was something so sprightly, musical, and winning in her laugh, while her white teeth glistened like pearls under her mask, that I forgot what more I was going to say. She, however, began to speak:

"Why should I destroy your illusion? Leave our adventure, as you call it, alone; when a mystery is solved, it loses its interest. If I were to remove my mask, you would only see the face of a very ordinary girl.

Your imagination gallantly pictures me beautiful as some Circassian, or some Hourï; let me remain such in your idea, at least till the watchman cries the hour of midnight and wakes you from your dreams."

"All dreams are not delusive," I said. "They often speak the truth," I added. "Yet sometimes one is tempted to wish that truths were but dreams; as, for instance, the very unfortunate event which was the occasion of our first meeting."

She looked surprised, while she repeated,

"Unfortunate? Ah! true. You probably never heard——" At that moment one of the shepherds ran up, and carried her off hurriedly to a quadrille which was just forming.

I was following the couple with my eyes, when my sister tapped me on the arm and asked me to dance with her, as she was not engaged. Mechanically I took my place in the quadrille, the same in which my *incognita* was dancing, and mechanically I went through the figures until she had to give me her hand in the chain. I pressed it warmly, but there was no response. Ashamed and angry, I determined not to cast another glance at her; and resolutely I turned my head away. The quadrille was over, and once more I found myself constrained to look at her. But she was gone—the shepherds and shepherdesses had all disappeared. Whether they had left the ball, or—what was more probable—had changed their attire, I saw them no more. In vain at the supper-table my eyes wandered over all the ladies, to guess, if possible, which was the right one. Many of them were pretty; many had dark eyes and white teeth; but which of all these eyes and teeth were hers? It was by the voice alone that I could recognise her; but I could not go from the one to the other, and ask them to speak for me. And thus ended the second part of my drama.

"Now then for the third act," said I, with some curiosity.

"For that," he replied, "I have waited, in vain, above a year and a day."

"But do you not know her name?" I asked.

"No."

"Or none of the party of shepherds or shepherdesses?"

"I found out shortly after that I knew two of the shepherds; but of what use was that to me? I could not describe my shepherdess so that they could distinguish her among the twelve; they mentioned a dozen names, all equally unknown to me. That gave me no clue; to me she was both nameless and invisible."

I could not help smiling at my usually gay cousin's doleful countenance.

"You are laughing at me," said he. "Well, I don't wonder at it. To fall in love with a girl one has never seen is certainly great folly. But do not fancy that I am going to die of despair. I only feel a sort of longing come over me when I think of her."

The singers had now come so near us that we could hear their conversation. After a few moments my cousin whispered to me that he knew one of them by his voice, and that he was an officer from Copenhagen. In another minute they made their appearance. There were three of them, all dressed as civilians, but the moustaches of one showed that he was a military man. My cousin squeezed my arm, and whispered again, "It is he, sure enough; let us see if he knows me." We

rose, and stood stiffly, with our caps in our hands. They nodded to us; and the officer said, "Put your hats on, lads. Will you earn a shilling for something to drink, and help to erect our tent?" We agreed to his proposal, and at his desire we joined two men in fetching, from a cart near, the canvas and other things required to put the tent up; also cloaks, cushions, baskets with provisions, and bottles of wine, benches for seats, and a wider one for a table. When our services were no longer needed, the officer held out some money to me, which, of course, I would not receive. My cousin also refused payment; whereupon he swore that we should at least take something to drink, and, filling a tumbler from his flask, he handed it to my cousin, who received it with a suppressed laugh.

"What are you grinning at, fellow?" said the officer; but, as my cousin carried the tumbler to his lips, he exclaimed:

"Your health, Wilhelm!"

The individual thus addressed started back in astonishment, while his two companions peered into our faces. My cousin burst into a fit of laughter; and the officer, who now recognised him, cried, laughing also,

"Ludvig! What the deuce is all this? and why are you equipped in that preposterous garb?"

The matter was speedily explained; the three travellers expressed much pleasure at meeting us, and pressed us so cordially to join their party, and stay the night with them, that we at length acceded to their request.

One of the officer's companions was a young, handsome, and very fashionable-looking man; he was extremely rich, we understood, therefore they called him *the merchant*, and they would not tell us his name, or if that were his *real* position in society. The other introduced himself to us with these words:

"Gentlemen of the respectable peasant class! my name here in Jutland is—Farniente. My agreeable occupation is to do nothing—at least nothing but amuse myself."

There was a great deal more joking among our hosts, and then we presented each other in the same bantering way, after which we all adjourned to the tent, where we wound up with a very jovial supper. At midnight *the merchant* reminded us that we had to rise next morning with the first rays of the sun, and that it was time to retire to rest. We made up a sort of couch, with cushions and cloaks, and on it we five faithful brothers stretched ourselves as best we might. The other four soon fell asleep. I alone remained awake; and when I found that slumber had fled my pillow, rose as quietly as possible, and left the tent.

All around was still as the grave. The skies were without a cloud, but of their millions of eyes only a few were now open, and even these shone dimly and feebly, as if they were almost overcome by sleep. The monarch of light, who was soon to overpower their fading brightness, was already clearing his path in the north-east. It is not the darkness—still less the tempest—that renders night so extremely melancholy; it is that deep repose, that corpse-like stillness in nature, it is to see one's self the only waking being in a sleeping world—one living amidst the vast vaults of the grave—a creature trembling with the fearful, giddy thought of death and eternity. How welcome then is any sound which breaks the oppressive silence of that nocturnal solitude, and reminds us that human beings

are about to awaken to their daily round of occupation and pleasure—and, it must be added, of anxiety and trouble! How cheerful seems the earliest crowing of the cocks from the nearest huts, rising almost lazily on the dusky air! The drowsy world was beginning to move; and after a time I discerned faint, sweet tones proceeding from the direction of the wood. I listened attentively, and soon became convinced that it was music—the music of wind instruments—which I heard. To me music is as welcome as the first rosy streaks of morn to the benighted wanderer, or a glimpse of the brilliant sun amidst the gloom of a dark wintry sky.

The sweet sounds ceased, and I began to ponder whether it might not have been unearthly strains which I had heard—whether they might not have come from the fairies who perhaps dwelt amidst the surrounding glades, or among the wild flowers that enamelled the sloping sides of the hills. The music, however, was certainly Weber's, and the question was, whether the elfin people had learned the airs from him, or he from them. I returned to the tent, where the still sleeping party produced a very different and somewhat nasal kind of music. "Gentlemen! gentlemen!" I shouted, "there are visitors coming." My cousin was the first to awaken, then the officer, who sprang up, and immediately endeavoured to arouse the other two. "The ladies will be here presently," he said; "get up both of you."—"They are too early," yawned one; "I have not had half my sleep."—"Let them wait outside the tent till I am ready," said Farniente. "Good night!"

The rest of us, however, went towards the wood to meet the three ladies, who were making their way to our temporary domicile, preceded by two musicians playing the horn, and two youths bearing torches, the latter being the sons of a clergyman in the neighbourhood, at whose house the ladies had slept. Observing the peasant costume of my friend and myself, the ladies asked who we were, and were told by the military man that we were two soldiers of his regiment, who, being in the adjacent village, had assisted in putting up the tent.

"Lads," said he, addressing us in a tone of command, "can you fetch some water for us from the nearest stream, and get some wood for us to boil our coffee? I will go with you."

"No, no, sir—that would be a shame," said my cousin in the Jutland dialect; "we will bring all that is wanted ourselves."

When we returned to the tent it was broad daylight; Farniente had been compelled to vacate his couch of cloaks, and in his lively way was greeting the fair guests with "Good morning, my three Graces." The officer told us, aside, that two of the ladies were his sisters, and was about to tell us more, when a waltz on the turf was proposed by Farniente, who seized one of the ladies, whom he called Sybilla, as his partner. *The merchant* danced with another, to whom it appeared he was engaged, and the officer took his youngest sister. Their hilarity was infectious, and my cousin dragged me round for want of a better partner, whereupon the fair Sybilla, who had observed our dancing, remarked that we were "really not at all awkward for peasant lads."

While they were taking their coffee afterwards, during which time we stood respectfully at a little distance, my cousin whispered to me how much he admired the lieutenant's youngest sister, who was indeed extremely pretty. He had not hitherto heard her voice, but he could not help seeing that she looked attentively—even inquisitively at him. By

Farniente's request the ladies handed us some coffee, after having done which they made some remarks upon us to each other in German. At that moment my cousin let his coffee-cup drop suddenly to the ground, and standing as motionless as one of the trees in the wood, he fixed his eyes upon the youngest girl with a very peculiar expression, which called the deepest blushes to her cheek. We all looked on in surprise, but I began to suspect the truth. Farniente was the first to speak.

"Min Herre!" said he, "it is time that you should lay aside your *incognito*, for it is evident that you and this lady have met before."

My cousin had by this time recovered his speech and his self-possession. He went up to the young lady, and said :

"For the first time to-day have I had the happiness of seeing those lips from which I have twice heard a voice whose accents delighted me. In that voice I cannot be mistaken, so deep was the impression it made upon me. Dare I flatter myself that my voice has not been quite forgotten by you?"

Catherina—that was her name—replied, with a smile,

"I have neither forgotten your voice nor your face, though last time we met you were a Spanish grandee."

"What is all this?" exclaimed the officer; "old acquaintances—another masquerade!"

"We are now truly all partaking of rural life," said Farniente; "so come, you two peasants, and place yourselves with the fair shepherdess and us."

We joined the circle, and after our names having been told, my cousin, leading the conversation to Lake Esrom, and the events which took place on its banks, asked Catherina how her poor friend had taken that sad affair, and if she had ever recovered her spirits?

"Oh yes, she has," replied Catherina; and pointing to the young lady who was engaged to *the merchant*, "there she is!"

My cousin started, and said, in some embarrassment, "It was a sad event, but——"

"Not so very sad," cried *the merchant*, interrupting him, "for the drowned man returned to life. He was no other than myself."

"God be thanked!" exclaimed my cousin, sincerely rejoiced at the pleasant intelligence. "That is more than we *then* dared to hope. But what became of the poor foolish madcap who first upset the boat and then wished to drown himself?"

"Here he is," said Farniente, pointing to himself; "and as I once thought I might be promoted to the dignity of court jester, I took a wife, and there," bowing to Sybilla, "sits the fair one who has undertaken to steer my boat over the dangerous ocean of life."

The morning mists by degrees cleared away from the wooded valleys and the hill-encircled waters; the larks had ended their early chorus, and the later songsters of the grove had commenced their sweet harmonies; all seemed joy around, and I looked with pleasure at the gay group before me. Never had the cheering light of day shone upon a circle of more contented human beings, and among them none were happier than Ludvig and his recently found shepherdess, whose countenance beamed in the radiant glow of dawning love.

Six months have passed since then, and they are now united for this world and for that which is to come.



## THE SICK-CHAMBER.

(CONTINUED FROM "THE RECEPTION OF THE DEAD.")

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

"DRAW aside the curtain, Rose," said Adeline de Castella, feebly; "the sun has passed."

Adeline's chamber had been changed for one with a south aspect: but there were times when the sun, watery as it mostly was then, would shine into the room with a brightness too glaring for her sight. There was, surely, when you came to think of it, a singular affinity between the weather and Adeline's state of health. Cold, wet, boisterous, and gloomy it had been in the spring, all the time of her long illness, and up to the period, within a few days, of her commencing intimacy with Mr. St. John; hot, brilliant, and beautiful it had remained during the continuance of that intimacy; but at its abrupt termination, the very day afterwards, it had changed, and become cold, wet, and dreary again. Weeks had elapsed since, and the weather still wore the same gloomy aspect, in which there was no prospect of amendment on this side winter. A feeling of awe, almost of superstition, would creep over Mary Carr, as she sat by Adeline's bedside in the dim evenings, listening to the moaning, sighing wind, sweeping round the unprotected château, and shaking down the leaves from the now nearly bare trees on the western side. They would shudder, and say how dreary it was, and wish the weather would change; forgetting that the sweetest summer day, the brightest skies, cannot bring joy to a house where peace and joy exist not. Still, it had been a curious year: winter, summer, and now winter again, but neither spring nor autumn.

Adeline was in no immediate danger. The hemorrhage from the lungs had been stopped more speedily than might have been expected from its profuse flowing at the time; but to this had succeeded fever, the effect of her unhappy state of mind, and when it subsided she was left in a condition of alarming weakness. There was no doubt that consumption had set its seal upon her; but the doctors thought that the disease in its progress would be a lingering one. Miss Darling and Mary Carr had obtained leave from their friends to remain with her as long as might be necessary. Adeline could not bear to hear of their leaving. She did not go out of her room, but sat up in it for some hours in the day. Madame de Castella, who was quite borne down with grief, often came in, but she seldom stayed long, for she would become hysterical, and abruptly hasten away out of Adeline's sight. Father Marc paid her frequent visits, the most cheerful of all her visitors. He was a pleasant, chatty man, and exercised his powers of conversation to amuse her, telling her scraps of news and worldly anecdotes, sometimes succeeding in winning a smile from her lips. But he never entered with her upon religious topics—at least so far as the two young ladies saw, or heard. Madame de Beaufoy was ill at this time, and confined to her bed, and her daughter Agnes was much occupied in attending to her; so that Mary Carr and Rose were Adeline's chief companions. It was well that

it was so. Rose seemed to have put aside all her giddy vanity; she was much affected by Adeline's position, and evinced more feeling than any one had given her credit for possessing: Rose was chewing the cud of repentance also, for her incautious revelations upon the subject of Sarah Beauclerc. Adeline, as to all her inward life, remained silent—silent as the grave; but more than once, at the dusk of evening, she had dropped into a species of delirium—I don't know any better name for it—partly sleep, partly a waking and talking dream—and she then gave utterance to her painful thoughts. Of this she was entirely unconscious, but they proved the unhappy state of her mind.

On the day of Adeline's seizure, an express had been forwarded to the Baron de la Chasse to stop his journey to the château. But he came, nevertheless: much concerned of course. He saw Adeline, for a few minutes, in the presence of her mother and aunt. It was on the very day they were to have been married. He was excessively shocked at her death-like appearance, but kindly endeavoured to express a hope of her speedy recovery, hinting that he was an interested party in it. He inquired, in a careless, off-hand manner, of Rose, before he departed, about Mr. St. John; and she answered, quite as carelessly, that he had finally left for his own country. The baron appeared to hear it as a matter of course, and proceeded to speak, in a feeling tone, of Adeline's illness. He had no idea that it was caused by the misery and emotion that were too great to bear.

"Draw aside the curtain, Rose," Adeline had said, "the sun has passed." And Rose drew it back. Adeline was sitting before the fire, in an easy-chair, one covered with white dimity. Madame de Castella was leaning back in another, looking nearly as pale and worn as Adeline.

"Why do you not go out, mamma?" exclaimed Adeline. "It is not wet to-day, and the fresh air would do you good."

"Oh, Adeline," sighed the unhappy mother, "nothing will do me good whilst I see you as you are."

"But she is a deal better," interposed Rose, cheerfully; "she gets stronger every day. You can see she does, Madame de Castella. Adeline, let me place your pillows more comfortably."

"No matter, dear Rose, they are very well."

"Do try a little of this jelly."

"Thank you. I don't care for it," was Adeline's apathetic reply.

"Shall I read to you?" proceeded Rose.

"As you will, dear Rose. It is the same to me."

So had she been from the first, quiet and passive, grateful for their kind attentions, but without interest in anything. They had not heard of, or from, Mr. St. John since he left, and it was now the beginning of November. All those weeks, and not a single remembrance from him!

Rose looked amongst the books collected there, and took up a book of Tennyson.

"Not that," cried Adeline, quickly, glancing up with a faint colour. "Something else."

No, not that. *He* had given her the book, and been accustomed to read it to her. How could she bear to hear its pages from other lips?

Rose tried again: Béranger. "That won't do," she said. "A pretty game you would have, laughing at my French accent."

"Your accent is not a bad one, Rose."

"It may pass for conversation. But to read poetry aloud in any language but one's own is beyond most people. What's this?" Rose continued, taking up another volume. But she quickly dropped it again. It was Bulwer's "*Pilgrims of the Rhine*."

"That will do as well as any other," said Adeline.

"No," cried Rose, avoiding it with a perceptible shudder.

"Rose," whispered Adeline, taking her hand, "you fear to remind me of myself, in telling of Gertrude. Indeed there is no analogy between us," she added, with a bitter smile, "save in the nature of the disease, and that we must both die. One might envy *her* fate."

"I don't like the work," persisted Rose.

"I do," returned Adeline. "One tale in it I could never be tired of. I forget its title, but it begins, 'The angels strung their harps in Heaven, and the——'"

"I know," interrupted Rose, rapidly turning over the pages. "Here it is. 'The Soul in Purgatory; or, Love stronger than Death.' It is a tale of woman's enduring love."

"*And its reward*," sighed Adeline. "Read it. It is very short."

Rose began her reading. It was quite impossible to tell whether Adeline listened or not: she sat silent, in her chair, her hand over her face; and, when it was over, she remained in the same position, making no comment, till the nurse came forward with the medicine.

When Adeline was first taken ill, they sent to Boulogne for the English nurse who had attended her in the spring; but she was unable to come, having other engagements. So the messenger brought a French one; a kind-hearted, capable woman, but a great gossip, like Louise.

After taking her medicine, Adeline lay down on the sofa, and Rose began another tale, and read till dusk.

"Shall I stir the fire into a blaze to finish it, Adeline?" she asked, "or wait till candle-light?"

There was no answer, and Mary Carr stole forward, and bent over Adeline. She was not asleep, but in one of those restless, wandering stupors, near akin to it. The thought had, more than once, occurred to Mary Carr, "Did the doctors put laudanum in her medicine, and were these feverish dreams the result?" The uncertain light of the wood-fire played fitfully upon Adeline's face, revealing its extreme beauty of feature and its deathly paleness. Rose closed her book; and Mary left Adeline's sofa, and stood looking through the window on the dreary night. No one else was in the room now, save the nurse. The latter came forward.

"Mesdemoiselles," she whispered, "I am going down stairs for some wood. If mademoiselle wakes up, and requires anything before I am back, please to ring."

"Now she'll be gone for an hour!" exclaimed Rose to Mary Carr, as the nurse softly left the room, "you'll see. I never met with one so fond of talking as that woman. Mary, don't you think it very strange we——" Rose stopped dead, for a sudden burst of hollow muttering came from Adeline.

"Don't say it! don't say it! I tell you there is no hope: he has been gone too long. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven——"

Do you think I have not counted the weeks? Why does he not come? Why does he not write? He was passionate and proud on that dreadful day, but if he had loved—— *He would never willingly think of me again, in life!* Don't tell me he did not say it: I heard him. Is that the new room he has built at Castle-Wafer? Who ordered it done? *he* was not there. Where are the paintings? What a few! Listen! listen! Rose, do you see him coming? Oh! keep me from De la Chasse! Father, I cannot marry him! The day breaks, and he does not come. Who says he is not coming? Father Marc? Ah, there he is! he comes, he comes! Frederick, Frederick, dearest Frederick! Why don't you loose me and let me go to him? Who is it stealing in with him? How beautiful! Ah!" (and a faint scream rang through the room) "it is his wife, Sarah Beauclerc. Oh, cruel! cruel! to leave me for her! He said that I should be his wife. What's this? My letters? thrust back upon me with scorn and insult! What is he reading to Sarah Beauclerc? his letters to me? Oh, mercy! mercy!"

These sentences were not uttered rapidly, as one may read them, but in a disjointed manner, minutes of silence sometimes occurring between them, and a good deal was too unconnected for sense to be made of it. With the last word, the nurse, who had not stayed so long as Rose anticipated, re-entered the room, her arms laden with wood. By some mishap, she let a log fall to the floor, and the noise it made aroused Adeline. The tears were streaming from Rose's eyes, and she ran up to the sofa, speaking, in the impulse of the moment, with her usual want of thought and consideration.

"Oh, Adeline," she sobbed, leaning over her, "you should not take it so heavily to heart. If your love was at an end—I do not know, or ask, what broke it—but if it had come finally to an end between you and Mr. St. John, there was something noble rather than the contrary in his returning you your letters. Indeed, we have always seen him high and honourable in all he does. Another might have kept them—have boasted of them—have shown them to the world. I only wish," broke off Rose, going from Adeline's affairs to her own, in the most unceremonious way, "that I could get back all the love-letters I have ever written! There would be a pretty heap of them."

"What do you mean?" demanded Adeline, struggling up on the sofa in her alarm. "Have I been saying anything in my sleep?"

"Not much," answered Mary Carr, soothingly—"a few words. But we can see it all, Adeline," she whispered. "We knew how it was, between you and Mr. St. John; we know that he left in ill-feeling, and that, ever since, you are sad and silent, beyond what your illness would cause. This inward grief is killing you by inches. If your mind were at rest, time might restore you to health; but, as it is, you are giving yourself no chance of life."

"There is no chance for me," she answered; "you know it. If I were happy as I once was, as I once thought I should be; if I were even married to Mr. St. John, there would be no chance of prolonged life for me; none."

Mary Carr knew it, but she strove to soothe her still.

"I might have expected all that has happened to me," smiled Adeline, trying to turn the subject to a jest, the first approach to voluntary smile

or jest they had marked on her lips since her illness. "Do you remember your words, Rose, on the 1st of January, my ball-night? 'The French marigold is an omen of death and unhappy love.'"

Rose did remember it. She remembered how Adeline had laughed and spurned her words then, in her summer-tide of pride and beauty. It was winter with her now.

I hardly know how to continue this history, and have a great mind to jump at once to its close. There is so little variation in it. What can there be in a sick-chamber? Adeline better or worse; the visits and opinion of the doctors; a change in her medicine, pills for mixture, or mixture for pills, and there you have about the whole history. Which medicine, by the way, was ordered by the English medical attendant, who came to see her every other day from Boulogne, with young Dr. H——. A French doctor never gives medicine; he would not prescribe one dose, where an Englishman would choke you with five hundred. It is true: pills, powders, mixture; mixture, powders, pills: five hundred, at the very least, where a Frenchman would not give one. Warm baths and fasting for them, but no medicine. They are uncommonly free with the lancet, however, with leeches, and anything else that draws blood. The first year Eleanor Seymour (if you have not forgotten her) was at school at Madame de Nino's, an illness broke out amongst the pupils, and the school medical attendant was sent for. Five or six of the little girls were heavy and feverish, and there were symptoms of an eruption on the skin. Monsieur le Docteur thought it would turn out to be measles or scarlet fever, he could not yet pronounce which, and ordered them all to bed, and to take a few quarts of eau sucrée; he then sent for the rest of the pupils and bled them all round.\* "A simple measure of precaution," he called it.

I believe I must have recourse to Mary Carr's diary, and transcribe a few of its pages *verbatim*. It may be a better plan where there is so little of event to relate. So, to begin at once.

*November 3rd.*—Adeline spoke again to-day about returning to Boulogne. Madame de Castella is giving way, I think, for her present objection was uttered in a far less decisive tone than her former one; but she sees that Adeline is getting restless about it. Rose says she'll lay me a pair of gloves it will end in our going.

What can make Adeline so anxious to return to Boulogne? It seems to have taken complete hold upon her—to be the only wish of her existence. Has she any visionary idea that there she may be in the way of hearing of, or seeing *him*? Or is it that she would bid adieu to the château, hoping to bid adieu also to its remembrances?

*5th.*—We now know that Mr. St. John is in London. A weekly journal came to-day from Mrs. Darling for Rose. I was looking over it, and saw Mr. St. John's name amongst a host of others, as having attended a public meeting—"Frederick St. John, Esq., of Castle-Wafer." When they had all left the room, I placed the paper in Adeline's hand, pointing silently to the head of the list, and then followed the others. On my return to the room the journal was lying on the table, and her face was buried amidst the pillows of the great arm-chair.

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\* The English reader may not credit this, but it is a fact.

10th.—Adeline came down stairs yesterday for the first time. She was dressed as she used to be, except the hair. Instead of curls, it was braided under a little lace cap; and she wore a Cashmere shawl—the same she had put on *that night*. “I wonder if she thinks of it?” I said to Rose.—“What an idiot you are!” was Rose’s complimentary reply, “as if she did not think of all these things continually!” Adeline gets stronger and better every day. A deceitful improvement: I can read so in the doctors’ words and looks. The weakness is not so apparent, and the cough is nearly gone. But she is inert and indifferent as ever, buried within herself. This apparently languid apathy, this total indifference to life and its daily concerns, is set down by her friends to bodily weakness; and so they let it remain unchecked and unaroused, and she indulges, unmolested, in all the bitter feelings of a breaking heart.

14th.—These last few fine days have afforded the pretext for complying with Adeline’s wish, and here we are, once more, at Boulogne. Now that the change has been made, without ill effects, we are all pleased, on account of Adeline’s being close to medical aid, and she seems wonderfully to have improved with the change of air. Still better, still better! for how long? Rose has resumed all her wild gaiety of spirits, and says she shall sing a *Te Deum* for having left the dreary old château and its ghosts behind us.

A bed has been placed on the first floor for Adeline, in the back drawing-room. This is better; for she can now reach the front drawing-room, where we sit, without being exposed to the cold air on the staircase. And should she be confined to her room at the last, as may be expected, it will be more convenient, for the servants and in other respects, than her being up on the second floor.

16th.—Madame de Nino called to-day, bringing two of the elder girls. Adeline asked them innumerable questions about the school, and seemed, for the moment, really awakened to interest. Many other friends have also called; indeed, compared with the gloomy solitude of the château, each day, since our arrival, has been like a levee. The doctors, apparently, see no impropriety in this, for they don’t forbid it. I think Adeline is better for it: she has not the leisure to brood so entirely over the past. She is still silent on the subject of her misery, never hinting at it. Mr. St. John’s name is mentioned by nobody, and the scenes and events of the last six months might be a dream, for all the allusion ever made to them.

23rd.—People talk sometimes of the “beauty” of consumption, but they should see Adeline de Castella. Nearly all apparent symptoms of the disease have passed away—to return at its close, no doubt, but for the present passed away. Never was she so beautiful as she is now; delicate and fragile of course, but that is a great charm in woman’s loveliness. Her features are more than ever conspicuous for their exquisite contour, her soft brown eyes are of a sweeter sadness, and her cheeks glow with a transparent rose colour. Visitors look at her with astonishment, almost question the fact of her late dangerous illness, and say she is getting well. But still there is no exertion: listless and inanimate she sits, or lies, her trembling, fevered hands holding one or other of the English journals—looking in them for a name that she never finds.

Yesterday Rose was reading to her a volume of Shelley, when a letter was brought in from England, from Mrs. Darling. Adeline looked

up, eager and flushed, waiting while Rose opened it. She betrays this emotion whenever letters come for Rose. We can both see why it is, and Rose now always reads them to her. The Darlings are in London, know some of the people that Mr. St. John knows, and Adeline thinks there may be a chance of her hearing of him in these letters. There was nothing about him in this, any more than there has been in the others, and Rose resumed her book.

"I love, but I believe in love no more,  
I feel desire, but hope not. Oh from Sleep  
Most vainly must my weary brain implore  
Its long-lost flattery now: I wake to weep,  
And sit, the long day, gnawing through the core  
Of my bitter heart——"

I looked up at her, involuntarily, it was so applicable; Rose also made a momentary stop, and her glance wandered in the same direction. Adeline's eyes met ours. It was one of those awkward moments that will happen to all; and the flush on Adeline's cheek deepened to crimson. It was very applicable:

*I wake to weep,  
And sit, the long day, gnawing through the core  
Of my bitter heart.*

Alas! alas!

27th.—Adeline was standing by the fire to-day when Dr. —, the English physician, came in. Don't let those acquainted with Boulogne and its politics laugh, should they ever pick up my diary. It is well known that everybody who has dabbled in drugs, or walked an hospital, tacks "M.D." to his name, over here, though he may have been but a dentist in India, or a veterinary surgeon; but Dr. — really is a physician, and a clever man. He was struck with the improvement in her appearance, not having seen her for the last few days. "You are cheating us all," he said. "We shall have a wedding yet."

"Or a funeral, doctor," answered Adeline, quietly.

"I speak as I think," he said, with seriousness; "I do believe, now, there is a great hope of your recovery. If we could but get you to the South!"

But of that there is no chance. Only this week M. de Castella put the question to young H—. It was impossible for her to go so far in this weather, he said; she would die on the journey.

"Adeline," I exclaimed, when the physician was gone and she and I were alone, "you heard what he said. Those words were worth a king's ransom."

"They were not worth a serf's," she replied, "for they were not sincere. I appreciate the doctor's motives. He imagines that the grave must necessarily be a bitter prospect for one so young, and is willing to cheer me with false hopes, as all doctors do—it is in their trade. But he knows perfectly well that I must die."

"How calmly you speak! One would think you *coveted* the approach of the grave."

"Well—I do not regret it."

"Has life no charm for you?"

"It will never have charm for me again, Mary. A little while ago it had too much."

"Would that you had never met with Mr. St. John!" I exclaimed. Like a thoughtless simpleton as I was: Rose could not have spoken more incautiously.

"Do not say so," she uttered, with a burst of tears, so sudden and fearful, that I started in alarm; "he came to me in mercy." The first symptom of *violent* grief that has crept out since her illness, and I, with my prided caution, to have caused it!

"Mr. St. John came to you in mercy!" I stammered, not knowing what in the world to say.

"The wretchedness, the crushed spirit, the breaking heart: you know not what I go through, day by day, night by night. There is no cessation; it is one never-ending, lively anguish."

She seemed inclined to speak, and it struck me it would be well to encourage it, and did so. Was I right? Goodness knows. But there's an old saying, that "to talk of griefs lessens their intensity."

"How you must hate Mr. St. John!" I said.

"Hate him! Oh, Mary! to lay my weary head once more upon his breast; to whisper to him that I forgive him all; to hear him speak to me loving words, as of old, and say that he forgives—night and day I yearn for this, knowing that it can never be."

She was strangely excited, her eyes glistening, her cheeks a burning crimson, and her white, fragile, feverish hands fastened upon mine.

"Your love for him must have been great."

"It was indeed. Mary! I ask myself sometimes if any ever loved as I loved. And now he is with another!"

"And you do nothing but brood over this misery. I fear, Adeline, it is deeper than we suspect."

"Deeper! It is such that you can form no idea of. If my heart could be laid bare before you, and you saw the wretchedness there as it really is, it would appear to you all as the mania of one insane; and to him like the rest."

"And yet you say this anguish has come to you in mercy!"

"It has—it has. I see it all now. How else should I have been reconciled to die?"

"Adeline, you may not die," I exclaimed. "Try and rally. Let it not be said you died of a broken heart."

"Broken heart!" interrupted Adeline, quickly, "what are you thinking of, Mary Carr? Hearts don't break so easily. It is my bodily illness that is killing me. The doctors said, last spring, they feared nothing could save me. A respite was granted me; nothing more."

"Had things turned out more happily for you, you might have lived on to old age."

"Never. The germs of consumption must have been in me from the first. You school-girls used to tell me I inherited all the English characteristics, and consumption, I suppose, came with the rest."

30th.—A note from Miss de Beaufoy yesterday morning, saying she was coming to see us, her mother being better, and in the course of the day she arrived. We had a little quiet *soirée* in the evening; the first approach to gaiety and gay looks in the house since Adeline's illness. Aunt Agnes, in the plenitude of her delight at the improvement visible in Adeline, limped down, poor lady, in a splendid canary-coloured silk dress, all standing on end with richness. Who should come in, unex-



pectedly, after tea, but Monsieur le Comte Le Coq de Monty! (I do love, like the good Vicar of Wakefield, to give that whole name—I, not Miss Carr.) Business with the Sous-Préfet brought him to Boulogne. He inquired, very *mal à propos*, whether we had recently seen or heard of Mr. St. John; and while we were opening our mouths, and deliberating what to say, Rose, always apt and ready, took upon herself evasively to answer that he was in England, at Castle-Wafer. Adeline's face was turned away, but the rest of the family looked glum enough. De Monty, very unconsciously, but not the less out of time and tune, entered into a flowery oration in praise of Mr. St. John, saying he was the most attractive man he ever came in contact with; which, considering St. John is an Englishman, and the Frenchman French, was very great praise indeed.

*Dec. 2nd.*—She looked so lovely this morning, as she sat in the great fauteuil, that I could not forbear an exclamation. But it is all the same to her, admiration and indifference; nothing arouses her from that dreamy apathy.

"Ours is a handsome family," she observed, in answer. "See how good-looking papa is! I have inherited it from him."

Not the slightest sign of gratified vanity as she spoke. All that has passed away with Frederick St. John.

"Signor de Castella is excessively handsome," I said, "no one can deny it; but you are much more so."

"The complexion makes a difference," returned Adeline. "Papa is pale, sallow you may term it, and in that respect I am like mamma. She owes hers, no doubt, to her English origin; you never saw a Frenchwoman with such a complexion, at once brilliant and delicate."

I marvelled at her wondrous indifference. "You were formerly sufficiently conscious of your beauty, Adeline: you seem strangely callous to it now."

"I have outlived many feelings that were once strong within me. Vanity now for me!"

"Outlived? It is a remarkable term for one of your age."

"It is appropriate," she rejoined, quickly. "In the last few months I have aged years."

"Adeline! can this be?"

"You have read of hair growing grey in a single night," she whispered; "so it was with my feelings. The comparison is suitable enough: *they* became grey. I was in a dream, so blissful that the earth to me was as one universal paradise, and I awoke to reality. That awaking added the age of a whole life to my heart."

"I cannot understand this," I said. And I really can't.

"No, you cannot," Adeline replied. "I hope you never will. Self-experience alone could enlighten you, nothing else; not all the books and arguments in the world."

"You mean when Mr. St. John went away in anger?"

"Not so," she murmured, scarcely above her breath. "When I learnt that he loved another."

"I think it is fallacy that idea of yours, Adeline," I said, determined to dispute it for her own sake. "How could he have cared for Sarah Beauclerc and for you at the same time? He could not love you both."

"No, he could not," she said, a vivid, painful flush rising to her cheeks.

"But he knew her first, and he is with her now. Can you draw no deduction?"

"Not the deduction that he is with her now," I persisted; "we don't know where he is." But I saw I might as well talk to the winds, so changed the subject. "Was your sister good-looking, Adeline?" I next asked: anything to turn the conversation.

"Maria was beautiful," she replied. "We were much alike, resembling papa in feature, and mamma in figure and complexion."

"And she also died of consumption. What an insidious disease it is! How it seems to cling to particular families!"

"What is running in your head now, Mary? Maria died of scarlet fever. She was delicate, as a child, and I believed they feared she might become consumptive. I don't know what grounds they had to judge by: perhaps little other than her fragile loveliness."

"If consumption is fond of attacking great beauties," was my laughing remark, "perhaps Rose will go off in one."

"Rose!" answered Adeline,—and there was a smile even on her lip—"if Rose goes off in anything, it will be in a coach-and-four, with white favours."

By the way, Rose had a letter this morning from her sister Mary Anne, inquiring whether she would return home for Christmas: they are going to spend it in Berkshire with old Mrs. Darling. Rose put the letter in Adeline's hand, and asked what should be her answer.

"You would prefer to go?" remarked Adeline.

"I would prefer to stay," replied Rose, frankly. "I always did hate to go poking down to grandmamma's. It's fearfully slow down there. You know she's ninety."

"I fear you find this dull," said Adeline.

"It's not so bad as that horrid Berkshire," brought out Rose. I wish I could drill her into politeness. "And, indeed," she went on, "I am too anxious about you, Adeline, to think of the dullness. Do you wish me to stay?"

"I do, indeed. You were with me in happiness; you were with me in much misery; stay with me until death."

"Death!" cried Rose, cheerfully, "why you are getting well."

Madame de Castella came in, and no more was said. Adeline never alludes to her state before her mother.

10th.—Oh, this deceitful disease! all the dreadful weakness has returned on Adeline. And they had begun to talk of her recovery, even the doctors. She lies upon the sofa nearly all day. Madame de Castella, who gave way, more than any of us, to deceitful hopes, is again sinking with despair and grief. The signor we rarely see, except at dinner; he keeps himself shut up in his cabinet. Is it that the sight of his fading child is more than he can bear? Reserved and cold in manners as he has always been, there is no doubt he is deeply attached to Adeline.

15th.—Six days, now, since she was out of her room! The cough has partially returned, and the medical men insist that she must have taken cold. I don't see how. The two rooms open one into the other, and she has not been out of them.

The first evening she took to her bedroom she was lying on the sofa, we thought asleep, when she suddenly asked Rose to sing some English songs. Rose went into the next room, leaving the door open, sat down

to the instrument, and sang several. Adeline lay with her eyes closed, and when I asked her if she liked hearing them, said she had not been listening.

"Not been listening!" called out Rose, who had caught the words, in the next room, "then I have had all my trouble for nothing. I won't sing again, Adeline, it may be fatiguing you."

"No, no," was the reply. "I had relapsed, as usual, into a train of thought; I wish I did not. Sing again, Rose."

"You say, only English songs," observed Rose, "and I think I have come to the end of my stock; all I can remember without the music. Stay—what was that long one, so much in request once at school? Do you remember the words, Mary?"

"How am I to know what song you mean?"

"Some of us set it to music, a low, soft chant. Last spring it was, after Adeline had left. You must remember it. It was strummed over for everlasting weeks by the whole set of us. It begins thus," added Rose, striking a few chords.

I recollected then. They were lines we saw in a book belonging to that Emma Mowbray, an old, torn magazine, which had neither covers nor title-page. Some of the girls took a violent fancy to them, and somebody—Janet Duff, was it?—set them to a tune.

"I have it," cried Rose, striking boldly into the song. Nearly with the first words Adeline rose into a sitting posture, her eyes strained in the direction of Rose, though she could not see her, and eagerly listening.

"When woman's eye grows dim,  
And her cheek paleth;  
When fades the beautiful,  
Then man's love faileth.  
He sits not beside her chair,  
Clasps not her fingers,  
Entwines not the damp hair  
That o'er her brow fingers.

He comes but a moment in,  
Though her eye lightens,  
Though the hectic flush  
Feverishly heightens.  
He stays but a moment near,  
While that flush fadeth;  
Though disappointment's tear  
Her dim eye shadeth.

He goes from her chamber, straight,  
Into life's jostle:  
He meets, at the very gate,  
Business and bustle.  
He thinks not of her, within,  
Silently sighing,  
He forgets, in that noisy din,  
That she is dying."

"There is another verse," I called out, for Rose had ceased.

"I know," she said, "but I cannot recollect it."

"Try, try," exclaimed Adeline; "sing it all."

Rose looked round, astonished at the anxious tone, as was I. What was the matter with her? she who never took interest in anything.

"Mary Carr," said Rose, "do you recollect the last verse?"

"Not a word of it."

Rose struck the notes of the chant upon the piano, murmuring some words to herself, and stopping now and then. Presently she burst out, something after the manner of an improvisatrice,

"And, when the last scene's o'er,  
And cold, cold her cheek,  
His mind's all despair,  
And his heart like to break.  
But, a few months on,  
—His constancy to prove—  
He forgets her who is gone,  
And seeks another love."

"They are not exactly the original ones," said Rose, "but they will do."

"They will do, they will do," murmured Adeline, falling back on the sofa. "Sing it all again, Rose."

And every evening since has this song been sung two or three times over to please her. What is it she sees in it?

23rd.—I fear the day of life is about to close for Adeline. All the ominous symptoms of the disease have returned: pain oppresses her continually, and now she experiences a difficulty in breathing. Ah, Mr. St. John, if you were to come now and comfort her with all your love, as of yore, you could not restore her to health, or prolong her life by one single day. How strange it is we never hear of him! Is he in London?—is he at Castle-Wafer?—is he abroad?—where is he?

26th.—It is astonishing how Madame de Castella continues to cheat herself as to Adeline's state. Or, rather, *make believe* to cheat herself, like the children at their play. She was determined there should be only one dinner-table yesterday, Christmas-day; so it was laid in the drawing-room, and Adeline went in, the nurse and Louise making a show of dressing her up for it. But all the dress, and the dinner, and ceremony could not conceal the truth—that she was dying. Madame de Castella was in most wretched spirits; her silent tears fell, in spite of her efforts, with every morsel she put into her mouth. M. de Castella was gloomy and reserved; but latterly he has never been otherwise. Had it not been for Rose, there would have been no attempt at conversation; but Rose, with all her faults, is a downright treasure in society, always gay, or appearing so. We gathered round the fire after dinner, Rose cracking fiberts for us all.

"Do you remember our Christmas dinner last year?" she said to Adeline.

"At Madame de Nino's. Quite well."

"And our sly draw, at night, at Janet Duff's cards, and the French marigold falling, as usual, to you?"

Adeline answered by a faint gesture, it may have been of assent, it may have been of denial, and Rose bit her repentant tongue. She had spoken without reflection: does she ever speak with it?

29th.—A dark, murky day has this been, but one of event for Adeline. The lights were brought in early in the afternoon, for Rose was reading to her, and it grew too dusk to see. It was the second volume of a new English novel, and Rose was so deeply interested in it, that when Susanne

came in with a letter for her, she told her to "put it down anywhere," and read on.

"Not so," said Adeline, looking eagerly up; "open your letter first. Who is it from?"

"From Mary Anne, of course: Margaret never writes to me, and mamma but seldom," replied Rose, breaking the seal. And, not to lose time, she read it out at once.

"MY DEAR ROSE,—We arrived here on Christmas-eve, but I have found no time to write to you till now. Grandmamma is breaking fast; it is apparent to us all: she has aged much in the past twelvemonths. She was disappointed you did not make one of us, and particularly hopes you have grown steady, and endeavour to acquire the reserve of manner essential to a gentlewoman." ("Or an old maid," ejaculated Rose, in a parenthesis.) "Frank joined us here on Christmas morning: he has only got leave for three weeks. He reports Ireland—the part he is now quartered in—as being in a shocking state. For my part, I never listen to anything he may have to say about such a set of savages. Frank lays down the law beautifully—says he only wishes they would make him viceroy for a spell, he'd do this, and he'd do that. I don't doubt he does wish it.

"In your last letter you ask about Mr. Frederick St. John——" Rose looked off, and hesitated; but Adeline's flushed, eager gaze, the parted lips, the breathless interest, told her there was nothing for it but to continue. "We have met him occasionally in London lately; the last time was at one of the Dowager Revel's assemblies—very crowded it was. It was whispered last year that he was ruined, obliged to leave the country, and I don't know what. People ought to be punished for inventing such falsehoods. Instead of being ruined, he enjoys a splendid income, and has not a single debt in the world. It is reported that his brother has made over to him Castle-Wafer, which I should think to be only a report. He is again the shadow of Sarah Beauclerc, and everybody thinks it will inevitably be a match. I and Margaret are a little surprised that he has never asked after you, considering you saw so much of him last summer in France; but he never has. Grandmamma desires her love, and says——"

I had to dart forward and raise Adeline on her pillows. The dreadful emotion that she would have concealed was struggling with her will for mastery. Once more the burning red spot we thought gone for ever shone on her hollow cheeks, and her hands were fighting with the air, and the breath had stopped.

"Oh, Adeline!" cried Rose, pushing me aside without ceremony, and supporting her herself, "forgive, forgive me! Indeed I did not know what there was in the letter till I had entered upon the words: I did not know his name was mentioned. What is to be done, Mary? this excitement is enough to kill her. *La garde, la garde!*" called out Rose in terror; "*que faut-il faire? Mademoiselle se trouve malade!*"

The nurse glided up to us with a rapid step; but, with the regaining of her breath, Adeline's self-possession returned to her. "It is nothing," she panted; "only a spasm." And down she sank on her pillow, whispering for them to remove the lights.

"Into the next room—for a little while—they hurt my eyes."

The nurse went out with the tapers, one in each hand, and I knelt down by the sofa.

"What of your deductions now, Mary?" she whispered, after a while, referring to a former conversation. "He is with his early love, and I am here, dying."

"Adeline," I said, "have you no wish to see him again?" Did I do wrong in asking it?

She turned her face to the wall and did not answer.

"I know that you parted in anger, but it all seems to me a great mystery. Whatever cause he may have had for estranging himself, I did not think Mr. St. John was one to forsake you in this heartless way, with the grave so near."

"He forsook me in health," she said, hollowly, "and you might admit there was an excuse for him if you knew all. But—all this time—never to make inquiry after me—never to seek to know if I am dead, or alive, or married to another! Whilst to hear of him, to see him, I would forfeit what life is left to me."

*New Year's Day.*—And a fearful commotion the house has been in, by way of welcome. This morning Adeline was taken alarmingly worse; we thought she was dying, and doctors, priests, friends, and servants jostled each other in the sick-chamber, for possession. The doctors gained it, and expelling us all in a body, enforced quiet. She will not die yet, they say, if she is allowed tranquillity, not for some days, perhaps weeks, but will rally again. I think they are right, for she is much better this evening. Adeline is nineteen to-day. This time last year! this time last year! it was the scene and hour of her brilliant ball-night. How things have changed since then!

Yesterday Adeline showed her hands to young H——. It has struck her as being very singular that their nails should have turned white. It strikes me so too. He seemed to intimate that it was a very uncommon occurrence, but said he had seen it happen from intense anxiety of mind. "Which," he added, "cannot be your case, my dear Mademoiselle de Castella." Adeline hastily drew her hands under the blue silk coverlet, and spoke of something else.

*January 5th.*—"Could you not wheel the chair into the other room, to the window?" Adeline asked suddenly to-day. "I should like to look out on the world once more."

Louise glanced round at me, and I at the nurse, not knowing what to do. But the nurse made no objection, and she and Louise wheeled the large chair, with as little motion as possible, to one of the drawing-room windows, and then raised her up, and supported her while she stood.

It was no cheering prospect that she gazed upon. A slow, mizzling rain was falling; the snow, fast melting on the house-tops, was running down in streams of water, and patches of snow lay in the streets, but they were fast turning into mud and slop. Through an open space a glimpse of the distant country was obtained, and there the snow lay bleak, white, and dreary. What few people were passing in the street hurried along under large cotton umbrellas, some as red and round as Louise's, the women with their heads tied up in blue and yellow kerchiefs. "Dreary, dreary!" she murmured as she gazed; "dreary and void of hope, as my later life has been!"

Old Madame G——'s cook came out of their house with an earthen

pan, and placed it underneath the spout to catch the water. "Is that Madame G—— herself?" cried Adeline, watching the movement. "Where can her two servants be?"

"It's nobody but old Nannette, with white bows in her cap," said Louise, laughing. "Mademoiselle's eyes are deceiving her."

"Is not that M. de Fraconville?" resumed Adeline, pointing to a gentleman who had just come in view, round the opposite corner.

"Something must have taken your eyesight to-day, Adeline," exclaimed Rose, who was at the other window; "it's a head and half too tall for M. de Fraconville."

"You say right," meekly sighed Adeline; "my sight is dim, and looking on the white snow has rendered it more so. Get me back again." It will be her last look at out-door life.

They wheeled her back to the other room, and settled her comfortably on her chair, near the fire, her head on the pillows and her feet on a footstool. Rose followed, and took up a light work to read to her.

"Not that," said Adeline, motioning away the volume in Rose's hands; "it is time I had done with such. There is *ANOTHER* Book there, Rose."

In coming in from church last Sunday, I laid my Bible and Prayer-book down in Adeline's room, and forgot them. It was towards these she pointed. Rose took up the Bible.

"Where shall I read?" she asked, sitting down. Adeline could not tell her. The one was nearly as ignorant as the other. The Bible, to Adeline, has been a sealed book, and Rose never opens it but as a matter of form. Rose turned over its leaves in indecision. "So many chapters!" she whispered to me, pleadingly. "Tell me which to fix upon."

"Take the Prayer-book," interrupted Adeline, "and read me your Service for the Burial of the Dead." Rose found the place at once, for she knew it was close to the Marriage Service, and began:

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

There she stopped, for the tears were falling, and she could not see the page; and, just then, Miss de Beaufoy came into the room, and saw what Rose was reading. For the first time, in our hearing, she interfered, beseeching Adeline to remember she was a Roman Catholic, and recommending that a priest should be sent for.

"Dear Aunt Agnes," exclaimed Adeline, impressively, "when you shall be as near to death as I am, you will see the fallacy of these earthly differences, how worse than useless they must appear in the sight of our universal Father. There is but one Heaven, and I believe it is of little moment which form of worship we pursue, so that we pray and strive earnestly in it to arrive there. I shall be none the worse for listening to the prayers from this English book: they are all truth and beauty, and they soothe me. The priests will come later."

A bold avowal for a Roman Catholic, and Agnes de Beaufoy crossed herself as she left the room. Rose read the Burial Service to the end.

And so, existence hanging as it were upon a thread, the days still struggle on.

There will be no more extracts from this young lady's diary. And indeed but little more of anything, for the history, like Adeline's life, draws near its close.

## THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY:

OR, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OUR GRAND-  
FATHERS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

THE WARS, AND APPREHENSIONS OF INVASION, IN THE EIGHTEENTH  
CENTURY.

THE last century was a peculiarly pugnacious one—our grandfathers were very fond of fighting! In 1701, they began a war with France, which, although patched up with a treaty of peace for a time, continued, with very little intermission, till the end of the century; in 1718, they had a quarrel with Spain, which kept the two countries at a greater or less degree of enmity for years; in 1715, the rebellion of the Jacobites began, and cannot be said to have been put down till the signal rout of their forces in 1745-6; in 1741, our troops were fighting in Flanders; in 1753, they were fighting the French and Indians in America; in 1777, they were fighting our own colonists in America; in 1793, they were fighting in the Netherlands; and 1799 found them fighting in India: to say nothing of a little boxing in the Mediterranean, the Baltic, and the Nile; in fact, they were always fighting. Then as for invasions! they were looked for in every hour of the day and night: our grandfathers might have been said to have slept under arms. Spain landed her three hundred troops in Scotland; in 1743, France *threatened* an invasion; in 1745, the Scottish and French allies *did* invade; and, in 1750, the government *prepared* for a French invasion. And these symptoms of combativeness made words quite familiar to the public ear, which we hope now are becoming obsolete and of obscure meaning, such as privateers, letters of marque, convoys, press-gangs, kidnappers, bounties, militia, volunteers, &c., &c.

In the uncertainty attending the movements of the foes with which Old England had to contend, it was, of course, a wise policy that dictated the caution and preparation for anything in the shape of an invasion, which were exercised so warily by the government; but the state of suspense and sense of insecurity which the constant apprehension of debarkation of French or Spanish troops upon our shores was the means of generating, displayed itself sometimes in the most ludicrous aspects. The roll of a mountebank's drum in the streets, or the firing off of their loaded guns by the homeward-bound Indians coming up the river Thames, were sometimes mistaken for the tocsins of alarm, and the loyal citizen flew to his musket, to defend his native land. Labouring under the constant expectation of a descent upon our coasts, the government had look-out men stationed, and beacon-fires prepared along it. One of the former spread a panic through the South Eastern counties in 1758, by announcing the appearance of a hostile fleet approaching the mouth of the Thames. Two Dutch hoys were observed from the Downs, and mistaken by the lieutenant of the look-out ship for Frenchmen. The commodore was apprised of the fact, and gave chase to them, in the mean while sending off an express to London announcing the approach



of the French squadron in the Channel, and the courier circulating the momentous news as he flew along, drew forth the local bands of militia and loyal volunteers, and created great alarm in London.

Without particularising the different measures which this apprehension called forth—as camps in Hyde Park, and fortifications of the coast, which are incidental to times of trouble—we may advert to the rage which the people themselves displayed for playing at soldiers. In 1757, an act was passed for raising a militia for the national protection, and although we are not disposed to weary the reader with statistics, it may serve to show on what scale this force was organised, if we give the number of privates which each county was required to furnish to it:

Bedfordshire .....	400	Oxfordshire .....	560
Berkshire .....	560	Rutlandshire .....	120
Buckinghamshire.....	560	Shropshire.....	640
Cambridgeshire.....	480	Somersetshire.....	840
Cheshire and Chester .....	560	Southampton, county and town..	960
Cornwall .....	640	Stafford and Lichfield.....	560
Cumberland .....	320	Suffolk.....	960
Derbyshire.....	560	Surrey.....	800
Devonshire and Exon.....	1600	Sussex.....	800
Dorsetshire and Poole.....	640	Warwickshire and Warwick.....	640
Durham .....	400	Westmoreland.....	240
Essex.....	960	Wiltshire .....	800
Gloucestershire and Bristol .....	960	Worcestershire and Worcester...	560
Herefordshire.....	480	Yorkshire, West Riding.....	1240
Hertfordshire.....	560	Ditto, North ditto.....	720
Huntingdonshire.....	320	Ditto, Hull, and East ditto.....	400
Kent and Canterbury.....	960	Anglesea.....	80
Lancashire.....	800	Brecknockshire.....	160
Leicestershire.....	560	Cardiganshire.....	120
Lincolnshire and Lincoln .....	1200	Carmarthenshire and town .....	200
Middlesex (Tower Hamlets).....	1160	Carnarvonshire .....	80
Ditto (Rest of).....	1600	Denbighshire .....	280
Monmouthshire.....	240	Flintshire .....	120
Norfolk and Norwich .....	960	Glamorganshire.....	360
Northamptonshire.....	640	Merionethshire .....	80
Northumberland, Newcastle, and Berwick.....	560	Montgomeryshire .....	240
Nottinghamshire and Nottingham.....	480	Pembrokeshire.....	160
		Radnorshire .....	120

Making a force of 32,000 privates, who were to be employed in home service only, and to be amenable for the most part to the civil authority. By a later act of parliament, parties “drawn for the militia” were allowed to find substitutes, and regular agencies were formed for this purpose, the premium in 1795 being 7s. 6d. or 10s. 6d. each, and subsequently, by an act which passed in 1779, the militia force throughout the kingdom was doubled.

Horace Walpole speaks of the review of the militia, in 1759, by the king in person, in Hyde Park, and, alluding to Lord Orford, their colonel, describes the uniform of their officers as “scarlet, faced with black, buff waistcoat, and gold buttons.”

In addition to the militia were the corps of volunteers—the Loyal Westminster Volunteers, the Light Horse Volunteers, and local bodies

in every district in the country—in which the most quiet professions and pacific trades armed themselves to a man. The attorney-general threw down his pen and took up the sword at the head of the Temple Volunteers, and Charles Kemble began to think of playing the warrior in earnest in the Westminster Volunteers. The king reviewed them in great form—the fields were crowded with uniforms of grey, blue, red, or green, distinguishing the several troops—the streets bristled with muskets and rifles on the respective “field-days”—and, on Sundays, the volunteers marched to their parish church with their band of martial music at their head.

Many an honest tradesman owed his downfall to this warlike mania. First came an outlay for the uniform—an expensive uniform it was too, by the way; then there was a charge for the cleaning of the arms and accoutrements; then, decked out in full regimentals, our tradesman had to repair on stated days to exercise, and thus the shop was deserted, and business dwindled down till the ardent volunteer appeared in the *Gazette*, not, be it understood, in the list of Military Promotions, but in that of “B—pts.” Cheerful times they were, nevertheless—the sun shining, the band playing, the colours flying, and ecstatic urchins shouting from very joy, while the valiant sons of Mercury, Thespis, Themis, and Saint Crispin—adopted for the nonce by Mars—went through their exercise. But, ye gods of war and victory, watch over and guide them, lest yon second Marlborough, who retails rushlights and red-herrings in Shore-ditch, or that gaudy sergeant—born to rival Wolfe—who is a dealer in tripe and trotters, betray his calling, and talk about business and the shop! Direct their evolutions, or perchance the tailor, who never handled a heavier weapon than a needle, may ground his musket upon his comrade’s toe, and prevent his “standing at ease;” or the cheesemonger next to him may singe the whiskers of his commanding officer with the charge he is cramming into the barrel of his gun! The duty and the danger are over, and now, off to the dinner of your corps, brave volunteers! You have distinguished yourselves, gentlemen, to-day, and *might* have distinguished yourselves much more, had an enemy dared to face you—your country thanks you. Talk of an enemy, indeed! Ha! ha! It was probably from respect to your prowess—possibly from other causes—that the French never honoured us with a visit, and that, at the conclusion of the war, your forces were disbanded without having had a skirmish with the foe, notwithstanding the many alarms of invasion which had drawn you shivering—with cold, and chattering—of glory, from your beds and counters.

But the volunteers must not be laughed at; independent of the vanity which may have enlisted some into their ranks, there was, it must not be denied, a spirit of patriotism abroad, and an enthusiastic determination among all classes to defend their hearths and homes against the foe.

The same noble spirit was evinced in the subscriptions set on foot by the City of London, in 1759, for granting bounties to seamen and landsmen who would join the king’s service, in addition to the offer of the freedom of the City to them, after a service of three years, or at the conclusion of the war, if it were brought to a close earlier; and in the subscription started by the Grand Jury of Suffolk for building a ship of the line, in 1782, which soon amounted to seventeen thousand five hundred pounds! It was the same noble spirit that actuated other cities and

boroughs to follow the example of London, and offer similar "bounties;" and, in 1798, it again showed itself in the shape of "free gifts" to the government for the protection of the country. On January the 30th, 1798, the king presented twenty thousand pounds out of his privy purse as a "free gift;" in September, the managers of several provincial theatres gave a benefit for the same fund on the first and last nights of the season; in the same month, a subscription opened by the Bank of England amounted to nearly two hundred thousand pounds: and the total amount thus voluntarily raised was a million and a half sterling by the 28th of September!

The bounties offered by government were, in 1782—for every able seaman, five pounds; ordinary seamen, fifty shillings each; and able-bodied landsmen, thirty shillings; which was increased in the same year by an additional bounty offered by the East India Company, of three guineas each to able seamen, two guineas to ordinary seamen, and a guinea and a half to landsmen, to the number of two thousand of each class. At the same court, this munificent company ordered three 74-gun ships to be built and presented to the king's service. The highest bounty ever known, amounted, in 1798, to thirteen pounds: namely, five pounds from government, two pounds from the city of London, two pounds from the Charter House, two pounds from the Trinity House, and two pounds from the Jockey Club.

But there were other less constitutional, but still necessary, ways resorted to for raising the forces and the supplies. Additional taxes were imposed upon every imaginable luxury, and additional duties upon articles of consumption not absolutely necessary.

In 1787, the duty on shops, or "Shop tax," returned to the revenue no smaller a sum than one hundred and eight thousand pounds, of which Scotland paid eight hundred; London and Westminster, forty-two thousand; Bath and Bristol, one thousand; and the other cities, towns, &c., of England, fifty-seven thousand.

In 1798, the following list of Assessed Taxes is given on the face of the Collector's receipt:

Commutation Tax.  
 Old Window Tax.  
 House Tax.  
 Additional Duty on Inhabited Houses.  
 Male Servant.  
 Additional Duty on ditto.  
 Horse for Riding, &c.  
 Additional Duty on ditto.  
 Further Additional Duty on ditto.  
 Horse for Agriculture, &c.  
 Additional Duty on ditto.  
 Carriage with Four Wheels.  
 Carriage with Two Wheels.  
 Taxed Cart.  
 Dog.  
 Twenty per Cent. on the above Taxes.  
 Stamp for Receipts.  
 Clock.  
 Gold Watch.  
 Silver or Metal Watch.

The abuses which had crept into the regular army by this time would scarcely be credited were they not recorded by an authority so trustworthy as Sir Walter Scott, who thus describes them in an article occasioned by the death of the Duke of York, in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* of January the 10th, 1827 :

“ No science was required on the part of the candidate for a commission in the army : no term of service as a cadet, no previous experience whatever—the promotion went on equally unimpeded ; the boy let loose from school last week might, in the course of a month, be a field-officer, if his friends were disposed to be liberal of money and influence. Others there were against whom there could be no complaint for want of length of service, although it might be difficult to see how their experience was improved by it. It was no uncommon thing for a commission to be obtained for a child in the cradle ; and, when he came from college, the fortunate youth was at least a lieutenant of some standing by dint of fair promotion. To sum up this catalogue of abuses, commissions were in some instances bestowed upon young ladies, when pensions could not be had. We knew ourselves one fair dame who drew the pay of captain in the ——— Dragoons, and was, probably, not much less fit for the service than some who, at that period, actually did duty ; for, as we have said, no knowledge of any kind was demanded from the young officers : if they desired to improve themselves in the elemental parts of their profession, there were no means open, either of direction or instruction. But, as a zeal for knowledge rarely exists where its attainment brings no credit or advantage, the gay young men who adopted the military profession were easily led into the fashion of thinking that it was pedantry to be master even of the routine of the exercise which they were obliged to perform. An intelligent sergeant whispered from time to time the word of command, which his captain would have been ashamed to have known without prompting, and thus the duty of the field-day was huddled over rather than performed.”

We also have living portraits embalmed in the works of Smollett and Fielding, which show the state, not only of the army, but also of the navy and the church—witness their Weazels and Bowlings, their Trullibers and Shuffles.

The severity exercised in the army at this time was excessive, although certainly justified to some extent by the necessity of preserving discipline during the wars ; but what could the poor private expect from such officers as Scott has described, full of caprice and arrogance enhanced by suddenly finding themselves in a position to command, and void of experience or knowledge of their duties ? We find, in 1784, a Captain Kenneth Mackenzie, commander of a fort in Africa, so zealous on this point, that on a prisoner, one Kenneth Murray Mackenzie, a deserter, effecting his escape, he ordered the sentry who was on duty at the time to receive fifteen hundred lashes, and, on the runaway being found, he was, by the orders of his captain, tied to a cannon and blown to pieces. It is but justice to add, that the captain was, on December the 10th, 1784, tried at the Old Bailey, and convicted of the murder.

To secure hands for the army and navy, bodies of men were organised in addition to the ordinary recruiting service, namely, “ kidnappers” for the army, and “ press-gangs” to obtain recruits for the navy.

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The kidnappers were not kept so much for the regular army—it was the East India Company's agents who had regular depôts in town ready to receive the victims. That this service was not very lawfully performed, we may judge by the complaints made of the practices resorted to in these crimping-houses. Thus, a man was found dead in Chancery-lane, when it was discovered that he had met his death in attempting to escape through the skylight of an East Indian depôt for recruits; at another time mysterious funerals at night were noticed in Saint Bride's churchyard, in Fleet-street, and, no entries being made in the register, it was found upon inquiry that the bodies were brought from another depôt in the neighbourhood, where numbers of recruits who had been kidnapped were imprisoned, previous to a secret shipment to India. Even De Foe, on a journey into the West of England, only escaped by stratagem from an attempt made to kidnap him.

But we will give a specimen of the proceedings of the kidnappers from the *British Gazette and Sunday Monitor* of August the 4th, 1782:

"Wednesday evening one of the most horrid scenes was discovered near Leicester-fields that ever disgraced any civilised country. A young lad was perceived running from thence towards the Haymarket, and two or three fellows running after him, crying, "Stop thief!" Some of the passengers no sooner stopped him as such, than he told them he was no thief, but had been kidnapped by his pursuers, who had chained him in a cellar with about nine more, in order to be shipped off for India; and that he had made his escape so far by mere desperation, swearing he would run the first through with a penknife he held open in his hand. The youth was instantly liberated, and the whole fury of the populace fell on his kidnapping pursuers, one of whom was heartily ducked in the Mews pond. All the remaining youths were taken from the place of confinement, by the intervention of the populace. Those robbers of human flesh, it seems, not only intoxicate country lads till they can confine them, but have been known to stop people in the streets, and carry them to their horrid dens under the various pretences of [their] being deserters, pickpockets, &c. They likewise attend register offices, and hire raw youths there for servants, whom they immediately confine, and sell them either to the military or to the India kidnapping contractors. The master of this infamous house behaved in a most insolent manner before Justice Hyde, and was committed to the watchhouse black-hole till this day at eleven o'clock, when he is to be re-examined."

We learn two facts from this extract. In the first place, it is gratifying to observe that the system of kidnapping was not openly recognised, but seems to have been treated as unlawful: and, by another passage we find that it was not only for the East Indian military service that it was resorted to, but that the wretched victims were sometimes sold into a kind of slavery. The practice still continued also of kidnapping and selling country youths to the captains of trading vessels to America, who again disposed of them for a series of years to planters in Pennsylvania and the other North American colonies, where their condition of bondage has been feelingly told in the well-known "*Adventures of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman.*"

A very similar occurrence to that quoted happened in the same neigh-

bourhood, six years afterwards, and is thus recorded in the *Craftsman* of January the 5th, 1788 :

“ Saturday evening, about nine o'clock, a most uncommon scene presented itself near Charing Cross, viz., a young man about eighteen, in his shirt, with a hot poker in his hand, running full speed, and two crimps pursuing him, crying out ‘ Murder ! ’ and ‘ Stop thief ! ’ It seems the lad being obstreperous, had been put to bed about eight o'clock for security, but that after forcing open the chamber door, he rushed into the tap-room, and seizing the poker that was then in the fire, defended himself against upwards of a dozen crimps and others, some of whom were much bruised. The lad was stopped in Saint Martin's-lane, but soon rescued by the populace, who had the additional satisfaction of seeing one of the kidnappers severely drubbed by a butcher, who, it seems, had been in a similar situation with the young lad but a short time ago. The former had been met with coming out of a register office, and trepanned under the pretence of carrying a letter to the house where he had been detained.”

After this, we may almost reconcile ourselves to the milder atrocities of the press-gangs, which picked up merchant-seamen (whose wages—from 45s. to 55s. per month in 1776—from the scarcity of them, were high in comparison with the rates in the royal navy), and, even, if the press were very “ hot,” landsmen were seized and carried off, if in London, to the tender off the Tower, for the naval service. Such paragraphs as the one we here copy from the “ *Historical Chronicle*” of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, 1754, were at that time common :

“ Impress warrants being issued out, the press was very brisk at Cowes, and in the harbour, and a great many useful hands were picked up.”

Another extract from *Lloyd's Evening Post and English Chronicle* of January the 29th, 1777, will show that there existed some competition between the press-gangs and the kidnappers :

“ Yesterday a terrible affray happened at a public-house near Ratchliffe Highway between a party of kidnappers and a press-gang. The quarrel arose about enlisting a man that had been at sea, who, upon his discovering to a sailor, then drinking in the house, the artifices made use of to trepan him, and declaring his preferring the sea to the land service, the honest tar went for a press-gang, who soon decided the quarrel by giving the kidnappers a hearty drubbing.”

These press-gangs were sometimes of still greater service; the following is no isolated case :

“ On Friday night, a press-gang, having received intelligence of a house near Poplar, where the thieves skulk till the evening, when they commence their depredations, went very unexpectedly, and surrounded the house, from which they took seventeen, and carried them away to the tender at the Tower.”—*Old British Spy*, September the 21st, 1782.

The pathetic scenes attendant upon this necessary but arbitrary method of manning the navy were very frequent : the sailor who had just returned from a long voyage was subject to be torn from his family and shipped off to a longer cruise or a foreign station ; homeward-bound ships, coming up the Channel, were boarded and their crews carried away, only

a sufficient number of hands being left to navigate the vessel; families were left to bewail the sudden abstraction of a husband, a father, a son, or a brother; women, with large families left unprovided for, to be received in the streets, the workhouse, or the gaol.

In the neighbourhood of the seaports, contests might frequently be seen going on between a press-gang, headed by a petty officer, and a merchant-seaman, or perhaps a landsman; loud altercations in the streets between the press-gang and some sailor who claimed to be a master, mate, or apprentice, but who had not got the papers with him which exempted him; and, in some obscure garret in a sailor's lodging-house, Jack Tar might be seen, in expectation of the visit of a press-gang, heating a poker in the fire to give them a warm reception.

But, even when overpowered by numbers, and carried off, disarmed and pinioned, to the dépôt, Jack did not always give up hope or resistance. Here are two instances, the first from the *Annual Register* for 1759:

"May 14th.—Thirty impressed men on board at ender at Sunderland forcibly made their escape. The bravery of the leader is remarkable, who, being hoisted upon deck by his followers, wrested the halbert from the sentinel on duty, and, with one hand defended himself, while, with the other, he let down a ladder into the hold, for the rest to come up, which they did, and overpowered the crew."

"June 22nd.—Was the hottest press for seamen on the Thames that has been known since the war began—no regard being paid to protections—and upwards of two hundred swept away. The crew of the *Prince of Wales*, a letter of marque ship, stood to their arms, and saved themselves by their resolution."—*Annual Register* for 1758.

The royal navy, with all its impressed forces, was not considered sufficient to secure the safety of the British merchantmen, and, though whole fleets of vessels were compelled to wait at the outports till a frigate came to protect or "convoy" them on their voyage, and had to lie again for a convoy to conduct them back, French or Spanish men-of-war would often carry off some richly-freighted Indianman, and the commanders of the convoy would find one occasionally missing from their flock, which had sailed too wide away in the night, and been carried into port by the foe. To retaliate in the same coin, the government permitted private individuals to fit out vessels for the purpose of making reprisals, and, as they would now and then capture a valuable ship and cargo, it was not an unprofitable speculation, and was eagerly entered into, either by individuals or "Reprisal Societies." These privateers, and "letters of marque," as they were called from the licenses furnished to them, seem to have been slightly given to piratical practices, as in the following instance, reported in the *Annual Register* for 1759:

"April 3rd.—Two gentlemen, passengers from Holland, landed at Margate. They affirm they were in the evening boarded in sight of the North Foreland, by an English privateer cutter, whose crew, in disguise, confined the captain and crew of their vessel in the cabin, and then plundered it of goods to the value of two thousand pounds, demanded the captain's money, and took what the passengers had."

In 1758, the number of privateers was so great that scarcely a French ship dare leave the harbours, and in the absence of legitimate prizes, they attacked and plundered the vessels of neutral countries. Thus, "a

Dutch vessel," says Smollett, "having on board the baggage and domestics of the Marquis de Pignatelli, ambassador from the court of Spain to the King of Denmark, was boarded three times successively by the crews of three different privateers, who forced the hatches, rummaged the hold, broke open and rifled the trunks of the ambassador, insulted and even cruelly bruised his officers, stripped his domestics, and carried off his effects, together with letters of credit and a bill of exchange."

These repeated aggressions upon neutral vessels calling forth a perfect tempest of remonstrance and complaint, a bill was passed, declaring any vessel of less burden than one hundred tons, carrying less than ten three-pounders, and having a smaller complement than forty men, ineligible as a privateer, except by special permission, and also regulating the registry and control of this large and ill-conditioned force.

Apropos of privateers, as a mere trifling matter, but yet peculiar to the time, we find in a long list of them the favourite names appear to have been such as *The Charming Polly*, *Lovely Sukey*, *Pretty Peggy*, *Sweet Sally*, *Lovely Nancy*, *Miss Betty*, &c., &c.; and both in the lists of shipping and of marriages in the magazines of the time, we find these now vulgar contractions or corruptions of female names. This by the way, as a specimen of defunct tastes.

The newspapers of the last century teem with evidences of foreign war. The arrival of "the Convoy from the West Indies" is as regularly chronicled (and with much more of significant congratulation) as is now the arrival of the West India mail; the *Gazette* is crammed with despatches announcing a "splendid victory," or "glorious action," lists of killed and wounded, divisions of prize-money, and sailings of fleets, journals of sieges, embarkations of troops, battles, skirmishes, engagements, and captures. Now and then a mutiny breaks out among the French prisoners who are lying at some of the ports waiting for an exchange by cartel; or we read of French officers breaking their paroles of honour and escaping home.

These French prisoners, of whom the *Universal Magazine* of October, 1747, says, "there are not less than twelve thousand in England," deluged the market with fancy articles—thread papers, made of Indian straw, pincushions, work-boxes, hair chains, toys, and a hundred different articles of *bijouterie*, by which they contrived to earn a trifle to carry home when the cartel was arranged between the two nations, and they were exchanged for an equal number of English prisoners. These articles, which used to crowd the sideboards of our grandsires, were a part of the curiosities incidental to the continued wars of the last century, and we must find them a corner in our museum accordingly.



## STOKE DOTTERELL; OR, THE LIVERPOOL APPRENTICE.

## 'A HISTORY.

Who says we must?  
Our own hard fates.  
We make those fates ourselves.—*DRYDEN.*

## I.

## THE COMMENCEMENT AND ITS CLOSE.

"It is a subject," said Mrs. Pigott, "upon which I am anxious that we should agree. My aunt Sefton, you know, always predicted that Henry would be a great man; and he should commence life accordingly."

"Then, perhaps, my dear, you intend sending him forth, at once, as a secretary of state—or, probably, a bishop?"

"You know, Mr. Pigott, that I intend nothing of the kind; but I *do* think we might educate him for the Bar."

"Well, Mary, I should be sorry to oppose your wishes in anything, and particularly in promoting the happiness of our boy; and least of all when you express yourself with such commendable precision. Educate is the proper word. He has passed the age of tuition, and must now be educated. But to educate him for the Bar, according to the usual routine, would be a more expensive process than our limited means will permit. It might be more prudent (if they would receive him with a moderate premium) to place him in the office of my friends Messrs. Dangerfield and Pounce. Their extensive county business would give him an excellent knowledge of the law; and, if he fell into our views, and showed talents for the profession, we could enter him at the Temple somewhat later, and in sufficient time he would be called to the Bar. I wish to consult them also as to an insurance upon my life, and to-morrow I will take Henry's pony and ride over to see them."

Mrs. Pigott looked at her husband with grateful kindness, and by a gentle pressure of his hand acknowledged his participation in her wishes.

They were then residing at Abbey Grange, not far from the borough of Stoke Dotterell—a place so well known in the annals of electioneering, that it is unnecessary to say in what county it is situate.

The house, which they had occupied for some years, was built upon the site, and partly from the ruins, of a conventual establishment of which all other traces had long since disappeared. Though not large, it comprised a centre and two gabled wings, and was lighted chiefly by oriel windows. A small terrace, surrounded by a balustrade, separated it from the road, and behind it there was a convenient extent of garden; but, with all this, it was more picturesque than commodious, and was let at a very easy rent.

Mr. Pigott had suffered reverses in his worldly affairs—some of them attended with very painful circumstances,—and at present his principal means of subsistence were derived from a moderate income which depended upon his own life.

His family was fortunately not very large. It consisted only of his

wife, a son, and daughter—the good and evil spirits of his Eden of domestic happiness.

Henry, who was a year older than his sister, was sparingly endowed with the qualities which usually engage affection, and yet, with an inconsistency that often seems to sway the feelings of mankind, there were persons who were much attached to him. This, perhaps, was owing to a certain superficial appearance of amiability—to that great charm, in man or woman, a pleasant voice—and to an *outward* aspect, which, as long as it was in a state of repose, was not unfascinating. His figure was graceful and active; his complexion clear and pale; his eyes dark blue, usually quiet, but capable of a strong expression both of anger and of hate.

His sister Helen was one of those lovable specimens of humanity who have so often been described as angels. What is distinctly meant by an angel on such occasions we do not very clearly conceive; we prefer saying that she was the promise of a sensible and kind-hearted woman; a being that we can more readily comprehend, and may often equally regard as the embodiment of a guardian spirit.

In the evening of the day with which we have commenced our story, Mrs. Pigott and her husband held a second council.

"You must certainly have seen," said Mrs. Pigott, as she composed herself to rest, "that Henry is clever."

"Ay, my dear Mary," replied her husband, "but you forget that there are *many* clever men at the Bar who never share its prizes, and rarely even its briefs. However, we will do all we can for him, and must hope that his career may be happier than his father's."

"You have not been *very* unhappy, Edmund?"

"I have had cares, Mary, of which you have never known."

"But *ought* I not to have known them?"

"Perhaps you ought. But we will not talk of it now. I must be up betimes, and shall require all the sleep I can get."

The following morning, after an early breakfast, he rode over to Ilbury, and was soon closeted with Mr. Pounce, to whom the miscellaneous business of a very extensive concern was usually confided.

Mr. Pounce ran through a long course of common-places on the disadvantages of an overcrowded profession, and the necessity of a good legal connexion, or of commanding talent, or even of both, and he was met by Mr. Pigott with the equally common-place assurance of his perfect confidence in the talents of his son, and in his ultimate success.

The premium to be paid upon his admission into the office having been agreed upon, Mr. Pounce (who was agent for "The Lawyers' Indisputable Assurance Company") next informed Mr. Pigott as to the annual cost of the insurance upon his life, and he determined to provide for it, on his return home, by making such alterations in his expenditure as might be necessary.

As he rode towards the Grange the weather appeared threatening, and he took a shorter way across the common, which led past a solitary inn called the Hunter's Lodge.

It was a bare-looking, square house, standing on the highest ground of an extensive heath, and was flanked and enclosed at the back by a small quadrangle of stables and sheds, of which the thatch was blackened

by time and weather, while before them lay heaps of rank manure, like islands floating in the dark fluid they had themselves produced. Though its occupants were considered decent, industrious people, it had something in its aspect of the squalor and neglect which usually indicate the abode of idleness and crime. If it was occasionally refreshed by a coat of whitewash, the effect (from its exposed situation) was soon destroyed, and it again looked as comfortless as ever. One or two stunted trees, that seemed to be dying a lingering death, served to add to its appearance of desolation; and the only circumstance which lessened its dulness was, that every foot or bridle-path across the common seemed in some way to pass near it.

We have endeavoured to picture it to the reader, because it will be the scene of more than one of our incidents.

Stopping in front of this dreary habitation, "Is he alive?" asked Mr. Pigott, addressing a woman who stood at the door.

"He is alive," she replied, "and that's all."

"I hope he has had every attention."

"I have done all I could for him," answered the woman, "but he's past *human* help."

"He seemed strangely altered," continued Mr. Pigott. "If he had not brought some facts to my recollection"—and here he involuntarily sighed—"I should scarcely have believed that he was the same man. Does he ever ask for me?"

"For the last six hours," said the woman, "he has not spoken at all."

After this short colloquy he bade her good night, and turning his pony's head, proceeded homewards.

The weather, as he had apprehended, became worse. He had to encounter a heavy, driving rain, and the small steed he rode having stumbled over a low furze-bush, he fell heavily from the saddle, and lay for some time in a state of unconsciousness.

When he recovered, the pony was grazing at his side, and, remounting it, he was soon by his own hearth, relating to his family the successful result of his negotiations. But he felt chilled by having lain so long upon the wet ground; this was followed by an attack of pleurisy, and, in less than a fortnight after the conversation with which our story commenced, he was buried in the Abbey Church of Stoke Dotterell.

"Whose is that other funeral, Thomas?" said a young man, who was one of Mr. Pigott's mourners, addressing himself to the sexton.

"It's only a pauper funeral, Sir Jonah. It's the man that died up at the Hunter's Lodge. They say he was formerly an attorney's clerk in this town, but I don't hear of anybody that could rightly recollect him."

"Strange!" said the inquirer, as he stepped into his carriage. "If my father's papers tell the truth, this was the only mortal evidence that remained; and Mr. Pigott himself dies at the moment when (myself consenting) he might have lived undisturbed by any further annoyance."

On his return home he carefully sealed up the papers he had referred to, and deposited them with the title-deeds of his estates.

It was observed that Henry did not seem much affected by his father's death. But the outward manifestations of grief are so various and uncertain, that, even with the whole story of his life before us, we should hesitate before we attributed his apparent indifference to insensibility of the loss he had sustained.

Of its effect upon his future career, the first intimation was received in a dry-looking letter addressed to Mrs. Pigott by Messrs. Dangerfield and Pounce. It was written in that sharp and painfully-distinct hand which make the not-always-agreeable communications of an attorney so unmistakable, and it enclosed their account "*ag<sup>t</sup> deceased*," at the same time informing Mrs. Pigott, "in answer to her inquiry," that they could not make any alteration in "the terms agreed upon," and "must therefore consider the arrangement with regard to Mr. Henry as cancelled."

And thus perished the hopes of another aspirant to the Woolsack.

## II.

### DELIBERATION, AND DEPARTURE.

MRS. PIGOTT's position was greatly altered by her husband's death.

With the exception of a property scarcely yielding three hundred a year, and partly dependent upon rents, which had been settled upon herself at their marriage, his income passed at his decease to a sister who was residing in Italy; and even the small sum remaining to his widow would be diminished, for a year or two, by the payment of debts. Of her own she had little. She was also without friends who could aid her in her projects for the advancement of her son, even with their advice. Mr. Pigott had been of retired habits; a reading, dreamy, nervous person; kindly affectioned, but so reserved that very few of his acquaintances could ever become intimate with him.

It must be admitted, indeed, that Stoke Dotterell afforded few opportunities for the cultivation of friendly intercourse. The whole of its society was restricted to about a dozen families, divided as usual by politics, jealousies, and religion; so that Henry himself, with the greater accessibility of youth, had only two close friends—Sir Jonah Foster, who had just attained his majority, and Blake Whitmore, the son of a country solicitor.

They were of very different dispositions and characters, and were we disposed to enlighten our readers with our own reflections, we might speculate upon the unsympathetic materials of which friendships are often made.

Blake Whitmore was one of those happy natures which not even the practice of a country attorney could spoil. He was frank, cheerful, and high-principled; and self-cultivation, superadded to a tolerable education, had strengthened his natural talents with no ordinary degree of information.

Sir Jonah Foster was considered by most of his acquaintance as a very unattractive person. In all he said there was a tone of morbid sarcasm, and his views of society were tinged by much of the misanthropy which is usually peculiar to age and disappointment. He occasionally performed acts, apparently, of generosity; but there was something ungratifying even in his favours; a questionable phrase, or a want of delicacy in the manner of presentation, often made them grating, rather than grateful, to the feelings of their recipients. Many insinuated that it was sufficient for Henry Pigott that his friend was a baronet of good fortune, the owner of Abbey Grange, and the possessor of considerable local influence, and that Sir Jonah's regard in return was propitiated by dexterous flattery.

Serious and frequent were the conversations between Henry and his family as to their future plans, and, as must generally happen when the means are inadequate to the ends proposed, they usually finished very unsatisfactorily.

On one of these occasions, when his mother had repeated, not for the first time, how painful it would be to leave a place which her husband had brought into such perfect order, and to which, on many accounts, she was so much attached, the following letter was laid before her :

"Knight's Carey, 15th September.

"DEAR MRS. PIGOTT,—As the friend of your son, may I request that you will continue to occupy Abbey Grange, free of rent, as long as you may think it desirable. I shall expect you to keep it in its present state of repair, and shall give directions to my agent accordingly, at the same time desiring him not to call upon you for the rent which will become due at Michaelmas.

"With my best remembrances to your family circle,

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Pigott,

"Very faithfully yours,

"JONAH FOSTER."

"There!" cried Henry, when he had read the letter, "I always said that Sir Jonah was a good-hearted fellow; his offer is promptly and handsomely made, and I hope you will accept it."

"Impossible! Apart from all other considerations, to live here with our present reduced means would be a constant and painful effort to keep up appearances. You have still to be put forward. Live how I might, I could do little to assist you, my dear Henry, and living here I could do nothing."

"Don't think of that. I have a perfect confidence in myself and my prospects, and hope to be able to assist *you*, rather than encroach upon your limited means."

This was said in sincerity. Henry Pigott was essentially selfish, and it is often one of the attributes of such a disposition to be sanguine as to the future. It believes that all things are to happen as it wishes, because it thinks they ought.

"And pray, Henry," asked Mrs. Pigott, "what *are* the prospects in which you have so much confidence?"

"None, certainly," replied her son, "if we are to look for assistance to your friends in London. Only think of that grave and potent citizen proposing to place me with an upholsterer or an engraver!—both *wealthy men*, forsooth, and '*deputies of their wards*!' What are their wealth and their wards to me? I feel certain that I shall be in parliament before any of the *three* will even have risen to the dull dignity of an alderman."

"Well, my child, don't vex yourself about it. He was the only relation likely to advise me; in writing to him, I acted for the best; and I expected a very different answer. But what are your *own* views?"

"If I cannot be a great lawyer, I will be a great merchant. I will go to Liverpool. Blake Whitmore has an uncle there; he has promised to give me a letter to him; and I intend to set out to-morrow. He tells me that unless I wish, by seven years' servitude, to gain the freedom of the

borough, there are offices where a shorter apprenticeship is sufficient, and where I might have a salary that would help materially to maintain me."

"Since circumstances," said Mrs. Pigott, "compel us to change the career I had marked out for you, I do not think that your plan is a bad one. But why set out to-morrow?"

"I intended to do so; but I do not know that I shall set out at all, unless you show more disposition to meet my wishes."

"In what way, my dear Henry, have I done otherwise?"

"Why, as regards the offer of Sir Jonah. You don't know, mother, how much it may influence my more distant plans; and unless you remain at Abbey Grange, at least for a year or two, I will do nothing; or, what I should think much worse, I will take the advice of your city relation, and turn *upholsterer*. Will you promise me?"

"I must confess, Henry, that I neither like the offer, nor the way in which it is made; but I have no wish in life but for my children; and for the present, then, we will make no change."

Helen had listened to this conversation with various feelings. At one part, where the kind offer of Blake Whitmore was mentioned, they were of deep satisfaction.

Soon afterwards he called.

"I have brought you the letter, Henry," said Blake, "and I am certain that, if it be possible, my uncle will assist you; but I regret that you are to leave us. I shall often miss you, even as my pupil in German; and am afraid that you will forget what you have already learnt."

"I am afraid so too. Can you give me anything that I could take with me to fix my interest in it?"

"Give him," said Helen, "your line-for-line translation of 'Herman and Dorothea.'"

"What!" cried Henry, "the English Hexameters?"

Spare me! for, even for friendship, would that be too great an infliction!"

Why a man might go on making such lines as this for ever. The difficulty is not in *writing* English hexameters, but in finding any one to read them. I never quite entered into your feelings as to the original. What are its points of attraction?"

"In the first place, I consider it the most purely German picture of German provincial life that has ever fallen under my notice. Then I like its tone of domestic affection. I envy that old patriarch the regards of his wife and children."

"I have often thought that you would have no objection to be at the head of a tribe yourself. Am I not right, Blake?"

"You are certainly not very far wrong. But I should wish to make a wife the partner of my success and not of my poverty; and, till I obtain one or two appointments which I have in view—or something equivalent—I should be sorry to entangle the fortunes of such a woman as I could love, or, indeed, of any one."

Yet he was doing so, though unconsciously, even then.

"I doubt if I should be so particular myself," said Henry.

"Do not speak of yourself worse than you deserve," replied Blake. "I believe you *would*."

"And do you think," inquired Helen, "that Henry has a fair chance of success?"

"Every chance, as far as a commencement may be deemed success. The rest he must achieve for himself."

"If it is to depend upon myself," resumed Henry, "I have no fears whatever. Why should I? On Monday I will set out."

And Monday witnessed his first departure from Abbey Grange.

### III.

I say it though he's *my friend*.—SHERIDAN.

AMONG the moral plague-spots which disfigured the social state of England at the commencement of the nineteenth century, there were few more fearful than the mercantile apprentice-life of Liverpool.

The rapid rise to wealth and importance of many of its inhabitants, and the inexhaustible field which it seemed to open to exertion and enterprise, caused the great sea-mart of the north to be regarded at that time throughout the British Empire as the land of promise which has now to be sought for in distant climates.

Many hundred youths, their ages varying from fourteen to eighteen, were annually sent there, and at an age so ductile it was a position of severe trial. In some counting-houses, there were one or two; in some as many as ten or twenty. A few had relations in the town; many not even a friend. They lived in such lodgings as their respective means enabled them to occupy. As long as they attended to their duties at the hours appointed—and the post-office regulations of those days often detained them at the desk till nine o'clock at night—few of their masters ever inquired into the employment of their time elsewhere, or showed any care as to the habits they might fall into. Freed from occupations more or less fatiguing at this late hour, with companions as unrestrained as themselves, some of whom had money at their disposal, and surrounded by all the gross temptations of a crowded seaport, they were led into habits of dissipation which ended in the death of some, and in the moral and social degradation of many. Their training as members of a Christian community was never thought of, or so little regarded, that when business required it a breach of the Sabbath was considered as part of their duty. In most instances all the traditional relations between master and apprentice seemed to have been forgotten, or were laid aside as something too troublesome to be attended to.

As our story does not refer to living persons or to very recent times, and as we write at a distance from the place, we do not say what the apprentice-life may be at present. If it still remains as we have described it, the account of heavy responsibilities disregarded has been fearfully increased, and the evil itself will not be found to have been exaggerated.

In this school of iniquity Henry Pigott was to commence his career.

He found Blake Whitmore's uncle to be one of those good, easy men who take things pretty much as they come, and do not trouble themselves as to the consequences. He had been a widower for some years; and he lived about a mile from the town, his great amusement being the cultivation of tulips and auriculas. It is unnecessary to say that he was not rich. His reception of his nephew's friend was kind, and he invited

him to stay at his house during the week or two which would be necessary for their inquiries.

Henry took the invitation in the larger sense, and determined that, for a fortnight, he would try his chances of success. If, at the end of that time he should have done nothing, he had not very clearly marked out the course he must decide upon.

The twelfth day had passed with no result; when, on their walk to town, "I was thinking," said a neighbour who had joined them, "that an advertisement which I have just been reading might lead to something that would suit your young friend."

His young friend looked at it, and thought so too, and he went at once and alone to the party it referred to.

The name inscribed upon the door-post was Alexander MacNess and Co.; and Henry soon found himself in the presence of a tall, handsome, dark-complexioned person, scarcely forty years of age, with a slight Scotch accent, who seemed to measure the young applicant at a glance, and to be greatly amused at the confidence with which he proceeded to explain the object of his visit.

There was something in the promptness and self-possession exhibited by the youth who stood before him that won upon the strong-minded merchant; and after seeing the friend to whom Henry referred, he agreed to receive him immediately for four years, on terms which more than realised the expectations held out to him by Blake Whitmore.

He was soon initiated into the routine of commercial life, and made himself so rapidly acquainted with his duties as to take a high place in the confidence of his employer.

Amongst the other loose moralities of the age, Mr. MacNess, like most of his brother merchants, made no scruple of devoting his Sunday mornings—when he thought it necessary—to his daily pursuits. "*If we do nothing worse,*" was the usual sedative to his conscience; and it was a comfortable doctrine, which in the earlier stages of their guilt may have calmed the misgivings even of a Tawell or a Fauntleroy.

In other respects, Henry derived advantages from his employer's good opinion. Mr. MacNess was unmarried, and his young favourite had an invitation, almost amounting to a command, to dine with him every Sunday. It is true that they were not always alone, and that these Sundays were often devoted to convivial enjoyment; but, compared with the manner in which the day was spent by many of his youthful contemporaries, Mr. MacNess's dinner-parties were a privilege and an advantage.

Though an uneducated man himself, he had purchased a pretty extensive collection of books with the furniture of his house, and Henry had free access to them.

A close observer, however, would have had no difficulty in predicting that the name of Pigott was never destined to stand at the head of the commercial world. He had talents, but they were not the talents of a man of business. He had a restless and undefined ambition. He was inordinately fond of various and desultory reading. However else his young associates, who afterwards attained to more or less distinction in mercantile life, may have employed their leisure, it was certainly not as he did. He may have had more talent than most of them, but in the



walk he had chosen it is not the amount of talent but its direction which constitutes the difference between failure and success. There must be no dallying in pleasant by-paths. The road lies straight before us, and the cry must still be "onward!" "A man's making half a million of money," said Hazlitt, "may not be a proof of his capacity for thought in general. It is oftener owing to views and wishes bounded *but constantly directed to one particular object.*" We must admit that, in the case of Henry Pigott, it was not the pursuit he would have selected, but in any pursuit there would have been the same want of concentrated application. To use a modern phrase, he could not "*intensify.*" His mind was essentially discursive. He could take a rapid flight, but he could not remain long on the wing. The difference between himself and his companions was that *he* amused himself with objects which occupied his thoughts when his hours of leisure had expired, while they gave their *leisure* to recreation, and gave their *minds* only to work.

But this was not the worst. He was seen gesticulating as he walked, and when suddenly met at the corners of streets, was heard muttering strange and incoherent phrases that had certainly no reference to the business upon which he was supposed to be engaged. This arose from his having joined an association of young gentlemen who amused themselves with private theatricals, and had they remembered their parts, spoken so as to have been heard, and acquired an action and expression only moderately appropriate to the characters they assumed, they might possibly (and it was a lofty ambition) have equalled the second and third-rate performers at a public theatre. As it was, the less we say of their acting the better.

He was also a pretty constant attendant at a debating society, held in a room attached to one of the principal hotels.

It was conducted, as a means of subsistence, by an old player, who is commemorated in the annals of Thespian recklessness as having spent his last crown in purchasing a hare for supper, and having to sell its skin the next morning to pay for his breakfast.

This veteran in life's changes usually presided at the discussions he had announced, and being tall and thin, and of a somewhat aristocratic exterior, he gave to the proceedings an air of suitable decorum.

Henry was a good deal rallied by some of his companions on his fondness for such a resort, and when it was understood that he was himself to speak, there was a strong muster of the office youth prepared to witness his failure.

But those "who came to scoff" went away with a very different feeling. He had a good voice and fluent delivery; his words were always ready and well-arranged; he made some telling quotations; and in the language of the press, "he resumed his seat amidst loud and continued cheering." And when the venerable president spoke of "the close reasoning and brilliant eloquence of the gentleman who had so ably answered the arguments of Mr. Botherem," his young companions could not help feeling that he was something superior to themselves, though not exactly "*of them.*"

"He's a deevil of a critic," said a Scotch lad, of whom there were many present;—"he's a deevil of a critic, but he'll never be muckle of a merchant."

The young orator looked forward with some fear to his meeting with Mr. MacNess the following morning; but the man of business had not yet heard how his clerk had been in the habit of exhibiting himself, and his mind was occupied with a very different subject. He had received a letter by that day's post, acquainting him with the death of one of his oldest friends, a wealthy timber-merchant, who had been overturned in an open carriage between Bangor and Carnarvon, and for whose family he had to act as sole executor.

When Henry, in his finest and most careful writing, opened a page in the ledger for

THE ESTATE OF THE LATE THOMAS REDPYNE,

he little thought how much it was to influence his individual destinies. Indeed, at the moment, as was often the case, his thoughts were elsewhere; for by the same post he had received the following letter from his mother.

*There's nothing in it*—as we often ungratefully say, after exhausting the contents of that daily encyclopædia our morning paper—but we copy it notwithstanding, as some of the names it mentions may again come before us. The only point of present importance is referred to in the postscript.

The letter was dated from Abbey Grange, and ran as follows:

"MY DEAR SON,—We are rejoiced to receive such continued good accounts of your present position, though it is a sad contrast to the career which your poor father and myself had marked out for you. *Here* we are proceeding much as usual. The five Miss Larkinses are still carrying on their flirtations; your favourite, Emma, not quite so foolishly as her sisters; but—[Even with our great love of truth, we spare the Miss Larkinses, as three of them are still unmarried; and the feelings of ladies in that position are rather sensitive.]

"As to politics, which you so often inquire about—and *why* I can never tell—I have only heard that at a meeting of the Reform Society, a few nights ago, Mr. Bam made some observations about the last church-rate which the rector says were most dangerous and revolutionary; and, at his last dinner-party, Mr. Bam was not invited. The rector's wife is now determined not to visit with the liberal families any longer—be they who they may—and has recommended all her Tory friends to adopt the same course. Sir Jonah Foster calls them 'a pretty set,' and assures us that, except ourselves, there is not a family in the place that he cares to know. He often pays us a visit; and rather surprised me the other morning by saying that as we had the place for nothing he supposed I would have no objection to build a stone-wall at the bottom of the garden. Why it would cost fifty pounds!

"Mr. Frampton has closed the path through his wood. It was a nasty damp walk, as you know, and few people ever cared to use it; but there is to be a public meeting about it. There is a meeting here about everything, and then a subscription, and the burgesses are determined to try their right at the Assizes, and I suppose I shall be obliged to give something, which I can ill afford.

"That dear old lady, Mrs. Freelove, wished to have had a dinner-party

last week; but, though on good terms with everybody herself, she finds that all her friends have quarrelled with each other; and she has decided upon deferring her party till they are reconciled. Sir Jonah says that by that time her London port will be pretty well aged.

"Helen unites with me in kind love and sincere prayers for your continued success; and believe me, dear Henry,

"Your affectionate mother,

"MARY PIGOTT.

"P.S.—I forgot to mention the death of old Grimes, the town-clerk. It is reported that Blake Whitmore will endeavour to succeed him in his appointments, both as town-clerk and clerk to the magistrates. He is young, but everybody allows that he knows his business well. Helen admires his character more than ever; but we have not seen much of him since you left.—M. P."

"Oh! oh! Master Blake," said Henry, as he carefully reperused the postscript to his mother's letter; "does the wind blow from *that* quarter? You are a very good fellow; but I have other views for Helen, and you must not think me unfriendly if I oppose you."

In the letter which he wrote to Mrs. Pigott the same evening, he said: "I am not sorry that you have seen so little of Blake Whitmore; for I do not wish that there should be any entanglement between him and Helen. I have every reason to believe that Sir Jonah Foster is attached to her; and that if it had not been for his unfortunate *liaison* with Blind Barton's Bessie, he would have offered himself long ago. I know, my dear mother, that you would appreciate the advantages of such a connexion as much as I do, and I hope that no foolish fancy of Helen's will oppose itself to our wishes. You cannot suppose that I always intend to remain 'cribbed and confined' where I am? No, no; mine will be a brighter destiny yet."

The post that carried this communication, also bore the following missive to Sir Jonah Foster: which was marked *private and in strict confidence*.

"MY DEAR SIR JONAH,—You are already aware of what I am doing here. It ill suits my ambition, as you may suppose; but I must hope that something better awaits me. In the mean time I do what many, in these days, find very difficult—I manage to live. This, however, is not what I have principally to communicate. I had a letter this morning from my mother, in which she tells me that Blake Whitmore is a candidate for the appointments recently held by Mr. Grimes.

"You know my position with Blake. I have been acquainted with him as long as I could have been acquainted with anybody; and I am indebted to him for introducing me here. *This* obligation I shall take an opportunity of repaying; but I have reason to believe that with the appointments I have mentioned, and a share of his father's practice, he will consider himself in a state to marry; and I have sometimes thought that his regards were turned towards my sister Helen.

"Looking forward as I do, I have no desire for such a connexion; and if your powerful influence in the borough were to be used in favour of Mr. Bungleston—who I suppose will be the other candidate—it would

prevent Blake from appearing in a character which would cause much embarrassment both to myself and my family.

"I feel satisfied that, if possible, you will do what I wish; and I remain always, with respect and regard,

"My dear Sir Jonah,

"Very faithfully yours,

"H. FIGOTT."

Whether the author of this letter made any moral estimate of himself after he had written it, has not been recorded.

Though it was marked "private and in strict confidence," Sir Jonah, according to his usual habit, placed it in a desk to which his favourite valet, L.R. Peery, had constant access. Mr. Peery, after making himself master of its contents, mentioned them (also "in strict confidence") to a friend in the borough; and, without going a very lengthened circuit, they were kindly repeated to the party to whom it was certainly not intended that they should ever have become known.

Mr. Bungleston obtained the appointments; and Blake Whitmore, very shortly afterwards, left Stoke Dotterell.

#### IV.

##### AN ATTEMPT AT AN AWAKENING.

In the upper part of Liverpool there was, at that time, a chapel which had been built and was supported by wealthy Methodists;—men, whose lot had fallen upon pleasant places; who enjoyed the good things of *this* life, and comforted the flesh which they were taught to mortify.

Its swelling roof was conspicuous above the surrounding buildings; and its interior was constructed after the manner of an amphitheatre, the pews rising above each other from the floor nearly to the roof.

As Henry was passing by its gates one Saturday afternoon, he saw a printed announcement that a sermon was to be preached the following morning by Dr. Adam Clarke.

All aspirants to the honours of the rostrum are curious to hear a celebrated speaker, and Henry found himself, at the time appointed, amongst a congregation many of whom he recognised as anything but Methodists, and some as magnates of the commercial world.

Like Dr. Chalmers—and we say it notwithstanding the flattering exclamation of the German divine, recorded in his biography—the preacher was not endowed with "the fatal gift of beauty," but there was about him an unmistakable air of intelligence, respectability, and sincerity, which won both confidence and attention.

His text was from the second chapter of Daniel. His sermon a dissertation upon the image whose brightness was excellent, and the form thereof terrible. The application of the prophet's language to the Babylonian, Medopersian, Macedonian, and Roman empires, was a piece of learned eloquence to which it was a privilege to listen. He then gave his subject a Christian character; explained that "the stone cut without hands" was a foreshadowing of our Saviour and of the Kingdom of Heaven; and while he dwelt upon the fulfilment of prophecy, sinners were besought

to reconcile themselves to the God of all power and might, through the means which his mercy had provided.

There were few of those awakening and individual appeals which are peculiar to evangelical preaching; but though it was not the kind of sermon that Henry had expected to hear, it had interested him greatly; and he determined to pay a second visit to the chapel the following week.

This time the preacher was a blind man; and his subject—a very extraordinary one for a man who had been blind from his infancy—was the *Glories of Solomon's Temple*.

The congregation presented a very different aspect, both in numbers and in station, from that which had attended Dr. Clarke; and Henry was shown into an unoccupied pew.

In the pew next but one before him sat a widow and three of her family, all in the deepest mourning; and, with the clear sight of youth, he read, in gold letters upon the books before them, Thomas Redpyne, Mary Redpyne, Alice Redpyne, Sarah Redpyne.

But his attention was now attracted to the pulpit. The preacher who occupied it seemed peculiarly susceptible of cold. He was wrapped up very much like the drivers of what were formerly called fast coaches; and he began the labours of the day by first taking off a shawl-neckcloth, which he laid over the side of the pulpit. Then followed numerous silk handkerchiefs of various colours; and this brought him to the unstarched white, which was peculiar to dissenting ministers. Having carefully arranged the others side by side, he commenced his discourse.

Sundry sighs and "Yes, yeses," uttered by the widow during the extraordinary sermon to which Henry had to listen, did not give him a very favourable opinion of Mrs. Redpyne's intellect. He could himself scarcely "sit with sad civility."

After a weary interval, however, the glories of Solomon's Temple were finished, and he followed the party of mourners towards the door.

Mrs. Redpyne, with the awkwardness of a feeble person, dropped one of her books, which he picked up, and very respectfully presented to her; and he gracefully bowed as they separated.

There was an announcement on the door that the following Sunday the congregation would be addressed by Brother Arblaster, the sergeant-trumpeter of a regiment of dragoons that was on its way to Ireland: and Henry Pigott again attended.

The occasion seemed to be more attractive than the glories of Solomon's Temple, and there was now a crowded congregation. He made his way, with some difficulty, towards his former locality; was offered a place in her pew by Mrs. Redpyne, and occupied himself, before the service began, with observations upon herself and her daughters.

Mrs. Redpyne was evidently constitutionally feeble; her features were rather pleasing, and her complexion of hectic delicacy.

Mary, who was the child of a former wife, was not tall, but there was a decision and elasticity in her movements which gave an impression of some energy of character. She had a profusion of dark hair, clear dark eyes, shaded by exquisite lashes, and a smile peculiarly expressive.

Alice and Sarah were twins, seven years younger than their sister, as nearly as possible ugly, and very decidedly in weak health.

After the usual prayers, Brother Arblaster mounted the pulpit in full

uniform, with his trumpet slung across his shoulders; and taking a familiar text, he proceeded in a strain that strongly resembled what has been recorded of the early preachers of Methodism, though it was more calculated to rouse a flock of unawakened colliers to repentance than to satisfy an intellectual audience.

Mrs. Redpyne had heard from a friend that Henry was the confidential clerk of her late husband's executor; and as they left the chapel she invited him to spend the evening at her house on the following Wednesday.

He was not usually so early a riser as to anticipate the prescribed office hours; but the next morning saw him first in attendance; and before many minutes had elapsed, he had opened the ledger at the page where his entries had been almost mechanically made, and there read charges for various powers of attorney for receipt of dividends from "those martyr'd saints the Five per Cents.," and for payments to one Jabez Smith on account of a contract for building certain houses in Codrington-crescent, which were, altogether, indicative of a large amount of property.

He then opened the folding-doors of a set of "pigeon-holes," and, from under the letter R, took out a paper marked "Copy of the Will of the late Thomas Redpyne."

This he very eagerly read, and found that it bequeathed to the widow, during her life, a thousand a year; to each of the children for maintenance and education, while living with the mother, two hundred and fifty pounds a year; and on their respectively attaining the age of twenty-one, a third share of the then remaining property, together with the whole of their own respective accumulations, but all to remain in trust for their separate use and benefit. In the event of any of them dying unmarried or childless, her property was to be divided amongst the survivors.

With this information very strongly impressed upon his mind, he went to his engagement at Mrs. Redpyne's.

There was only one visitor besides himself, and this was a stout, middle-aged, and pasty-complexioned person, dressed in glossy, coarse black, with as much of an unstarched white cravat as his short, thick neck would admit of his wearing.

Henry was introduced to him as their excellent minister, Mr. Guthrie.

In the arrangements of the tea-table, of which the service was of massive silver, there was only one peculiarity, which consisted of a large plate of buttered toast, piled some height, and not very unlike a model of one of the smaller pyramids.

When they had drawn round the table, and after a few words of constrained conversation, "My soul longs, Mr. Guthrie," said Mrs. Redpyne, "for our young friend's conversion."

"Well, my dear sister," said Mr. Guthrie, "you know from your own experience that there is but one way. We can do nothing of ourselves. What are we? The filth and offscouring of the world: depraved into an image of the devil at our birth."

"Mere dust and ashes," sighed Mrs. Redpyne.

"A mixture of beast and Satan," exclaimed Mr. Guthrie.

"Sinful and lost creatures," added Mrs. Redpyne.

"Apt only for damnation," continued Mr. Guthrie.

"And yet," Henry Pigott ventured to suggest, "I think I have known persons who had, naturally, good hearts."

"Good hearts!" cried Mr. Guthrie, with a look of horror. "*Man's* heart! alas! my young friend, what is it but a den of corruption? a pit of foul decay!"

"And desperately wicked," said Mrs. Redpyne.

"Earthly, sensual, devilish, corrupt, and abominable," responded Mr. Guthrie; and then they both groaned.

All these exclamations, however, had not very seriously interrupted the enjoyment of the meal before them.

"What are the things of *this* life?" said Mr. Guthrie, swallowing a large piece of the toast, and wiping the glittering moisture from his lips with a white linen handkerchief. "What are the things of *this* life?"—and again he laid his hand upon the pyramid—"Entirely beneath our consideration. Another lump of sugar would be agreeable, if not too troublesome."

As soon as the table was cleared, Henry inquired from Mr. Guthrie what hope there was for any man, if human nature was so depraved and degraded as he had described it.

"Ah! young man, the remedy is easy," said Mr. Guthrie, "and the way is clear."

He then entered upon subjects too serious and solemn for such pages as these. Much that he asserted had the warrant of eternal truth; but it was made repulsive by the coarseness and violence with which it was enforced.

"Pray," said the young widow, turning to Mr. Guthrie, "do you think there is any hope for him?"

"I am afraid," replied the minister, "that at present he is too much under the influence of human reason. Those offsprings of Hell, mystic subtlety and worldly prudence, have too much hold upon his heart. Oh! that I could put a *stab* into that heart!"

Henry began to look about him.

"Oh!" continued Mr. Guthrie, "that Satan would tear him to pieces! that his sorrows might be enlarged! that he might be pricked and groaning for peace! That he might be seized with strong pangs! and constrained to roar aloud! Oh! for a sudden and sharp awakening!"

Here Mrs. Redpyne groaned audibly, and the whole party looked exceedingly lugubrious, except Mary, in whose eyes there was a wicked twinkle, which their long dark lashes scarcely concealed.

From this time Henry became a frequent visitor; and on Wednesday evenings he had generally to endure Mr. Guthrie's commentaries.

But the only change that seemed to have been wrought in his spiritualities was that he had determined irrevocably that Mary Redpyne should be the goddess of his idolatry; and, in the language of the debating-room, he congratulated himself that, in place of having to worship a golden calf, he should have been so fortunate as to have found an angel with golden wings.

His presence cheered the dulness of their domestic circle, and was more agreeable than the greedy pinguosity of Mr. Guthrie; but Mary had many misgivings, for occasionally there were manifestations of her lover's character which excited both doubt and apprehension.

## LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

## No. XXXIII.—LIFE AND LETTERS OF SYDNEY SMITH.

Two right hands have been employed in the production of these volumes,\* and each what the gallant *Antony* calls a lady's white hand. Vol. I. consists of the Memoirs, compiled by the lady-wife of Sir Henry Holland, and daughter of the "incomparable Sydney." Vol. II. of a selection of Letters, between five and six hundred in number, and distinguished not only by intrinsic wit, but by that extrinsic circumstance which a great authority tells us is the soul of wit,—brevity; as may be supposed from the quantity inserted in some five hundred pages of large type: these are arranged by the care of Mrs. Austin, a valued old friend of the family, and, let us add, of the public. "Though it is to be regretted," she says, "that a task which might have worthily employed the most vigorous pen has devolved on female hands, it is by them, perhaps, that this tribute of respect, affection, and gratitude is most fitly paid." For, from Sydney Smith's Lectures at the Royal Institution Mrs. Austin dates a new era in the moral and intellectual condition of women, and maintains that within our times no man has done so much to obtain for them toleration for the exercise of their understandings and for the culture of their talents—to induce them to acquire some substitutes for beauty, some resources against old age, some power of commanding attention and respect when the victorious charms of youth (whose influence and value, however, *he* was not the man to deny) have taken their flight.

The "queer subject" of the Memoir was born at Woodford, in Essex, in 1771, the second of four brothers, of whom the eldest was the celebrated *Bobus* Smith. Their father was a "character," sagacious, inquisitive, and frolicsome, who, "on becoming early his own master," contracted a marriage with a beautiful girl, from whom (*à la* Southey) he parted at the church-door, and proceeded to wander over the world for many years,—a vagrant habit which still possessed him when he returned to "settle" in England, for his granddaughter records how he spent his time and wasted his substance in "buying, altering, spoiling, and then selling about nineteen different places in England, till, in his old age, he at last settled at Bishop's Lydiard, in Somersetshire, where he died," in a green old age, fourscore and upwards. Sydney inherited something of this restless disposition. "You never seem tired of Howick," he writes, when himself (1842) *en route* towards fourscore, to the Countess Grey: "*I* tire of Combe Florey after two months, and sigh for a change, even for the worse. This disposition in me is hereditary; my father lived, within my recollection, in nineteen different places." He often expressed his regret that the power of travelling had been denied him till his body had become almost unequal to the fatigue of doing so. "He was ever most eager to see and to hear; but with the same rapidity that characterised

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\* A Memoir of the Reverend Sydney Smith. By his daughter, Lady Holland. With a Selection from his Letters, edited by Mrs. Austin. Two vols. London: Longman and Co. 1855.



his thoughts, he only liked first impressions, and never dwelt ten minutes together on the same scene or picture; declared he had mastered the Louvre in a quarter of an hour, and could judge of Talma's powers in ten minutes."

Bobus was sent to school at Eton; Sydney to Winchester, where he is said to have "suffered many years of misery and positive starvation," the remembrance of which would make him shudder in old age, but where he rose in due time to be captain of the school, and distinguished himself by mechanical ingenuity and mischief of a versatile sort. At New College, Oxford, he gained a scholarship, and then the fellowship which for some time was all he had to depend upon. Anon we find him a curate in the midst of Salisbury Plain.\*

It was to the Bar that his own wishes tended, but his father insisted on his taking orders. Lady Holland is urgent that this compliance with a pressure from without should not be forgotten, in reviewing his clerical career; and that fit allowance should be made for one who, in his passage through life, "had often to exercise control over himself, and to make a struggle to do that which is comparatively easy to those who have embraced their profession from taste and inclination alone." The reminder is not uncalled for—although it may not go far to satisfy those who would demur to the propriety of conciliating an earthly sire by a forced subscription to ordination vows.

From that sire he inherited those exuberant animal spirits which made him the delight of some circles and the scandal of others. A little of his constitutional gaiety he used to attribute to the infusion of French blood on his mother's side. A perpetual flow of spirits he owned by nature, and disciplined with art,—often thanking Heaven for it, as one of its choicest gifts. During his early residence in London, according to his daughter's description, his spirits were "more like the joyousness and playfulness of a clever schoolboy than the sobriety and gravity of the father of a family,"—and nothing, she adds, could withstand the contagion of that ringing, joy-inspiring laugh, which seemed to spring from the fresh, genuine enjoyment he felt at the multitude of unexpected images which sprang up in his mind, and succeeded each other with a rapidity that hardly allowed his hearers to follow him, but left them panting and exhausted with laughter,† to cry out for mercy. "I often thank God," said he, "for my animal spirits;" and, contrasting himself with his rich friend and neighbour B——, whom he found one day moping and melancholy-mad about the "state of his roads," he winds up the antithesis with a cheery "whilst I, who have never had a house, or

\* "Once a week a butcher's cart came over from Salisbury; it was then only he could obtain any meat, and he often dined, he said, on a mess of potatoes, sprinkled with a little ketchup. Too poor to command books, his only resource was the Squire, during the few months he resided there; and his only relaxation, not being able to keep a horse, long walks over those interminable plains."—*Memoir*, p. 11.

† This reminds us of a passage in Moore's Diary (April, 1832): "Left Lord John's with Sydney and Luttrell; and when we got to Cockspur-street (having laughed all the way) we were all three seized with such convulsions of cachinnation at something (I forget what) which Sydney said, that we were obliged to separate, and reel each his own way with the fit."—*Memoirs, &c., of Thomas Moore*, vol. iv.

land, or a farthing to spare, am sometimes mad with spirits, and must talk, laugh, or burst." In 1828, when he had given up fermented liquors, and was exulting over the benefit he felt from such abstinence, he remarked: "Only one evil ensues from it: I am in such extravagant spirits that I must lose blood, or look out for some one who will bore and depress me." Nor did age freeze up the source of these frolicsome spirits. As late as 1848 he writes to Lord Murray: "I am getting very old in years, but do not feel that I am become so in constitution. My locomotive powers at seventy-three are abridged, but my animal spirits do not desert me." At seventy-three he is still amusing the more venerable Berrys with anti-episcopal jokes, and quizzing Dr. Whewell about his Vice-Chancellorship, and hammering at geological jests with Sir Roderick Murchison, and inventing merry conceits to excuse himself from dining with Lord Mahon, and vivaciously rallying Mrs. Grote, and sending epigrammatic billets doux to the Countess Grey and to Lady Dufferin, and flings at the Americans to Milnes and Dickens, and unique bulletins to his children, and funny messages to his grandchildren.

His *grand talent pour le "nonsense"* he made it a point of conscience to cultivate. Mrs. Marcet writes, during a visit at Foston: "Mr. Smith was talking after breakfast with Dr. Marcet in a very impressive and serious tone, on scientific subjects, and I was admiring the enlarged and philosophic manner in which he discoursed on them, when suddenly starting up, he stretched out his arms and said, 'Come, now let us talk a little nonsense.' And then came such a flow of wit, and joke, and anecdote, such a burst of spirits, such a charm and freshness of manner, such an irresistible laugh, that Solomon himself would have yielded to the infection, and called out, Nonsense for ever!" (Who shall deny imagination to "strong-minded" Mrs. Marcet, after this picture of Solomon, waving (as it were) his turban, spinning about in ecstasy, and shouting *Vive la bagatelle!*) Johnson resolved to withstand the infection of Foote's mirth-provoking powers; but, sir, the dog was so comical that the great moralist was fairly bit, and sunk back in his chair, bellowing out magnificent guffaws. Similarly, in Sydney Smith's case, the Queen of Tragedy, grave and self-restrained Sarah Siddons, determined to maintain her tragic gravity and self-restraint in spite of his reverence;—"but after a vain struggle yielded to the general infection:" S. S. masculine was too much for S. S. feminine; the inspirations of Thalia mastered the reserve of Melpomene; and the Siddons "flung herself back in her chair, in such a fearful paroxysm of laughter, and of such long continuance, that it made quite a scene, and all the company were alarmed." If laugh she must, the great actress was at least consistent in so laughing as to alarm the company, in a "fearful paroxysm," strange and wild enough to "make quite a scene"—as imposing, thrilling, and altogether awful as last night's Lady Macbeth.

No wonder if the reputation Sydney Smith acquired for unlimited power to "make you laugh," was unfavourable to his professional advancement. We find him protesting against the impressions rife in some quarters to his prejudice in this respect, in a letter to Lord John Russell, on the subject of his preferment: "I defy — to quote one single passage of my writing contrary to the doctrines of the Church. I defy him to mention a single action of my life which he can call immoral.

The only thing he could charge me with would be high spirits, and much innocent nonsense." He had no liking for your mere triflers, who jest out of season, as well as in season, and whose jesting then becomes identical with that foolish talking which is not convenient. He writes on one occasion to Lady Grey: "I met Mr. — in town. I have never joined in the general admiration for this person. I think his manners rude and insolent. His conversation is an eternal persiflage, and is therefore wearisome. It seems as if he did not think it worth his while to talk sense or seriousness before his company, and that he had a right to abandon himself to any nonsense which happened to come uppermost." We are told of the death of Dugald Stewart being announced at a large dinner-party, when the news was received with so much levity by a lady of rank who sat next to Sydney, that, turning round, he said, "Madam, when we hear of the death of a man like Mr. Dugald Stewart,\* it is usual, in civilised society, to look grave for the space of at least five seconds." His affectionate biographer informs us that she has been charged with hardly doing justice to the more serious part of his character. "If this be so," she remarks, "I have indeed done him grievous wrong; for this was the foundation, or rather storehouse, from which all his wit and imagination sprang, and which gave them such value in the eyes of the world. The expression of my father's face when at rest was that of sense and dignity; and this was the picture of his mind in the calmer and graver hours of life: but when he found (as we sometimes do) a passage that bore the stamp of *immortality*, his countenance in an instant changed and lighted up, and a sublime thought, sight, or action, struck on his soul at once, and found a kindred spark within it." And as a set-off to Mrs. Marcet's sketch of his rapid transition from sense to nonsense, Lady Holland appends one, equally abrupt, from gay to grave, from the tears that come of Laughter holding both his sides, to the tears that are sigh-born and sad.

Her notice of him as a clergyman is to this effect: that, having "entered the Church" from a "sense of duty," he made duty his guide through life; honouring his profession, and honoured in it by those who had the best opportunities of observing him;—"that, ever ready to perform its humblest duties, he gathered (as he says) from the study of the Bible, that the highest duty of a clergyman was to calm religious hatreds, and spread religious peace and toleration;—that in this labour of love he exerted himself from the time of his entering the Church† to the hour of his death;—and that he dreaded as the greatest of all evils, that the 'golden chain' which he describes as 'reaching from earth to heaven,' should be injured either by fanaticism or scepticism."‡ Filial love would

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\* This philosopher was alive to the presence of other than comic powers in Sydney Smith. He exclaimed, after hearing him preach: "Those original and unexpected ideas gave me a thrilling sense of sublimity never before awakened by any other oratory."

† How much longer is this phrase, "entering the Church," thus twice met with in the same paragraph, to be applied to taking Orders? Sydney Smith's Church teaches that he "entered" it at a much earlier period, and by quite a different rite.

‡ Though eminently a free-speaker, Sydney Smith was no free-thinker, in the technical sense. Speaking in the name of his children, Lady Holland says: "The tenderest mother could not have been more anxious and careful as to the religious tendency of any books we read, and often has he taken books out of my hands

fain identify him, in his curacy on Salisbury Plain, with his own portraiture of a curate, as "the poor working-man of God—a learned man in a hovel, good and patient—a comforter and a teacher—the first and purest pauper of the hamlet; yet showing that, in the midst of worldly misery, he has the heart of a gentleman, the spirit of a Christian, and the kindness of a pastor." It may surprise some, who regard Sydney Smith from one angle only, to hear that he, the wit, the giggling and making-giggle diner-out, the *habitué* of Holland House, the rival of Luttrell, the founder of the Edinburgh Review, was also a popular preacher. Little as he might have in common with a Hugh M'Neile of Liverpool, a Hugh Stowell of Manchester, a Francis Close of Cheltenham, or a Capel Molyneux of London, this he had,—pulpit popularity. Berkeley Chapel had been deserted before he became its morning preacher: in a few weeks every morning service was what little Robert Southey (under Miss Tyler's philo-dramatic auspices) would have called a full house—every seat being occupied, and the aisles filled with listeners of both sexes, who stood, all attention.\* At Bristol, the cathedral, "whenever he was to preach (though previously almost deserted), was filled to suffocation. A crowd collected round the doors long before they were opened, and the heads of the standers in the aisles were so thick-set you could not have thrust in another; and I saw the men holding up their hats above their heads, that they might not be crushed by the pressure."† Mrs. Austin describes him preaching at St. Paul's: "The moment he appeared in the pulpit, all the weight of his duty, all the authority of his office, were written on his countenance; and without a particle of affectation (of which he was incapable), his whole demeanour bespoke the gravity of his purpose. Perhaps, indeed, it was the more striking to one who had till then only seen him delighting society by his gay and overflowing wit. As soon as he began to speak, the whole choir, upon which I looked down,

which I had ignorantly begun, with strict injunctions to consult him about my studies. He regarded it as the greatest of all evils to produce doubt or confusion in a youthful mind on such subjects; indeed he has said, in his sermons, that he 'would a thousand times prefer that his child should die in the bloom of youth, rather than it should live to disbelieve.'" In some of his early letters to Jeffrey, he "not only deprecates the injury to the Edinburgh Review by the admission of irreligious opinions, but declares his determination, if this were not avoided, of separating himself from a work of which he had felt hitherto so justly proud." "You must be thoroughly aware," he presses on the Editor, "that the rumour of infidelity decides not only the reputation, but the existence of the Review"—"I must beg the favour of you to be explicit on one point. Do you mean to take care that the Review shall not profess infidel principles? Unless this is the case, I must absolutely give up all connexion with it." To a publisher who had sent him a work of irreligious tendency, after a dignified rebuke for so doing, he writes: "I hate the insolence, persecution, and intolerance, which so often pass under the name of religion, and, as you know, have fought against them; but I have an unaffected horror of irreligion and impiety, and every principle of suspicion and fear would be excited in me by a man who professed himself an infidel."

\* "The concise, bold raciness of his style," says Lady Holland, "was singularly calculated to stir up a lazy London congregation, accustomed to slumber over their weekly sermon; and the earnestness of his manner, I have reason to believe, caused many to think who never thought before." She adds in a note, that her father had the satisfaction more than once of receiving letters of gratitude, assuring him that his preaching had not been in vain, and had stopped the writer in a course of guilt and dissipation.—See *Memoir*, i. 80.

† Ibid. p. 218.

exhibited one mass of upraised, attentive, thoughtful faces. It seemed as if his deep, earnest tones were caught with silent eagerness." Another witness remarks: "Remembering him in St. Paul's crowded cathedral, and looking at him in the little village church [Combe Florey], filled with peasantry, I was pleased to see him always the same." "I can't bear," he somewhere says, "to be imprisoned in the true orthodox way in my pulpit, with my head just peeping above the desk—I like to look down upon my congregation,—to fire into them. The common people say I am a *bould preacher*, for I like to have my arms free, and to thump the pulpit."\* Inviting Mrs. Grote to come and hear him at St. Paul's, he warns her: "But do not flatter yourself with the delusive hope of a slumber; I preach violently, and there is a strong smell of sulphur in my sermons."†

But he was something more and better than a popular preacher. He was, at least at one period in his career, a working priest. He was not only a benevolent, but a beneficent, pastor; caring for his flock with painstaking zeal, visiting them in plague and sickness, seeing them righted, boldly rebuking their faults, gently dealing with their foibles, heartily seconding their good endeavours. It is a pleasant picture we have of him in his rectory-home,—not without quaint accessories and piquant reliefs. He took kindly to its rural associations, but London was, after all, the place he loved perhaps not wisely, and too well;—not wisely, for his clerical conscience; too well, for his clerical character. "The summer and the country," he writes in 1838, "have no charms for me. I look forward anxiously to the return of bad weather, coal fires, and good society in a crowded city. I have no relish for the country; it is a kind of healthy grave. I am afraid you† are not exempt from the delusions of flowers, green turf, and birds; they all afford slight gratification, but not worth an hour of rational conversation: and rational conversation is only to be had from the congregation of a million of people in one spot." To the Countess Grey he writes: "Nothing can make the country agreeable to me. It is bad enough in summer, but in winter is a fit residence only for beings doomed to such misery, for misdeeds in another state of existence." There spoke the spoilt child of West-End drawing-rooms—a *blasé* clergyman (not to say simply man) of the world. Again, to Sir G. Philips: "I shall not be sorry to be in town. I am rather tired of simple pleasures, bad reasoning, and worse cookery." To Lord Hatherton: "Not that I am gulled by the sight of green fields and the sound of singing-birds,—I am too old for that. To my mind there is no verdure in the creation like the green of ——'s face, and Luttrell talks more sweetly than birds can sing." And, once more, to Mrs. Meynell: "You may laugh, dear G., but, after all, the country is most dreadful! The real use of it is to find food for cities; but as for a residence of any man who is neither butcher nor baker, nor food-grower in any of its branches, it is a dreadful waste of existence and abuse of life."‡ These London longings seem to have grown upon him with age and habits of luxurious indolence; we hear little of them when he was busy,

\* Memoir, i. pp. 308, 317, 399.

† To Miss Georgina Harcourt.

‡ Letters, p. 420.

§ Letters, pp. 410, 415, 416, 440, 457.

in his prime, among his farm-labourers, stock, implements, and inventions. Inventions he prided himself upon, in his active days—and he was once very active, whether digging vigorously in his garden, or carrying on Chapter business, or galloping in hot haste post-haste through the pages of a book, or rattling off a manuscript of which it was left for his wife to dot the i's and cross the t's;—he had always some experiment going on; a system of little tin lamps for burning the fat of his own sheep instead of candles, was at one time his hobby; at another, an ingenious cure for smoking chimneys; his visitors were amused by his “universal scratcher,” or sharp-edged pole, adapted to every height, from a horse to a lamb, whereat his four-footed dependents might scratch their dorsal columns *ad libitum*, without injury to their master's gates and palings; or by his “patent Tantalus,” devised to incite his gaunt steed Calamity to step out, in hungry pursuit of an ever equi-distant sieve of corn, planted just before his nose; or by his patchwork blinds of glazed cotton, the glory of Foston and Combe Florey; or by his patent fire-places, the envy of all good fire-worshippers; or by his “rheumatic armour,” patent tin shoulders, stomach tins, stomach pumps,\* tin slippers, &c. “‘I am a great doctor,’ he would tell his visitors; ‘would you like to hear some of my medicines?’ ‘Oh yes, Mr. Sydney.’ ‘There is the Gentle-jog, a pleasure to take it,—the Bull-dog, for more serious cases,—Peter's puke,—Heart's delight, the comfort of all the old women in the village,—Rub-a-dub, a capital embrocation,—Dead-stop, settles the matter at once,—Up-with-it-then needs no explanation;’ and so on.” He infused something of Sydney Smith into dull domestic realities, and could not, his daughter declares, order even a dose of physic for his carter but there was fun and originality in the act.

His enjoyment of a process of mystification grew with the degree of credulity in his victims, some of whom appear to have been credulous to his heart's content. One of the stories in the Memoirs is about a country cousin of Sydney's, “a simple, warm-hearted rustic,” who was occasionally a guest at those pleasant little weekly suppers of his, which Mackintosh and others relished so supremely,—and who used to come up to him and whisper, “Now, Sydney, I know these are all very remarkable men; do tell me who they are.” “Oh, yes,” would be the town (and gown) cousin's answer; “that is Hannibal” (pointing to Mr. Whishaw), “he lost his leg in the Carthaginian war; and that is Socrates” (pointing to Luttrell); “and that is Solon” (pointing to Francis Horner), “you have heard of Solon?” The girl, we are told, opened her ears, eyes, and mouth with admiration, half-doubting, half-believing that Sydney was making fun of her; but perfectly convinced that if they were not the individuals in question, they were something quite as great.†

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\* “Lord John Russell comes here to-day,” he informs the Countess Grey (1830). “His corporeal anti-part, Lord N——, is here. Heaven send he may not swallow John! There are, however, stomach pumps, in case of accident.”

† To one of these suppers Sir James Mackintosh brought with him a “raw Scotch cousin, an ensign in a Highland regiment.” The biographer tells us that on hearing the name of his host, this gallant gentleman suddenly turned round, and, nudging Sir James, said in an audible voice, “Is that the great Sir Sydney?” (with whom, by the way, the Reverend Sydney was, at home and abroad, very

We are told, again, of an over literal gentleman whom Sydney met and mystified at dinner by declaring, that although he himself was not generally considered an illiberal man, yet he must confess he had one little weakness, one secret wish,—“he should like to roast a Quaker.” “Good heavens, Mr. Smith!” interrupts his neighbour, “roast a Quaker?” “Yes, sir,” repeats Sydney, of course with redoubled emphasis, “roast a Quaker.” “But, Mr. Smith, do you consider the torture?” “Yes, sir, I have considered everything; it may be wrong, as you say; the Quaker would undoubtedly suffer acutely, but every one has his tastes, mine would be to roast a Quaker: one would satisfy me, only one; but it is one of those peculiarities I have striven against in vain, and I hope you will pardon my weakness.” The objector’s “honest simplicity,” it is added, could stand this no longer, and he seemed hardly able to sit at table with the monster whose monomania was to spit one of the people called Friends, and do him brown—neither the roars of the company, nor the twinkle in the monster’s eye, availing aught to dispel the illusion: so that at last, in the words of Lady Holland, “my father, seeing that he was giving real pain, said, ‘Come, come, Mr. —, since you think this so very illiberal, I must be wrong; and will give up my roasted Quaker rather than your esteem; let us drink wine together.’ Peace was made, but I believe neither time nor explanation would have ever made him comprehend that it was a joke.”

We have Sydney’s own word for it, that nothing amused him more than to observe the utter want of perception of a joke in some minds. “Mrs. Jackson,” he says, *par exemple*, “called the other day, and spoke of the oppressive heat of last week. ‘Heat, ma’am!’ I said, ‘it was so dreadful here, that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.’ ‘Take off your flesh and sit in your bones, sir! Oh! Mr. Smith! how could you do that?’ she exclaimed, with the utmost gravity. ‘Nothing more easy, ma’am; come and see next time.’ But she ordered her carriage, and evidently thought it a very unorthodox

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frequently confounded.) “Yes, yes,” said Sir James, much amused, and making signs to the host to act a part accordingly. He, nothing loth, thereupon assumed the military character, “performed the part of the hero of Acre to perfection, fought all his battles over again, and showed how he had charged the Turks, to the infinite delight of the young Scotchman, who was quite enchanted with the kindness and condescension of ‘the great Sir Sudney,’ as he called him, and to the absolute torture of the other guests, who were bursting with suppressed laughter at the scene before them. At last, after an evening of inimitable acting,” adds Lady Holland, “on the part both of my father and Sir James, nothing would serve the young Highlander but setting off, at twelve o’clock at night, to fetch the piper of his regiment to pipe to ‘the great Sir Sudney,’ who said he had never heard the bagpipes; upon which the whole party broke up and dispersed instantly, for Sir James said his Scotch cousin would infallibly cut his throat if he discovered his mistake. A few days afterwards, when Sir James Mackintosh and his Scotch cousin were walking in the streets, they met my father with my mother on his arm. He introduced her as his wife, upon which the Scotch cousin said in a low voice to Sir James, and looking at my mother, ‘I did na ken the great Sir Sudney was married.’ ‘Why, no,’ said Sir James, a little embarrassed, and winking at him, ‘not ex-act-ly married,—only an Egyptian slave he brought over with him; Fatima—you know—you understand.’ My mother was long known in the little circle as Fatima.” This story of Sir James’s country cousin, very far north, more than matches that of Sydney’s country cousin: neither, perhaps, is too good to be true.

proceeding." Another example :—"Miss ——, too, the other day, walking round the grounds at Combe Florey, exclaimed, 'Oh, why do you chain up that fine Newfoundland dog, Mr. Smith?' 'Because it has a passion for breakfasting on parish boys.' 'Parish boys!' she exclaimed, 'does he really eat boys, Mr. Smith?' 'Yes, he devours them, buttons and all.' Her face of horror made me die of laughing." One almost overhears a gentle reader of the Miss —— *genus*, staggered by the last sentence, exclaiming, *Did* you die of it, Mr. Smith?

The Canon of St. Paul's would often allude to his vergers, and his friend, Lady B——, it seems, innocently perverted the word into virgins. "She asked me the other day," he says, "'Pray, Mr. Smith, is it true that you walk down St. Paul's with three virgins holding silver pokers before you?' I shook my head, and looked very grave, and bid her come and see."

His glory as a diner-out is, of course, recorded in these pages. Lady Holland says it signified not what the materials were. "I never remember a dull dinner in his company.\* He extracted amusement from every subject, however hopeless. He led without seeking to lead; he never sought to shine—the light appeared because he could not help it. Nobody felt excluded." "I talk a little sometimes," said he, "and it used to be an amusement amongst the servants at the Archbishop of York's, to snatch away my plate when I began talking; so I got a habit of holding it with one hand when so engaged, and dining at single anchor." By his own account he was always most lively and *spirituel* when he took no wine,—a kind of abstinence which he often urges upon his friends, as he does also greater moderation in the use of solids,† about which he speaks feelingly and with an emphasis that ought to tell, and to which there is hardly one of us but would do well to give heed.

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\* "My poor mother," she adds, "felt the change so strongly after his death, that, on dining out for the first time alone, she said, 'Everybody seemed to her so unusually flat, that she thought they must all have suffered some severe loss.'"

† "All people above the condition of labourers," he writes to Lady Holland, "are ruined by excess of stimulus and nourishment, clergy included. I never yet saw any gentleman who ate and drank as little as was reasonable."—*Letters*, p. 120.

To Sir G. Philips he writes in 1836: "I have had no gout, nor any symptom of it: by eating little, and drinking only water, I keep body and mind in a serene state, and spare the great toe. Looking back at my past life, I find that all my miseries of body and mind have proceeded from indigestion. Young people in early life should be thoroughly taught the moral, intellectual, and physical evils of indigestion."—*Ibid.* p. 396.

Writing to Murray, in 1841, about the health of Jeffrey, he observes: "Whoever, at his period of life, means to go on, and to be well, must institute the most rigid and Spartan-like discipline as to food."—*Ibid.* p. 455.

And again to the same, in 1843: "You are, I hear, attending more to diet than heretofore. If you wish for anything like happiness in the fifth act of life, eat and drink about one-half what you *could* eat and drink. Did I ever tell you my calculation about eating and drinking?" This was, that between ten and seventy years of age he had eaten and drunk forty-four horse-waggon loads more than would have kept him alive and well—a mass of nourishment which he rates at the value of 7000*l.* sterling. "It occurred to me that I must, by my voracity, have starved to death fully 100 persons. This is a frightful calculation, but irresistibly true; and I think, dear Murray, your waggons would require an additional horse each!"—*Ibid.* p. 501-2.



Specimens of his table-talk are given, though not so liberally as might have been expected. With some extracts from them, and from the most characteristic passages of his correspondence, as illustrative of his "own peculiar" wit and humour, his proper individuality of thought and phrase, we must close this desultory notice.

Some one asking if the Bishop of — was going to marry, "Perhaps he may," said the Canon; "yet how can a bishop marry? How can he flirt? The most he can say is, 'I will see you in the vestry after service.'"

"It is a great proof of shyness to crumble bread at dinner," in his opinion. "Oh, I see you are afraid of me," said he to a young lady who sat by him,— "you crumble your bread. I do it when I sit by the Bishop of London, and with both hands when I sit by the Archbishop."

Of the Utilitarians in general, and one in particular, he says: "That man is so hard you might drive a broad-wheeled waggon over him, and it would produce no impression; if you were to bore holes in him with a gimlet, I am convinced sawdust would come out of him. That school treat mankind as if they were mere machines; the feelings or affections never enter into their calculations. If everything is to be sacrificed to utility, why do you bury your grandmother at all? why don't you cut her into small pieces at once, and make portable soup of her?"

"Dear Bobus," he writes to his brother in 1813, "pray take care of yourself. We shall both be a brown infragant powder in thirty or forty years. Let us contrive to last out for the same, or nearly the same time."\*

Writing from Yorkshire to Lady Holland, respecting a young friend of hers whose arrival he expected, he remarks: "Nothing can exceed the dulness of this place: but he has been accustomed to live alone with his grandmother, which, though a highly moral life, is not an amusing one. — There are two Scotch ladies staying here, with whom he will get acquainted, and to whom he may safely make love the ensuing winter; for love, though a very acute disorder in Andalusia, puts on a very chronic shape in these northern latitudes; for, first, the lover must prove *metapheezeically* that he *ought* to succeed; and then, in the fifth or sixth year of courtship (or rather of argument), if the summer is tolerably warm, and oatmeal plenty, the fair one is won."

To the same noble lady he writes in 1810: "We liked Mrs. —. It was wrong, at her time of life, to be circumvented by —'s diagrams; but there is some excuse in the novelty of the attack, as I believe she is the first lady that ever fell a victim to algebra, or that was geometrically led from the paths of discretion."

To Lord Murray, in 1821: "How little you understand young Wedgewood! If he appears to love waltzing, it is only to catch fresh figures for cream-jugs. Depend upon it, he will have Jeffrey and you upon some of his vessels, and you will enjoy an argillaceous immortality."

Arrived at Dover, soon after the construction of the "shaft," he mentions it as "a staircase, by which the top of the cliff is reached with great ease—or at least what they call great ease, which means the loss of

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\* Robert died a fortnight only after Sydney.

about a pound of liquid flesh, and as much puffing and blowing as would grind a bushel of wheat."

"Mr. Jeffrey," he writes to the Countess Grey, "wanted to persuade me that myrtles grew out-of-doors in Scotland, as here. Upon cross-examination, it turned out they were prickly, and that many had been destroyed by the family donkey."

"Luttrell," he writes in 1829, from the Combe Florey parsonage, "came over for a day, from whence I know not, but I thought not from good pastures; at least, he had not his usual soup-and-pattie look. There was a forced smile upon his countenance, which seemed to indicate plain roast and boiled; and a sort of apple-pudding depression, as if he had been staying with a clergyman."

Alluding to the tumult at Jeffrey's election, in 1830, he inquires of Murray: "Is Jeffrey much damaged? They say he fought like a lion, and would have been killed had he been more visible;\* but that several people struck at him who could see nothing, and so battered infinite space instead of the Advocate."

In the same letter: "I think Lord Grey will give me some preferment if he stays in long enough; but the upper parsons live vindictively, and evince their aversion to a Whig Ministry by an improved health. The Bishop of — has the rancour to recover, after three paralytic strokes, and the Dean of — to be vigorous at eighty-two. And yet these are men who are called Christians!"

To Lady Holland, during the Reform Bill excitement: "I met John Russell at Exeter. The people along the road were very much disappointed by his smallness. I told them he was much larger before the bill was thrown out, but was reduced by excessive anxiety about the people. This brought tears in their eyes!"

To the same, and from Combe Florey: "Philosopher Malthus came here last week. I got an agreeable party for him of unmarried people. There was only one lady who had had a child; but he is a good-natured man, and, if there are no appearances of approaching fertility, is civil to every lady."

To Dr. Holland, in 1835: "I am suffering from my old complaint, the hay fever (as it is called). My fear is, perishing by deliquescence; I melt away in nasal and lachrymal profluvia. My remedies are warm pediluvium, cathartics, &c., &c. The membrane is so irritable, that light, dust, contradiction, an absurd remark, the sight of a dissenter,—any-

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\* Jeffrey's size appears to have been an inexhaustible source of amusement to the "round, fat, oily" Priest of St. Paul's. Sydney tells Francis of Brougham having just returned from Portugal, where the Inquisition, according to rumour, seized and singed him with wax-tapers, as an Edinburgh Reviewer: "They were at first about to use flambeaux, conceiving him to be you; but, upon recurring to the notes they have made of your height, an error was discovered of two feet, and the lesser fires only administered." (1806.) Again: "Magnitude to you, my dear Jeffrey, must be such an intoxicating idea, that I have no doubt you would rather be gigantic in your errors, than immense in no respect whatever," &c. (1808.) Elsewhere: "My dear Jeffrey, are we to see you?—(a difficult thing at all times to do)," &c. (1809.) In 1829 he writes to Murray: "I cannot say the pleasure it gives me that my old and dear friend Jeffrey is in the road to preferment. I shall not be easy till he is fairly on the Bench. His robes, God knows, will cost him little: one buck rabbit will clothe him to the heels." *Maximus minimus* was one of the appellatives wherewith Sydney loved to magnify and minify the great little man.

thing, sets me sneezing; and if I begin sneezing at twelve, I don't leave off till two o'clock, and am heard distinctly in Taunton when the wind sets that way,—a distance of six miles."

"Mr. —," he tells Lady Davy, "is going gently down-hill, trusting that the cookery in another planet may be at least as good as in this; but not without apprehensions that for misconduct here he may be sentenced to a thousand years of tough mutton, or condemned to a little eternity of family dinners."

So much for one man's anticipations of a future state. In a letter to Lady Holland of the same year (1842), we have a glimpse of the reverend jester's own previsions: "It is a bore, I admit, to be past seventy, for you are left for execution, and are daily expecting the death warrant; but, as you say, it is not anything very capital we quit. We are, at the close of life, only hurried away from stomach-aches, pains in joints, from sleepless nights and unamusing days, from weakness, ugliness, and nervous tremors; but we shall all meet again in another planet, cured of all our defects. — will be less irritable; — more silent; — will assent; Jeffrey will speak slower; Bobus will be just as he is; I shall be more respectful to the upper clergy," &c. Not very clerical, this; but Sydney Smith all over.

Here is yet another heaven after another man's ideal. To Sir Roderick Murchison he writes: "May there not be some one among the infinite worlds where men and women are all made of stone? Perhaps of Parian marble? How infinitely superior to flesh and blood! What a Paradise for you, to pass eternity with a greywacke woman!"

In his last illness he writes to the Countess of Carlisle: "I am in a regular train of promotion; from gruel, vermicelli, and sago, I was promoted to panada, from thence to minced meat, and (such is the effect of good conduct) I was elevated to a mutton-chop."\* "My breathlessness and giddiness are gone—chased away by the gout. If you hear of sixteen or eighteen pounds of human flesh, they belong to me. I look as if a curate had been taken out of me."

So he wrote in the last letter but one in these volumes. Two or three months, and all was over; this jocular Canon had fired his last shot; this (Oxford) Fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy, had gone to the tomb of all the—Yoricks. He died on the 22nd of February, 1845, of water on the chest, and was buried, without show of any kind, in the cemetery of Kensal Green.

Let us take leave of him in the words of his loving biographer. "And if true greatness consists, as my dear and valued old friend Mr. Rogers once quoted here from an ancient Greek writer, 'in doing what deserves to be written, and writing what deserves to be read, and in making mankind happier and better for your life,' my father was a truly great and good man." If we cannot subscribe, *verbatim et literatim*, to this éloge, may we not, *ex animo*, to its spirit and scope?

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\* This joke about mutton-chop promotion was evidently a favourite with the joke-maker. It occurs more than once and again in his correspondence, at intervals of long years, unwithered by age, unstaled by custom.

## DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854.

BY FLORENTIA.

The Holy Week—The Miserere—The Lavandaia—The Cena—The Sepulchre—  
Castel Fusano—Ostia—Modern Readings of Virgil.

EVER since Christmas, and even before, I had heard about "the ceremonies of the Holy Week," until I was perfectly sick. The crowd, the difficulty of obtaining tickets, the hours to be passed in waiting, the music of the Miserere, all were so minutely discussed, so dinned into my ears, by old and experienced Anglo-Romans, that at last I mentally resolved not to go at all, but to read instead some *catalogue raisonné* of the whole affair, and swear I was "charmed, delighted, rapt, inspired."

I have a general dislike to all grand religious ceremonies where "the world, the flesh, and the devil" so loudly assert their unwelcome presence within the dim and solemn light of pillared aisles and hallowed sanctuaries, beside consecrated altars and venerable tombs, effectually banishing all poetry, all solemnity.

On such occasions, the imposing ceremonial too often sinks into a mere dramatic representation, the music degenerates into sounds harsh and wearisome, "like sweet bells jangling out of tune," and all those religious sympathies which ought to be excited—our love, our gratitude, our adoration—are utterly silenced or rudely offended. Of all crowds in the world, an English one is the most uncompromising and unsympathetic; indeed, the English, during the Holy Week at Rome, are become quite historical, from their remarkable bad behaviour.

When, however, the Holy Week really came, and all was bustle and excitement and tip-top curiosity, and the old walls rang to the sound of countless carriages rushing about in shoals bearing freights of black-robed, black-veiled women, I thought I should be a fool not to join the throng, and, being at Rome, not "to do as the Romans;" so I got tickets and donned my sable suit, and set forth with the multitude to St. Peter's.

The ceremonies occupy every day and all night too, I verily believe, during the entire week. How the priests live through it all, working and fasting, is an enigma; but they manage to survive it, and come out at Easter as rosy and plump as ever. The Sistine Chapel, where the Tenebræ and Miserere are performed on the two days preceding Good Friday, is besieged by thousands of infatuated individuals for hours before the services begin, to obtain a front place on the forms placed behind the screen in the lower half of the chapel, which being looked on as the private oratory of the Pope, is supposed to be inaccessible to women, who are pushed back as far as possible into a narrow space near the entrance.

I, for my part, took the whole affair with great composure, and walked quietly up the Sala Regia about four o'clock. The ascent was beset with Swiss guards, their brilliant uniforms and glancing steel-accoutrements looking exceedingly picturesque and *moyen âge*, backed by the pillared walls and glistening marble; hundreds of ladies in black, gentlemen in evening costume, and militia and military heroes in full uniform, trooped up this truly magnificent and regal entrance to the count-

less splendours of the Vatican, all laughing, talking, and joking with quite praiseworthy forgetfulness of the solemn nature of the anniversary. Some tried to smuggle in camp stools under their petticoats—a *ruse* instantly detected and ruthlessly exposed by the all-seeing officials; while others, coming in greater numbers than their tickets allowed, were remorselessly sent back, spite of lamentations and reproaches in unmistakably Anglican-Italian.

It was a scene of confusion, irreverence, and frivolity: men pushing onwards, tearing asunder, and separating groups of terrified ladies; guards pouncing on delinquents, and bold mammas dragging their staring daughters past quiet foreigners—Catholics, of course—who looked round all aghast at their irreverent haste and thoroughly English rudeness.

Arrived at the Sala Regia—at the summit of the stairs from whence both the Sistine and Pauline Chapels open—the scene grew ten times wilder and more excited. That lofty hall, so nobly proportioned, the walls glittering with frescoes and gilding, broken by rich clustered branches of magnificent candelabra—where on ordinary occasions unbroken silence reigns, and the very odour of sanctity floats around—a spot of reverent waiting and awful expectation, whether to the Catholic about to visit the shrine, sanctified by the constant presence of Christ's vicar, or to the artistic devotee viewing for the first time the immortal works of Michael Angelo and his predecessors, which they have studied at a distance as solemn phantoms they never, perhaps, hoped to behold—that majestic and suggestive hall—which, as I write, rises before me in all its pomp, shaded by a chastened light, half-concealing, half-displaying the great frescoes and the mysterious doors, some veiled by falling curtains, others opening into endless corridors and galleries—is now, alas! desecrated into a street-thoroughfare!

Thousands of men and women, gathered from the four quarters of the globe, are rushing about, crowding every space, treading on each other's heels, talking, wondering, pushing, every face turned towards the open door, with its ample drapery of crimson, leading into the Sistine Chapel, which they are all firmly resolved to enter at all risks. And, though that door is beset with military—obstinate Swiss guards, who, if *Venus* herself fresh from Elysium, or all the *Circes* and *Armidas* that ever existed in fact or fable, tried to cajole, would not budge one single inch—still, so vast is the crowd, so violent the crush, its own weight carries it onward, and slowly all disappear under the overhanging curtain.

Every one knows that the Sistine Chapel is not large; imagine, then, what it must be when, in the space assigned to the public—in which five hundred might commodiously sit—ten thousand persons are, by some miracle of crushing, collected; imagine the heat, the squeezing, the elbows poked into one's sides, the furious glances, the anger, malice, and uncharitableness of all those living beings, heaped on each other, all wanting to see and to hear, and all, save a few in the front, effectually prevented from doing either, and furiously incensed in consequence. I doubt if the pagan audience, collected in the Flavian amphitheatre to see men torn by wild beasts, could be more savage. For myself, I, symbolically speaking, gave up the ghost in terror and dismay, but by good luck, getting pushed against the side of the ladies' box, I carefully kept my place, and tried to collect my senses. This box, or enclosure, was as

full as stuffing could make it, and the heat excessive. At the entrance, one of the papal Cameriere, dressed in doublet and hose and high Elizabethan ruff, kept up a show of order. Still, more ladies would keep crowding in, spite of his remonstrances.

"Le prego, le supplico, signora"—(I beg, I implore you, madam)—whispered he; "di non montare, c'è posto, è pieno"—(there is no room).

"Mais," says some English mamma with two lean daughters, "vous pouvez faire un po di place je suis sûre pour questa signora," pushing forward first one, then the other daughter.

"No, madama," replies the Cameriere, angrily; "impossibile."

"Mais, moussu," says a fat old lady, who had been perseveringly elbowing her way upwards, and had, spite of all opposition, firmly planted her foot on the prohibited steps, "je vois une place—un posto, là, là—let me go." And she makes a dash forwards.

"No, signora," again replies the Cameriere, placing his arm across the opening, which the belligerent lady disregarding, pushes madly on, and a struggle—yes, actually a struggle—begins, ending in the signal defeat and consequent retreat of the fat lady, who is violently landed on the ground, looking extremely red and furious, and the Cameriere, excited and scarlet also, exclaiming in a low voice, "Ma, corpo di Bacco! must I then call in the *carabinieri* against these Inglesi?"

Yet, though sorely persecuted, he was a jewel of a man that same Cameriere, for, seeing me standing quite quiet and resigned at the foot of the steps for a long time, he took pity on me, and touching my arm, motioned me to mount into the *palco*—a signal I was not slow in obeying, whispering *tanti ringraziamenti* into his ear; at which he nodded and smiled, then firmly replanted his arm over the entrance, giving a scowl round at the female harpies standing beside him, watching with cat-like eagerness for the slightest relaxation of his vigilance to rush upwards. Once in the *palco*, I was better off. A kind lady shared her seat with me. I could breathe, and look round me.

Neither the Pope nor the cardinals were visible. The Gregorian chant, in which the Psalms are sung, had begun, and the lights, fixed on a triangular stand near the altar, were burning. This stand, typical of the Trinity, holds fifteen lights, one of which is extinguished at the conclusion of each psalm. This usage is explained by some as symbolising the Prophets, who were persecuted and successively put to death before the coming of the Saviour; others represent it as signifying the abandonment and desertion he suffered from all his disciples in his last hours. The last light is not extinguished, but withdrawn behind the altar, in allusion to the Saviour's entombment and subsequent resurrection; the *Tenebre* being an office of mourning commemorating the death of the Redeemer, the darkness of the hour, and its triple celebration being in allusion to the three days during which his body remained in the tomb. The music is entirely vocal, and intensely monotonous, for, by some unexplained etiquette, the organ is never heard in the presence of the Holy Father. It is a want nothing can supply. No pomp, no gorgeous spectacle can compensate for the absence of that thrilling, overwhelming burst that carries the soul upwards in a rushing torrent of delicious harmony. St. Cecilia is said to have invented the organ in a moment of ecstatic inspiration. It is a pretty legend, and fitly symbolises the

heavenly influence that instrument possesses. But to return. Suffocated, cramped, and confused, it seemed to me the Psalms would never end. Impatience became general, and everybody around was perpetually popping up and down to see how many lights remained. "Now there's only two left," I heard; "now there is only one." As the moment approached for the commencement of the *Miserere*, the excitement increased tenfold. Fresh crowds pushed in through the door, determined, coûte que coûte, to storm the barriers of half-fainting women. Some retreated, some were borne out insensible, the guards coming to their rescue; others firmly stood their ground. Again the fight began with the old ladies (now rabid in their desire to mount the forbidden steps) and the chamberlain, and again he victoriously repulsed their assault. All the lights had disappeared; evening was darkening into night; the chapel lay wrapt in a dim subdued light, the audience massed into grey and black shadows; the glorious roof, painted by Michael Angelo, indistinct and misty. . . . It was to me an hour of solemn communing and awful contemplation, met, as we seemed, on the threshold of the tomb to celebrate the cruel abandonment of the Divine One, surrounded by typical darkness and lamentations, prefiguring the agony of his soul, when the bitter cry was wrung from him, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

After a brief pause, the long-drawn notes of the *Miserere* echoed through the gloom—soft, unearthly, spiritual—sounds as of celestial souls suffering the torments of the damned, and calling on heaven and earth to listen while they breathed forth their agony in plaintive murmurs. Now a high note struck on the ear, thrilling in its acuteness—a note suggestive of corporeal suffering from an incorporeal being. As it died away, other voices took up the wailing strain, breaking off like the first in vague melancholy sighs. Then came a convulsive thrill, a quivering shake, in the sad minor key in which the whole is sung, followed by a few notes of delicious cadence, rich and flowing, as if a glimpse of heaven—an angel visit—had for a moment broken the spell of torture. Brief respite; again sounds the same piercing cry, and again it floats away into unutterable voiceless chaos. As the sad strains swelled in tearful modulations, the shadows deepened, and night came to shroud, as it were, and bear them in her sable bosom to the realms above, where angels wept as they listened, and all the glory of heaven grew dim at the remembrance of the Saviour's agonies.

Still, spite of the exquisitely touching and profoundly devotional character of the *Miserere*, the unaccompanied music becomes after a while tedious and monotonous, from a total want of contrast and of melody. On the whole, I was disappointed; and I decidedly consider the effect more singular than beautiful. When all was over came the dreadful crush to get out—the cruel, irreverent crush—as dangerous as it was intolerable. I, for my part, was completely lifted off my feet, and found myself flung violently down into the centre of the *Sala Regia*, where, by good luck, I landed safely. The hall was exactly like the crush-room of an opera, for the Protestant mob, as eager to get out as they had been to get in, forgot all decency in their haste. Shame on the foreigners who thus desecrate the solemn offices of a Christian Church, worshipping a common Saviour, commemorating a common salvation

through His sufferings. Shame on their irreverent curiosity and stolid indifference!

To-day, Thursday, although occurring in the midst of the profoundest mourning, is considered by Catholics a devotional festa of joyous solemnity, as being the day on which our Lord instituted the Eucharist. Mass is celebrated in the Sistine Chapel. The Pope afterwards, passing in grand procession through the Sala Regia, bears the host to the Pauline Chapel, and places it on what is called "the Sepulchre"—namely, the altar, which on this occasion symbolises the sacred tomb. In the afternoon all the world throngs to St. Peter's to see the Lavandaia, which is arranged in this wise: Along one side of the transept, terminating in the chapel of San Processio e Martino (the gaolers of St. Peter and St. Paul during their imprisonment in the Mamertine prisons, and converted by them there), on a high platform, were placed thirteen men—priests, I believe—dressed in the most curiously antique costume imaginable, looking in the far distance more like an historical picture by Giovanni Bellini or Francia, or some other of the early masters, than any creatures of flesh and blood. They were all in white, with high conical caps, and at their back was suspended a magnificent piece of tapestry representing the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci. Why there should be thirteen apostles I cannot explain, but that that is the number I can certify.

After being pushed about for some time in the crowd, a general buzz, turning of heads, clashing of arms, and echoing of heavy steps along the marble floor, announced the arrival of his Holiness. His throne was erected upon the altar of the adjacent chapel; and here Pius, after a short delay, appeared on a level with the mysterious apostles, who really outdid "patience on a monument" in rigid immovability. Vocal music burst forth from a hidden choir, his Holiness the while laying aside his outer vestments, and being girded by an attendant cardinal with a linen apron, moved towards the apostles, followed by the dignitaries of his court, while one of the cardinals chanted from the Gospel of St. John the passage describing the act of our Saviour's humility now to be commemorated. The ceremony of washing the apostles' feet occupies but a very short time, the Pope lightly touching each with a towel (after the attendant deacon has poured water on them), then stoops and kisses them. Each apostle is presented with a nosegay, which the monumental effigy unaccountably receives, looking all the more quaint and *moyen âge*.

As soon as the English ladies have seen one foot washed, they rush off like demoniacs towards the Sala Regia in the Vatican, to secure places for the Cena, which immediately follows, those who witness both being considered to have achieved a real feat of generalship. When the Lavandaia was over, the Pope disappeared, and I made my way along with the vast crowd into the mighty vestibule and up the Sala Regia. A more quiet, polite crowd I never beheld—all being anxious to proceed, yet none doing so at the expense of his neighbour; a silent seriousness was expressed in every face; they remembered they were in a church, and that we had all met there to celebrate the symbolical representation of a Christian mystery. All honour to the Catholic crowd after the painful exhibition of the Sistine Chapel! When I reached the Sala Regia, and rejoined the foreigners, Babel-like confusion recommenced; here thousands were struggling and disputing, and rushing to



and fro like mad. The immense hall where the Cena is laid out was crammed to suffocation. There were the black-veiled ladies in enclosed seats; noise, folly, and irreverence, as on the preceding day; Swiss guards trying to keep the peace and signally failing in the endeavour; and distressed Camerieri and bumptious old ladies. I found favour in the eyes of an old sergeant of the Swiss guard by addressing him in German, who forthwith took me under his wing and pushed me on until I was placed close to the bar separating the audience from the space appropriated to the Cena. Here I saw capitally. A long table was spread with fruit and sweets, and elegantly decorated with high vases of flowers, superb pieces of plate, and thirteen statuettes of the apostles. Around sat the medieval gentlemen, who by some miracle alone seemed to have been removed from the Basilica below and placed here. The Pope, simply dressed in white, his kind, benignant face beaming with that placid smile peculiar to him, moved quietly about the table, without fuss or effort. I remembered Abraham and the angels as I looked on the heavenly expression of his countenance, and thought that he too might be worthy to entertain "an unbidden guest" unawares. "The servant of the servants" of God was the distinguishing title of one of the greatest Popes who ever sat on the throne of St. Peter, and Pius is really worthy of that touching appellation. The ceremonial of the Cena was very simple. He first bore water to the apostles in a silver basin; then, after the Benedicte, bishops and prelates, advancing from the end of the hall, presented to him various dishes, which he handed to the apostles, pouring out water and wine at intervals. The gentle anxiety with which he anticipated their wants was inexpressibly touching; he was evidently wrapt in mental devotion, and was only alive to the outward scene as far as it assimilated with and assisted his thoughts. Never, when encircled by all the gorgeous pomp of his splendid court, crowned with the triple diadem and glittering with jewels, had the Pope so much impressed me.

The office of the Tenebræ again takes place this evening in the Sistine Chapel, when the altar is divested of every ornament, the very carpets and hangings are removed, the Pope's chair, left without a back or a morsel of cloth on which to place his feet, the altar hung with black, the crucifix covered, and six candles alone left to light up the doleful scene, prefiguring the desolation and mourning in which the Church is plunged. Not wishing to encounter the crowd, I did not enter the Sala Regia until so late that I found it almost empty, every one having pressed into the portal or on the steps of the Sistine Chapel, from whence the soft wailing of the voices floated dreamily in the air above the hum of the pent-up thousands standing between me and the choir. At the opposite extremity of the hall a waving drapery undulated before the door of the Pauline Chapel, and a twilight, as of half-discerned stars, faintly lit up the surrounding darkness. Drawing aside the curtain, I entered. All was in the deepest, most solemn gloom, save the altar or sepulchre as it is called, around which knelt a dark circle of almost invisible worshippers. But that illuminated sepulchre, how can I find words to describe the dazzling splendour with which it blazed forth? Never did the hand of man more bravely symbolise the immortal glories of the divine tomb than in this stupendous mountain of glittering light. Mounting to the lofty ceiling, extending on either side into the gloom in circles and clusters and festoons

of countless lights, there it rose, a glimmering, quivering, overwhelming mountain of brightness. The effect was thrilling. Tears rushed into my eyes, and Protestant though I am, I too knelt in the dark circle beside the glittering sepulchre, and remembered with awe the sacred symbol that rested within!

Afterwards I descended into St. Peter's. The portals were thrown wide open, and a few pale torches planted up the central aisle made darkness visible. The grand skeleton of the building alone emerged from the gloom, vast and boundless as the heavens, but a heaven unlit by moon or stars, and wrapt in everlasting night; the clustered pilasters, the colossal statues, loomed out in dim masses, gigantic forms, dreamy, fabulous, and vague, fading away in fathomless distance. Here and there a momentary ray of light glimmered from the torches, was visible for a moment, and then faded away also and was gone. There was something quite terrific in the scene, as standing under the central cupola I looked out on the blackness around, linking the mind to the wildest visions of chaotic gloom the imagination ever conceived. To me it seemed the very vestibule of the universal tomb grandly symbolical of the misery and the mourning in which the world lay prostrate. Yet was hope to spring from that tomb—precious hope, and life, and joy. Even in this utter darkness one bright symbol cheered the Christian, for, concealed behind the massive pilasters supporting the cupola, a flood of light burst from a distant altar, the illuminated sepulchre, here too shining like a beacon, and beckoning on the soul through the dark valley with the bright hope of immortality.

At midnight we went to the convent of the Sacred Heart on the Pincian Hill; the door was cautiously opened by one of the French religious, by whom the convent—an educational and charitable institution—is conducted. She scanned us long and inquiringly as we stood on the threshold, but, knowing my voice, at length admitted us. We crept softly into the church by a side chapel, not to disturb the solemn service which had already commenced. The church, a large and well-proportioned edifice, was dimly lighted. Many worshippers knelt on the marble floor, some almost prostrate before the altar, others, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, seemed lost in prayer. I never had before beheld a scene where such an *abandon* of religious enthusiasm prevailed; the midnight hour, the darkened church, the affecting recollection of the awful event which they had met to commemorate, seemed present with all. Service was going on, but no word was spoken, either by the priest or the congregation—not a sound, save a stifled sigh, broke the silence. Behind the high and solid iron bars, forming a screen between the body of the church and the sanctum sanctorum of the high altar, seats were placed. Presently a dark-robed, white-veiled figure glided noiselessly in, another and another rapidly followed, each taking their place opposite the altar. Now a group would emerge from the recess behind the altar, then a single figure, and again a whole cluster of black forms, passing on like a vision of shadowy ghosts. It was all so dreamy and unearthly I more than once passed my hands across my eyes to make sure that I was awake.

Such was the number of white-veiled nuns that went floating by, an hour had elapsed before they were all assembled. The front of the altar

and the steps had then become filled, the richly-robed priest, his face turned towards the altar, standing in the midst. The awful stillness grew at last positively oppressive. One by one this strange sombre throng received the eucharist, bowed to the altar, and retired as noiselessly as they had entered. When all were gone, the priest turned towards the kneeling congregation, who advanced to the screen and received the sacrament. I never shall forget that night; it rests on my memory like a peep into the very courts of heaven.

Although launched in the midst of the Holy Week, I must delay no longer to chronicle a happy day we spent last Monday, for fear the glowing impression on my mind should diminish.

I had heard much of the beauty of the *Pineta*, or pine woods of Castel Fusano, and I wished also to see Ostia, out of reverence for its classical associations. I do not care what antiquarians say. I defy—I throw down my glove to all of them. I can read Virgil as well as they, and I never will believe that Æneas landed at Porto d'Anzio, or anywhere else than at Ostia, where the localities so exactly tally with Virgil's description. So an excursion to Castel Fusano was arranged, which was to combine the delights of luxuriant nature and classic memories—food for the head and the heart, not forgetting the poor body, which was cared for in a large basket, stowed away under the seat of the carriage, for the ethereal essences of our immortal being would have cut but a poor figure during a long summer day without the assistance and support of that much-abused but necessary partner.

We left Rome by the Porta San Paolo, otherwise Ostiensis, rebuilt by Belisarius—one of the most picturesque entrances into the dear old city—flanked by the pyramid of Caius Cestius, standing like a sentinel over the long ages flying by, and the high turreted walls and towers beyond, old enough to have witnessed Totila's second entrance into Rome. And now we are driving along Tiber's banks out on the pathless wilderness of green, with nothing but the white mass of the Pauline Basilica to break the monotonous lines.

We were a quartet, S—— again standing for Sculpture in a very pleasant form, and K——, fresh from England, and C——, and T——, all young and enthusiastic, full of fancies and wild theories; so well crammed, indeed, with Virgil and the graceful legends of old Greece, we were little better than pagans for the time being. We first began by talking ourselves hoarse about architecture; then we as rapidly discussed sculpture; and at last, tired of talking, settled down quietly to look at the Campagna. The soft morning air came balmily breathing across the aromatic turf, bearing rich odours of sweet herbs. Oh! those everlasting long lines, there they are again—the never-ending battle-fields. I had so often traced, and of which the Campagna is literally a perpetual repetition.

Below, is the broad open valley where one host lies encamped; above, the steeply-rising, undulating hills, where the enemy has entrenched, to be scaled and taken ere the day is won, and the audacious Carthaginian, or the savage Gaul, driven back from whence they came. Over and over again the same scene occurs, especially in the lower parts of the Campagna, where the early conquests of the infant state were most fiercely contested, and seem actually to have moulded the face of nature to its

warlike humour, and left an everlasting impress. The sun shone brilliantly on that gracefully undulating plain leading down to the Hesperian strand, the birds shot rapidly across the verdant ground, and the classic Tiber, along whose banks we drove, curved and circled in many windings, now forming an island, now skirting a low wood, the reedy sedges rustling under the overhanging trees, as the rapid current rolled by. No snake ever lay more unquietly in the sun than did that broad river, writhing and curling across the plain; sometimes we could discern three separate curves, the alternate strips of land and water lying terrace-wise before us, the broad belt of the Tyrrhene Sea capping all like an azure zone.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed K——, as the sea first caught our gaze; "it would be worth coming from England only to see so exquisite a view."

On the grassy green expanse, in the valleys and up the rifts of the hills, grew thousands of snow-white stalwart lilies, shooting up from masses of waxy leaves. They were unlike any other lilies I had ever seen—so grandly beautiful, with a certain strange look, as if a charm must dwell within their delicate cups, and that fairies must meet under the shadow of those dark leaves on moonlight nights, and dance in circling measures, and hold trysts with their sisters the butterflies and the bright-winged beetles. Those stately flowers could tell many a tale of Oberon and Titania and their tiny court, under the moonlight in the still summer nights, the sound of the rushing river, rolling heavily by, making soft music. Beside the lilies grew the purple Judas-tree, shedding thousands of ruddy leaves to the breeze. We were such children we jumped out and filled the carriage with flowers, assisted by an old beggar, who sprang up suddenly no one knew where, and begged us, "by the tears of the Madonna," to give him a bajoicho; in return for which he wished us all in paradise—a wish in which we, sinners as we were, being very happy on earth, profanely did not join.

Sixteen long miles lay between Rome and Ostia—the very voyage the "goddess-born" Æneas undertook, when, warned by the god Tiberinus of the impending danger, he committed himself and his companions to the "azure current," calling on the Laurentine nymphs, and the "horn-bearing river," Father Tiber himself, to receive him, and compassionate his misfortunes, as he turns the prow of his boat towards Rome and the Arcadian Aventine, in search of the friendship and alliance of old Evander against the fierce Rutulians. After we had accomplished the first half of the distance we lost sight of "the noble river that rolls by the walls of Rome," and entered a woody copse. Straight as an arrow the road cleaved those low trees, until, gradually descending, at last we emerge, after many miles, on a lonely, desolate region, neither sea nor land—sandy, uncultivated, barren, indicative of sea, but with no sea to be seen—a repulsive, melancholy scene, rank weeds and tall reeds its only verdure. There are large square tanks, or ponds, covered with white brine—salt-pits—in the same place where they were formed, B.C. 121 years, at the mouth of the Tiber, in the reign of Ancus Martius, as recorded by Livy. The road runs on a low terrace. Between these ancient marshes, filled with stagnant water, a large machicolated tower appears, evidently medieval, built by the warlike Julius della

Rovere—pope and warrior—to defend the coast, over which war and rapine and ruin had swept for centuries. This old tower, standing out alone in the ugly salt-pits, and a few wretched houses grouped about it, is Ostia: a plague-stricken place, sombre, gloomy, and sad, as though a curse rested on its name.

K——, who had just arrived from London, was wild at having his romantic ideas so rudely scattered. "What!" cried he, "is this Ostia?—the cradle of Rome—the harbour where the 'Dardanian chief' landed—where he won and wedded the daughter of the Latin king? What a sin!—what a shame that it should be allowed to sink into such undignified ruin! One can neither see the river nor the sea—abominable!"

I was, by experience, somewhat accustomed to these disappointments, Italy being a country in which I had often philosophised on Juliet's theme of "What's in a name?" This, then, was the once beautiful Ausonian shore, girt by the Tyrrhene Sea, "where Æneas descried a spacious grove, through which Tiberinus, god of the pleasant river Tiber, with rapid whirls and quantities of sand discoloured, bursts forward into the sea. All around and overhead various birds, accustomed to the banks and channel of the river, charmed the skies with their songs, and fluttered up and down the grove. Thither he commands his mates to bend their course and turn their prow towards land."

"And now," said K——, who had read this passage from Virgil, "the Lydian river' that skirted Etruria's frontiers has disappeared, the groves are cut down, the birds have turned into croaking frogs, as noisy as if just transformed by Latona, and only the discoloured salt and the all-choking sand remains. I wish I had not come."

But I, for my part, rejoiced to see the spot identified with Virgil's fabled hero, however changed by the accumulation of sand during as many centuries, and the undeniable fact that the present "pæse" of Ostia was rebuilt by Gregory XIV. at a distance of more than a mile from the ancient city, which had become a void and a ruin by the bloody invasions of the Saracens. One therefore looks in vain for any fragments of King Latinus's old town, where he ruled in quiet and everlasting peace, with its stately palace of Picus raised on a hundred columns, surrounded by its awful wood, and containing the statues of the ancient kings Italus, and Sabinus, and old Saturn, "planter of the vine," and double-faced Janus, the temple where the virgin Lavinia kindled the holy altars; or the ancient elms on the banks of the Sacred Stream, where the milk-white sow farrowed her litter of thirty young, lying on the verdant bank. Really, allowing for "poetical licence," and with all possible respect for the feelings of Virgil, I do think it was a very impertinent thing of the newly-arrived Æneas to begin building a city at once, without even asking leave; and so good old King Latinus seemed to think also, when he saw them marking out the walls and trenches.

The once "Hesperian strand" is now inhabited by swarms of the most unpleasant beggars, draped in filthy rags, with pale, fever-stricken faces, telling a sad tale of the ravages of malaria, always peculiarly attracted by a low shore and stagnant water. These squalid inhabitants of modern Ostia gathered round us as we halted by the side of the gate, under the shadow of the fine old tower. A barefooted Franciscan friar, bearing a

wallet, came and begged too; and troops of old women, as hideous as "baleful Alecto" when she rose from hell to torment the soul of Amata, clustered round, the classic distaff in their hands.

Somehow or other a cloud had passed over our happy morning. K——, enthusiastic and impressionable, was blanked at the disappointment he had experienced at Ostia. I pointed out to him the dark lines of the distant pine forest looming in the horizon—a true remnant of the primeval Laurentine groves—and held out to him a hope that he might discover some tree aged and venerable enough to have borne the golden branch plucked by *Aeneas* as a talisman by which to open the adamantine gates of Hades, when he descended with the Cumean Sybil to the dark shores of Acheron. S—— had turned unaccountably pale in the mean time, and we were fain to descend from our "Parnassian heights" and attend to him. He was seized with a violent fit of convulsive trembling—the prelude of an attack of Roman fever, a malady from which he had suffered severely during the winter. How I dread Roman fever: it is the most insidious and unrelenting scourge imaginable; once caught it is never lost, often returning after years of intermission. Poor S—— looked like a corpse, and piteously entreated us to talk no more about Virgil, but to drive at once to Castel Fusano, to give him a chance of finding a bed where he might lie until the attack mitigated, which he assured us it would do in about four hours. This was a melancholy act in our little day-drama, and threw a gloom over us all.

The road from Ostia to the forest is such a track, so rough, and rugged, and sandy, bordered by such ditches and holes, it would be impracticable for a carriage anywhere but in Italy. The horses contrived, after immense efforts, to drag us through. At one moment we were hoisted on high, then down we descended into the depths of a mighty rut, jolted and shaken to death. On either side of this primitive road extended luxuriant, unenclosed corn-fields, stretching away towards the woody track we had traversed—a rich and fertile prospect, extending far away to the foot of the Alban Hills, where many towns and villages dotted their purple sides, while above towered the loftier mountains of the Abruzzi. Bounding the pine wood was a stagnant canal, whose unwholesome waters had become an aquatic garden; gigantic reeds waved in the breeze, overmantling tangled masses of white and yellow water-lilies, and meadow-sweet, and thousands of sweetly-scented flowers. A moment more and we were enclosed within the deep shade of the solemn pine wood. No underwood or shrubs broke the delicate turf, or impeded our view of the high-knotted trunks, shooting up so bravely, and supporting the rich masses of the mysterious trees whose branches murmured sad and soft as distant music—low whisperings, as it seemed to me, of far-off ages, when *Feronia* ruled the woods. An aromatic perfume scented the air, the natural incense Nature flings around her altars. Yes, this pine wilderness was beautiful.

Not far from the entrance stands in a spacious opening the castellated villa belonging to the Chigi family, interesting as the former site of *Pliny's* Laurentine villa. It is a residence and a fortress, the solid square pile being flanked by turreted towers and loopholes, while above rises a central erection, at once a citadel and a belvedere, or terrace far enjoying the prospect and the air. In our civilised age, and in a

season of profound peace, such precautions may appear absurd, but situated as is the house in a forest so near the sea, exposed alike to the attacks of banditti and pirates—gentry that in these latitudes are the certain accompaniments of revolutionary movements—they are far from being unwise or ridiculous.

S—— had now become very ill, and our first care was devoted towards propitiating the fattore, or steward, and obtaining from him a room with a pallet, on which he might lie down and load himself with clothes, in order to produce the second, or fever stage of the malady, which works itself off by excessive perspiration. K—— soon accomplished this: the fattore was gracious. S—— was carried up-stairs, and the remaining three of our merry party set forth to explore the deep woods that frowned around.

Long glades opened out in every direction, heavy with the deep shadows of the pines, whose spreading tops glistened blue under the ardent sun. K——'s fancy could run wild here, for we were amid the undoubted remains of the primeval Laurentine forest, worthy by its beauty of being associated with poetic dreams of the *Æneid*; indeed, it was impossible not to find oneself linking every opening glade, or venerable tree, or overarching bower, with some well-known episode in the immortal poem. The graceful legends of classic Greece, transplanted from their native soil, found here a home no less charming, fully adapted to develop each delicate thought,—an elegant suggestion of that rare old superstition that deified and poetised all that was lovely in nature.

Before the casino or villa, on a grassy plain, stood an altar surrounded by the encircling woods, a fit shrine to Picus or Faunus, or the nymphs and dryads who rove within the sacred shade. Here on the velvet turf the priests about to sacrifice to the sylvan deities might have lain on outspread sheepskins, and slumbered through the sable night, awaiting the moment to commence their rites when the Hours' shiny feet first trode the threshold of morning, preluding Aurora's rosy car, when Memnon's statue gives out sweet music. Deep within the depths of these silent groves, the cruel Iulus, son of Creusa, once chased the silver stag of Sylvia, reposing in the underwood of myrtle and laurel, through remote by-paths and long winding glades impervious to the sun.

We turned into a lofty avenue of ilex, leading by a broad, straight way, paved with lava blocks, towards the sea. Not a single shrub or tree of living green broke the peculiar colouring of these sacred woods, dark, solemn, and mysterious, the distant waves softly murmuring through the black branches that cut against the turquoise sky in sharp hard lines. It was a scene out of another world—a perfect solitude, save for the thick-coming fancies that wreathed a thousand imaginings—calling forth other centuries and other races, and invoking an old poetic faith to people its recesses. We did not talk together; each communed with his own thoughts, so unreal and strange was the solemn enchantment that surrounded us. The ground was thickly overrun with rose-mary as in the time of Pliny (the delicate blue blossoms loading the slender stalk), flowering Daphne, wild myrtle, Venus' plant, and other aromatic herbs and shrubs, perfuming this temple of the sylvan gods, whose roof was the unclouded heavens, upheld by countless pillars of the yellow pine, opening into aisles, and naves, and shrines, and sanctuaries of unspeakable beauty.

I can scarcely describe the strange fancies that haunt me among the pine and ilex woods of Italy, where a funereal veil, beautiful as night, descends over the radiant face of verdant nature; for as night is to day, so are the dark shades of those sombre trees to the bright garish colouring of other forests. It has been said that there is a philosophy in the trunks of trees, and the strange contortions of the olive, gnarled and knotted by the growth of centuries, has been instanced as displaying every phase and development of human passion: the grim, morose old man, in some tree bowed with age; the stalwart sapling, strong, and fresh, and vigorous, amorously wooing the soft breezes; the growing wrinkles and coming anxieties of middle life, marked in the aspect of another still verdant tree that yet waves aloft its ample boughs of bluish green, loaded with black fruit. But for my part, I see nothing so characteristic among the southern trees as the ilex and the pine, formed by nature as if to cast dark shadows around the portico of a lofty temple, or to guard the hallowed precincts of some sacred shrine. Dante himself must have been sensible of their picturesque associations, when he represents the Harpies as wailing among the branches of dark woods, and ever and anon displaying their horrid faces amid the leaves. To-day there was a heavy sighing sound in the wind as it passed over the pine-tops that recalled to me this poetic image. A mysterious fear came over me. I would not have plucked one of the branches that lay across our path, for worlds. I am sure blood would have flowed, and that I should have heard the melancholy wailing of some imprisoned spirit, crying out, as did Piero delle Vigne in the "*Inferno*," "Why pluckest thou me?"—" *Perchè mi schianate?* "

We turned into some of the narrow winding-paths among the thickly-tangled woods of myrtle and fragrant laurel, gloomy holms, fit region for ghosts and drowsy night, where the spirits of those unhappy ones dying of unrequited love might wander as in the sable shades of Hades; Phœnician Dido haunting the shore inhabited by her lover, and the guilty Phædra hovering near Diana's neighbouring grove, where Hippolytus once lived beside the placid lake; and Procris, and the disconsolate Eriphyle. Bright wild flowers spangled the ground in this fragrant shade—the purple anemone sprung from Adonis' blood, waxy cistuses, and the yellow broom. The sun had become oppressive in the broad avenue, so we rested a while in these dainty bowers, where Feronia and Herileus tend the mazy woods, and Flora triumphs in her verdant home. We remembered it was within these lonely wilds, under the fitful light of the pale moon, that Virgil's valiant young hero Euryalus, caught in a cruel ambush, was overcome by the Volscians, and fell beneath their swords, "as when a purple flower cut down by the plough pines away in death." His friend, the faithful Nisus, cares not for life without him; covered with wounds received in defending him from the Rutulians, he flings himself upon the body of the youth, and their souls descend united to the gloomy realms of Pluto. Hither Amata rushed when, incited by Alecto to oppose Lavinia's marriage with the newly-landed stranger Æneas, she counterfeited the enthusiasm of Bacchus, and woke the depths with the inspiring cry "*Evoe Bacchus!*" As Echo bore afar the sounds of her cries, she was quickly followed by the Latin matrons, who abandon their homes, and fly forth, wrapped in skins, unbinding the fillets of their hair, flourishing in their hands the vine-dressed spears, and bearing



blazing torches, which they tear from the surrounding pines—a maddened troop that shout through the forest wild nuptial songs celebrating the marriage of the Latin maid with *Æneas'* detested rival, Rutulian *Turnus*. But the solitary echoes, silent for so many centuries, were unbroken now, save by the soft cooing of the turtle doves and the clear chirrup of the cicadae among the leaves.

Lovely as it was to wander through the woods and spin unnumbered fancies under the classic shade, the hour warned us to proceed, and we returned into the majestic avenue leading to the shore. Beyond the woods lay a sandy belt, overgrown with low fir-trees; then we mounted a little sand-hill; when below, close at hand, the glorious ocean broke upon us, its azure waves breaking over the yellow strand. Magnificent beyond imagination, beyond expression, was that burst. It came before us like a newly-created world, glittering with beams of golden light, dancing, gleeful,—where breathed a freer, purer air, delicious breezes from the sheeny expanse, whose deep blue waves almost put the heavens to shame. Not a ripple broke the surface of the ocean, the water just breaking in a creamy fringe, with a gentle lulling sound, against the tawny shore. The dark lines of the Laurentine forest, skirting the Tyrrhene Sea for hundreds of miles, stretched far away towards Ardea, and along the Circinian strand, where the famed enchantress once weaved her magic spells under their shadow.

"This," cried K—, "exceeds all that the most exuberant fancy could conceive; nay, even the description of the greatest of poets sinks into a pale shadow beside this gorgeous reality."

We sat for a while under a shed used by the charcoal-burners; not a creature was visible, not a sound, save the rippling waves, was heard. Old Neptune held his court to-day, and all nature combined to do him honour, as in the bygone time, when Dolphin, radiant in gold and azure scales, bore his amorous message to *Amphitrite*, who dwelt deep in ocean's caves, where coral and pearls and sparkling shells strew the ground, and many-hued seaweeds wave in the blue depths. On such a day as this one might fancy her emerging from the blue depths to meet her bridegroom, bearing in her hand the sceptre of the sea, attended by troops of Tritons, their sounding shells making a merry music, and escorted by the faithful ambassador Dolphin—(soon to be rewarded by a place among the stars)—seated in a car formed of a shell whiter than snow, impelled by purple sails swelled by little Zephyrs, the golden wheels ploughing deep furrows on the surface of the waves, which fall back before her path. What monsters of the deep come issuing forth in haste to see Neptune's wife! There were enormous whales, and Syrens, and Sea-Nymphs crowned with lilies; and Father Oceanus, and his fair partner, *Thetis*, with her dripping locks; and old *Nereus* and his fifty daughters, their faces veiled with azure hair, who guard the shores and streams; and *Æolus*, with threatening aspect silencing the rebellious winds; and *Galatea*, fairest among the daughters of the main; and *Iris*, shooting from the clouds with expanded wings, a blaze of glory around her head, and the many-hued robes of the rainbow wrapped around her—all coming forth to do homage to their future Queen.

As we sat in the charcoal-burners' hut, looking along the coast towards Ardea, K— remembered the legend of *Danaë*, saved by the love of Jupiter from the shades of Hades, and wafted by the impetuous

south wind to that spot, where she founded the colony ruled afterwards by Turnus, the rival of *Aeneas*. Nor could we forget that these waves had given birth to the Pathian Queen, born of the glistening sea-foam, and that to these Hesperian shores she was first wafted, attended by the lightly-stepping Seasons wreathed with fruit and flowers, and the rosy Hours in divine attire ministering before her, as, bright with divine beauty, she wanders through the groves. Oh, Italy! dazzling daughter of the South, lying like a gorgeous flower on the ocean's shore, what visions dost thou invoke by land and sea!

But the happiest dreams must have an end; so our classical rhapsodies were rudely ended by the discovery of the hour, and—shame to say, spite of the goddesses and the nymphs, and the winds and the waves—by the humiliating fact that we were very hungry. Even K——, who had sat spell-bound in a sort of enchantment, was fain to confess “that the poor body called loudly on the merciless spirit to have pity on its wants.” So we returned whither we had come, and discussed our Italian meal of wine and fruit and cake in an upper chamber—a most musty, uncomfortable place after our Arcadian seat within the wood. K—— went to look after S——, who, though extremely ill, was determined to return to Rome; so he was brought down and placed in the carriage, and we turned our backs on the Laurentine woods, and dismissed our Pegasus (having indeed been ridden quite savagely) into dreamland, and started off, quite sobered down, on the rough road leading away from the Ausonian coast, where we had enjoyed such delicious hours.

As we again approached the fine old tower at Ostia that rises so grandly out of the surrounding desolation, other recollections occurred to me very antagonistic to the visionary worship I had been paying to the false gods of paganism. St. Augustine, the prop and pillar of the medieval Church, has, in his affecting confessions, irrevocably connected his name with Ostia. It was here that he landed on first arriving in Italy from Africa, to be instructed and perfected in the Christian faith, accompanied by his mother Monica, of whom he has left so interesting a description. After visiting Rome and Milan, where he was baptised by St. Ambrose, he desired to return to Africa and devote himself undividedly to the divine service in whatever path the providence of God might appoint. Again he found himself at Ostia with his mother and little brother, but the affectionate parent, who had so rejoiced in his conversion to the faith she had always professed, was not permitted to accompany him further. On that desolate strand Monica (canonised by the Romish Church) sickened and died, her parting admonitions to the future saint and her little son being faithfully detailed in “the Confessions”—touching and beautiful pages, descriptive of the calm resignation of the dying Christian.

It was at Ostia Saint Ignatius, the friend of Polycarp, and with him joint disciple of Saint John, landed when coming from the far-off East, his bishopric at Antioch, to be massacred in the great Flavian amphitheatre. A fond legend tells that Ignatius had seen the face of our Lord, and that he was the infant whom the Divine One embraced and set in the middle of his disciples, saying, “Of such are the kingdom of heaven.” When Trajan, the warlike emperor, conqueror of the Scythians and Dacians, visited Antioch, Ignatius was brought before him, being accused

of seducing the people. When desired to sacrifice, he replied, "that all the treasures of Trajan's empire would not induce him to forsake the only true and living God."

"What talkest thou of God?" cried the emperor; "thy God is dead on the cross. Our gods reign in Olympus."

Then Ignatius, much moved, replied:

"Your gods, oh, emperor! are vicious mortals, and as such have died. Jove is buried in Candia, Esculapius was shot with an arrow, Venus lies in Paphos, and Hercules burned himself alive. These, great Trajan, are your gods."

So Trajan ordered his mouth to be stopped, and Ignatius was condemned to be sent to Rome and torn to pieces by wild beasts, as befitted an obstinate unbeliever.

Nor were pagan associations wanting. I remembered that it was to Ostia Marius fled when overcome by the troops of his rival, Sylla. Stained with the blood of the noblest Romans, he fled alone, for all his followers had abandoned the now aged tyrant. A single friend, Numerius, awaited him in a small vessel, which after many mishaps and chances bore him to Carthage. Who does not remember the old school-room story of Marius receiving the message of the Roman governor forbidding him to set foot in Africa, and his reply, "Go tell thy master that thou hast seen the exiled Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage?"

Ostia was to the emperors a suburban watering-place. They loved to sail up and down the Tiber in regal magnificence, the whole surrounding country decked out to do them honour. Old Claudius, the stupidest of hoodwinked husbands, built the port, and amused himself by loitering here while Messalina dragged the imperial purple in the filth of Rome. Hither her accusers came, and imparted to him the astounding fact that she had publicly married another man; to which he replied, like a fool as he was, "Am I an emperor?"

And in the old times, too, there were brave pageants at Ostia, such as when Paulus Æmilius, after his conquest of Macedon, and the capture of King Perseus, landed there with his royal prisoner. Then was the stout old Roman, who had driven all Greece before him, carried up the Tiber "in a royal galley of vast size, rowed by sixteen tiers of oars, decorated with Macedonian spoils, consisting not only of beautiful armour, but of tapestry and such kind of works, which had been the property of the king, while the banks of the river were covered with the multitudes that poured out to do him honour." So writes pleasant Livy. Such, too, as on that day—but I have done. I feel I am again off on my Pegasus on quite another tack, but surely one that will carry me as far as ever did the gods and goddesses of the Laurentine forest.

In good sooth I feel ashamed of my garrulity, and beg my reader's pardon, especially if chance has not led him to Italy, and he know not the delight of turning over the significant stories of the past, and pondering on their memories. We were a sad and sober party returning home, along the same road we had traversed with such glee. There was poor S— shivering with fever; K— tired to death, fast asleep; C— humming a dreary tune; and I—I was—as I fear you will have thought me all the day—quite lost in the clouds of the past.

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE ARMIES OF THE SMALLER GERMAN POWERS.

It is with very deep regret we find that our anticipations as to the conduct of Austria and Prussia, so frequently expressed in the pages of this Magazine, have been verified with a degree of systematic duplicity even surpassing the worst days of a Metternich. After every loophole for escape had been closed, Austria, much comforted by the example of Lord John, plucked up sufficient courage to throw the *onus* of the war upon us, and has plainly given us to understand that she will naught of it. Who that has read the fable of the oyster and the lawyer but will find a parallel in the conduct of the Court of Hapsburg. They have swallowed the oyster—i. e. the Danubian Principalities—and we are sadly afraid that the Allies will find themselves compelled to employ very violent measures eventually, before they will disgorge their prey.

Prussia, on the other hand, has remained true to herself or to her king, and we can hardly regret that it is so. She has ever been a troublesome friend, and her alliance could only be purchased at the expense of much humiliation, which we Englishmen are not the people to endure, even if so many of our ministers would like John Bull to eat "humble pie." But we can leave time to effect the cure in this instance: Prussia is gradually sinking from her lofty position—she is becoming a by-word among nations, and the state which a Soldateska built up may yet be destined to perish by the sword.

But what becomes of the remainder of Germany? Our diplomatists appear to have ignored every German element save Austria and Prussia. And yet, at this moment, there are resources lying fallow which might be made of the greatest benefit to us, were we inclined to give the *quid pro quo*. In the May number of the *New Monthly* we showed the components of the German Army of Confederation, and in the present number we propose to draw attention to the forces which the lesser German regents could bring into the field, if they were once disposed to act energetically.

A certain Napoleon, called the Great, had the talent to form a Rhenish Confederation, which proved to him of the most material assistance in his campaigns. By cleverly playing on the jealousies and self-interest of a parcel of princes most different in religion and policy, he contrived to form them into one compact whole, and found among them many friends who adhered to him through good and evil repute. We need only refer to the King of Saxony among others, whom the Congress of Vienna punished so severely for daring to permit private friendship to outweigh the interests of Prussia and Austria. Why could not the same appliances be brought to bear now? In what do 1808 and 1855 so greatly differ, that we might not purchase (it's an ugly word, but the real one) the valuable assistance of troops now wasting their energies in acting

as policemen, and putting down beer commotions? Those mistaken notions which appear to have sprung up from a morbid feeling for peace at any price, have hitherto caused us to refrain from drawing other nations into the contest, forgetting the while that their vitality is imperilled more than our own. We certainly take the goods the gods provide us, and when a Quixotic monarch offers us his troops *gratis*, and we lend him a couple of millions in the same disinterested fashion, we feel as if we had done a good stroke of business. But such is not the way in which a war, more especially with Russia, must be carried on. Necessity will compel us, ere long, to count up our friends, whether interested or disinterested, and the longer we delay, the greater will be the price we shall have to pay.

We are not singular in these views, as will be seen by an extract we purpose to make from a paper published at Stockholm, called the *Svenska Tidningen* :

"Now that the sun of spring is beginning to melt our snow, and burst the ice which enchains our seas, the Western Powers will assuredly renew their appeals to the Northern States to join their alliance. Will they succeed? Will the King of Sweden and Norway, who by the fundamental laws alone has the right to declare war, break the neutrality he has hitherto maintained? This is a question of immense importance for the future of our country, which our governments must face in the midst of difficulties, dangers, and caprice. The Western Powers have already attached Sardinia to their cause; she has sent 15,000 men to the eastern seat of war. The same Powers are striving to gain Portugal, which can only offer them a still smaller number of troops. If England and France are seeking such allies, what advantages would they derive from having Sweden and Norway on their side, able to throw very considerable forces on the side of the Baltic? Our assistance would be of especial service to England, when she possesses at this moment no army to send to the Baltic, nor can she form one; and in our flotilla she would find that species of maritime arm so necessary for crippling the Russians. France, too, would have 60,000 men at her disposition, whom, in the event of our non-assistance, she would be compelled to send to the north.

"Our situation is not that of Sardinia or Portugal, although there is some resemblance between the population and military forces. We are not, like them, at a great distance from the seat of war; we are not, like Sardinia, enclosed between two great protecting Powers, nor, like Portugal, situate at the extremity of Europe, under the ægis of an imposing flag. Our situation has more analogy with that of Austria. Like her, we are close to the great enemy, far from our great Allies; we should be the *first*, and probably the *last*, to bear the burden of the war. Austria, who can bring into the field 200,000 men, for whom the present war is a vital question, as her most precious commercial advantages, her religious and political independence are at stake,—Austria, who has on her right Turkey for an ally, and on her left France, ready to send a formidable army to her aid through Germany,—Austria hesitates about drawing the sword, and is using her utmost exertions to terminate the contest by negotiations, and we, for whom the famous Four Points present scarce any interest—for whom the war has no settled object—are expected to hurl ourselves into it blindly!

"We say that the war has no definite object as far as we are concerned. But would not the weakening of Russia be of great effect on the future of Sweden? Doubtlessly, if this weakening is brought about. But the Great Powers are not yet agreed on this point. What resolutions have been formed? As long as the question remains as it is, we are on a sea of uncertainty. As long as the Great Powers have not agreed on a definitive settlement of the European balance, our union with them in the Russian war would only be a support given to a policy full of chances impossible to foresee, and of no advantage to us. We cannot afford to run so great a risk.

"No; before the three Great Powers at least have decided resolutely to deprive Russia of important territories, we do not believe that Sweden ought to give up that state of peace and security which she enjoys at present—a *status* recognised by the whole of Europe, even by Russia, and blessed by the peoples of the united kingdoms. It is not yet known, and probably we shall not be informed for some time, how far the Allies have resolved to dismember Russia. Even if Austria were to give the Allies that armed co-operation for which they have waited so long, it would not then be certain that this dismemberment would be declared a necessary condition of peace. Might not other means be found which would equally satisfy the honour of all parties?—and where should we be in such a case?"

The arguments employed by the Swedes are good, and may be applied equally to Germany. Unless we can offer the smaller German princes a guarantee that they run no risk, it would be difficult to induce them to join us. But such guarantee could be afforded by a French army on the Rhine. The real truth is, Austria *dare* not engage in the contest. At the present moment she is compelled to send Radetzky very considerable reinforcements, for the whole of Italy is smouldering, and the fire may burst forth at any point. Hungary is quiet, it is true, but Poland will yet be a thorn in the side of her oppressors; and we believe that there is nothing to prevent our obtaining the assistance of the smaller German princes if we like to bid for it. The great bugbear of Russian influence is decidedly exaggerated. The princes may be on the side of the Czar, but the people is not: and the military in these states are very different from the Austrian Soldateska. Owing to the poverty of the governments, the troops are constantly on furlough, and hence a feeling of fraternisation with the people is largely kept up. 1848 taught us what dependence the smaller regents could place in their troops; and we feel confident that, were we to make a bid, the English government could secure the whole of Southern Germany to their side. It is not our business to point out the rewards that should be offered—we leave those to abler heads than our own—but we will content ourselves with showing where a very large accession of strength may be acquired, and if the proper measures are taken, a foreign legion may be easily obtained far superior to the specimens now to be seen at Heligoland and Shorncliffe.

The armies of the smaller German princes are collectively known under the title of the Army of Confederation; but it is highly probable that this plaything of peace would be dissolved immediately on the outbreak of a general war. Hence it will be desirable for us to regard the dif-

ferent smaller states of Germany as independent of each other, and give details of the organisation of their armies without reference to the Bund.

THE BAVARIAN ARMY, in its strength, takes the third place among the armies of Germany. It is now sufficiently large to form an independent corps in any war, and, consequently, possesses very considerable importance. The results of the year 1848 have proved highly beneficial to this army. It was not only considerably augmented in that year (each infantry regiment by a battalion, each cavalry regiment by a squadron, and the artillery by a horse regiment), but also greatly reformed. Discipline was more stringently regarded, and considerable attention paid to the education of the officers. The troops were exercised repeatedly and reviewed, and all the manoeuvres really of value in war, and not merely for parade, are now kept up sedulously. The unmistakable benefits of all these changes are already very perceptible, and the troops are in a great state of efficiency.

The STAFF is composed of—

- 1 Field-marshal
- 4 Generals (including 1 master of the Ordnance)
- 11 Lieutenant-generals
- 32 Major-generals

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL'S STAFF :

- 1 Quartermaster-general
- 1 Lieutenant-general
- 3 Colonels
- 2 Lieutenant-colonels
- 5 Majors
- 15 Captains

INFANTRY.—The infantry, at the present time, is composed of—

1. Sixteen regiments of the line, each = 3 battalions, each battalion = 6 companies. The latter composed of—

- 4 Officers
- 2 Under-officers
- 14 Non-commissioned officers
- 2 Musicians
- 2 Pioneers
- 178 Rank and file, or 202 combatants

The battalion contains—

- 1 Major
- 1 Adjutant
- 1 Battalion surgeon
- 1 Assistant-surgeon
- 1 Quartermaster
- 1 Ensign
- 1 Battalion drummer, and
- 5 Companies, or 1009 combatants

The whole 48 battalions of the line would, therefore, contain 48,432 men, of whom, during peace, two-thirds are on furlough. The armament consists of a percussion musket with bayonet, 24 men in each company carrying Thouvenin rifles, and, in addition, all the soldiers have short side-arms. The uniform consists of trousers and tunics of light-blue cloth with various collars and facings, a long grey, very good cloth cloak, and a small, low leather casque with a black woollen crest. The accoutrements are white.

2. Six *chasseur* battalions, each battalion = 6 companies. Each company is made up of—

- 4 Officers
- 14 Under-officers
- 3 Buglers
- 2 Pioneers
- 158 Rank and file, or 181 combatants

The battalion consists of—

- 1 Staff officer
- 1 Adjutant
- 3 Surgeons
- 7 Auditors, quartermasters, &c.
- 1 Ensign
- 1 Staff bugler, and
- 5 Companies

altogether amounting to 909 men; whence the whole body of *chasseurs*, on a full war footing, would amount to 5454 men. The *chasseurs* wear the same uniform as the line (except that the collars are light green), and are now armed with rifles, though, till very recently, there was no distinction, strange to say, between them and the line, although such magnificent shots could be drawn from the Bavarian Alps and the Spessart.

The total strength of the Bavarian infantry consequently amounts to 53,886 men on the full war complement. But as there are no reserves or *dépôts* in Bavaria (the Landwehr forming merely a civic guard), not more than 40,000 could be sent into the field, which is, certainly, a very considerable number for a kingdom like Bavaria.\*

CAVALRY.—1. Two regiments of cuirassiers, each regiment of 3 divisions = 6 squadrons (in war a *dépôt* will be established). Each squadron has 4 officers, 16 under-officers, 3 trumpeters, and 135 privates; or, altogether, 158 men. The whole regiment is made up of—

- 1 Colonel
- 3 Staff officers
- 5 Surgeons (1 veterinary)
- 1 Regimental adjutant
- 9 Auditors, gunsmiths, &c.
- 1 Staff trumpeter, and
- 6 Squadrons

amounting to 956 men; or the two cuirassier regiments, on the full war complement, 1912 men.

The cuirassiers are generally very tall and powerful men, mounted on strong North German horses. Their principal arm is a long, straight sabre, and each man has one pistol. The uniform consists of a light-blue tunic and trousers with a red stripe, breast and back cuirass of polished steel, steel helmet, and white horseman's mantle; and they are very fine-looking soldiers.

2. Six regiments of *cheval-légers* of similar strength and formation with the cuirassiers; or, altogether, 36 squadrons on the war footing = 5736 men. They are mounted on native horses very compactly built, wear dark-green tunics with red facings, trousers of the same colour with broad red stripes, helmet same pattern as infantry, with white plume,

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\* At the time we are writing a very large augmentation is taking place.



and are armed with a sabre and carbine. They are excellent troops, and distinguished themselves greatly in all the campaigns in which the Bavarian troops were engaged.

The total strength of the Bavarian cavalry, without depôts, is, consequently, 7650 men. By great exertions, 7000 of these might be employed in an external campaign.

**THE ARTILLERY.**—In addition to the ordnance and two laboratory companies, the artillery is made up of 2 regiments of foot and 1 regiment of horse artillery. Each regiment of foot artillery has 6 batteries of heavy, and 6 batteries of light artillery, each of 8 guns; or, altogether, 96 guns.

A battery or company has, including officers, 133 men. In addition to these 12 companies, each artillery regiment has 3 companies of fortress artillery, amounting to 621 men, and contains altogether, without transport, 2231 men.

The horse artillery regiment has 4 batteries, each of 8 guns, with a total strength of 816 men, including officers, thus made up:

- 1 Staff officer
- 1 Adjutant
- 3 Surgeons
- 7 Auditors, quartermasters, &c.
- 1 Ensign
- 1 Staff bugler
- 4 Companies or batteries

The total strength of the Bavarian artillery, inclusive of the fortress artillery, laboratory companies, &c., amounts, on a full war complement, to 5642 men, of whom, in case of need, 4100 men, with 224 guns, could march into the field.

The *matériel* of the artillery is excellent, though not particularly elegant. The native horses are small and ugly, but strong and persevering. The uniform consists of dark-blue tunics and trousers, with black collar and facings, infantry helmets, and dark-grey cloaks.

**THE ENGINEERS.**—In addition to the staff, Bavaria possesses 1 engineer regiment, also performing the duties of pontonniers. It is divided into 8 companies of 127 men, or 1026 combatants, much resembling the artillerymen in dress. The regiment is thus made up:

- |                  |                |
|------------------|----------------|
| 1 Colonel        | 2 Ensigns      |
| 4 Staff officers | 1 Staff bugler |
| 2 Adjutants      | 8 Companies    |

There are also 2 sanitary companies, each containing 5 officers, 1 battalion surgeon, 18 under-officers, 3 buglers, 179 rank and file = 206 men, or together = 412 men.

The total strength of the Bavarian army, in a full war complement, all corps being calculated, will amount to 72,567 men.

In a foreign war might be employed—

Infantry .....	40,000 men
Cavalry .....	7,000 „
Artillery .....	4,100 „ with 224 guns
Engineers .....	800 „
Sanitary companies .....	412 „

Total..... 52,312 men, without trains.

During peace, the Bavarian army is divided into 2 corps d'armée, each containing 2 divisions of infantry and 1 of cavalry, with the requisite number of guns.

*Remarks.*—Service from 21 to 27 in the line, from 27 to 40 in the reserve. In addition, there is a universal Landwehr, with liability to serve up to the 60th year.

#### THE SAXON ARMY.

This army has also been considerably augmented since 1848, and greatly improved.

#### THE STAFF:

- 1 General
- 7 Lieutenant-generals
- 6 Major-generals

#### ENGINEER DEPARTMENT:

- |                     |                       |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 Colonel           | } Engineer division   |
| 2 Staff officers    |                       |
| 2 Captains          |                       |
| 1 Captain (cavalry) | } Tactical department |
| 1 Ditto (infantry)  |                       |
| 4 First-lieutenants |                       |
| 10 Guides           |                       |



**INFANTRY.**—On a war footing, Saxony has 4 infantry brigades and 1 brigade of chasseurs.

1 *Infantry Battalion*: 1 staff officer, 1 adjutant, 1 ensign, 1 battalion signalist, 14 officers, 68 under-officers, 16 signalists, 872 rank and file (including 64 tirailleurs), 8 carpenters = 982 combatants.

1 *Chasseur Battalion*: Staff as above, 18 officers, 20 upper chasseurs, 20 signalists, 872 chasseurs, 8 carpenters = 1001 combatants.

1 *Infantry or Chasseur Brigade*: 1 chief, 1 brigadier (colonel or major-general), 2 adjutants, 1 brigade fourier, 1 brigade signalist, 4 infantry or chasseur battalions = 3983, or 4009 combatants.

The total strength of the Saxon infantry, exclusive of 4 infantry and 1 chasseur battalion as reserve = 20 battalions, with 19,741 combatants, of whom 18,000 could be brought into the field. The Saxon infantry wears a uniform greatly at variance with the other German troops, and not particularly handsome. The tunics are green, with light-blue collars and cuffs, light-blue trousers, and little low caps after the Austrian pattern. The chasseurs wear dark-green, with black collars. They are armed with percussioned muskets and bayonets: 2 under-officers and 16 tirailleurs in each company with Minié rifles.

**CAVALRY** is composed of 4 light regiments, 1 of the guards, each of 5 squadrons.

1 *Squadron*: 4 officers, 13 under-officers, 3 trumpeters, 138 horse-men = 158 combatants, 154 horses.

1 *Regiment*: 1 colonel, 1 staff officer, 1 adjutant, 1 staff sergeant-major, 1 staff trumpeter, 5 squadrons = 795 combatants, with 772 horses.

Total strength of the cavalry 3180 combatants, with 3088 horses.

**ARTILLERY.**—1 foot artillery regiment of 3 brigades or 10 batteries (1 6-pounder, 2 12-pounders, 2 dépôt batteries, and 2 principal parks), 1 horse brigade of 2 batteries.

1 ordnance and artisan company, 2 ammunition, 1 chief park, 1 dépôt.  
*The Foot Artillery Regiment (without park and dépôt):* 1 colonel, 3 staff officers, 3 adjutants, 6 batteries with 38 guns = 986 combatants.

*Brigade of Horse Artillery:* 1 staff officer, 1 adjutant, 2 batteries with 12 guns = 346 combatants.

Total strength of the artillery, without park or dépôts = 8 batteries with 50 guns, and 1332 combatants.

**PIONEERS.**—The pioneer and pontonnier division contains 250 combatants; the pontoon train, on a war complement, 225 men, with 408 horses.

The commissariat train company contains 3 officers and 559 men.

**SANITARY COMPANY** is made up of 4 officers, 19 under-officers, 3 signalists, 220 men.

The total strength of the Saxon troops, without reserves and dépôts, will amount to 24,750 combatants, with 50 guns, of whom about 20,000 could be employed in an external campaign.

*Remarks.*—Six years' service, with substitution; three years' reserve. Usually but a small proportion of the army is called out.

#### THE HANOVERIAN ARMY.

##### STAFF :

- 1 Field-marshal
- 1 General
- 8 Lieutenant-generals
- 10 Major-generals

##### GENERAL STAFF :

- 1 Lieutenant-general as chief
- 2 Staff officers
- 1 Captain
- 7 Officers

**INFANTRY.**—8 infantry regiments (1 guards and 1 corps de garde), each of 2 battalions or 8 companies, 1 guards chasseur battalion, 3 light battalions of 4 companies.

1 *Line or Light Infantry Company:* 5 officers, 14 under-officers, 3 musicians, 188 rank and file (10 tirailleurs) = 210 combatants.

1 *Battalion:* 1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 major, 1 adjutant, 1 staff ensign, 1 battalion drummer, 4 companies = 845 combatants.

1 *Regiment:* 1 colonel, 1 staff officer, 1 staff ensign, 1 staff fourrier, 6 musicians, 2 battalions = 1700 combatants.

1 *Light Battalion:* 1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 major, 1 adjutant, 1 staff ensign, 1 staff fourrier, 1 battalion bugler, 3 musicians, 4 companies = 849 combatants.

Total strength of the infantry, without reserves (120 men to each battalion), 20 battalions, or about 17,000 effectives.

The infantry are equipped and dressed exactly after the Prussian model. In the line, the under-officers and tirailleurs have Thouvenin rifles with bayonets; the remainder, muskets. All the light infantry are armed with rifles.

**CAVALRY.**—6 regiments (1 garde du corps), 1 guard cuirassiers, 2 hussar (1 guards), 2 dragoon regiments, each of 4 squadrons.

1 *Squadron*: 5 officers, 14 non-commissioned officers, 4 trumpeters, 117 men = 150 combatants.

1 *Regiment*: 1 commandant, 1 staff officer, 1 adjutant, 1 staff sergeant-major, 1 staff orderly, 4 squadrons = 605 combatants.

Total strength of the cavalry, 3630 combatants.

The Hanoverian cavalry certainly possess the best *matériel* to be found in Germany. The horses, all reared at home, are excellent. The men are voluntary recruits from the peasant classes, who sign an agreement for eight years. When they go on furlough during that period they take their horses with them.

**ARTILLERY (ENGLISH PATTERN).**—1 artillery brigade, containing 2 companies of horse artillery, 2 battalions or 7 companies of foot artillery, and a laboratory company. The two horse companies contain 2 horse batteries, the 7 foot companies 3 9-pounder batteries and 16-pounder battery, as well as 1 siege park, 1 ammunition column, and 1 *dépôt* company.

*Staff of the Artillery Brigade*: 1 major-general, 5 staff officers, 4 adjutants, 1 staff pyrotechnist, 8 gunners.

*A 6-pounder Foot Battery*: 5 officers, 19 non-commissioned officers, 3 trumpeters, 116 gunners = 173 combatants.

*A 9-pounder Foot Battery*: 5 officers, 19 non-commissioned officers, 3 buglers, 165 gunners = 192 combatants.

*A Horse Battery*: 5 officers, 19 non-commissioned officers, 3 buglers, 118 gunners = 175 combatants.

Total strength of the artillery, 6 batteries with 36 guns, and 1118 combatants.

**ENGINEER CORPS.**—*Cadre*: Staff, with pioneer and pontonnier company.

1 *Company*: 4 officers, 8 under-officers, 2 buglers, 83 men = 97 combatants.

*The Corps without Reserve*: 1 colonel, 1 staff officer, 1 adjutant, 197 men, and 1 Birago pontoon train.

Total strength of the Hanoverian troops, without reserve, about 22,000 men, with 36 guns, of whom 18,000 could be employed in an external campaign.\*

#### THE WIRTEMBERG TROOPS.

##### 1. GENERAL STAFF:

6 Lieutenant-generals  
10 Major-generals

##### 2. QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL'S STAFF:

1 Major-general  
1 Staff-officer  
6 Captains  
7 Lieutenants

##### 3. ENGINEER CORPS:

1 Colonel  
1 Staff officer (belonging to Quartermaster-general's staff)  
6 Captains  
2 Lieutenants

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\* The infantry has been recently greatly augmented.

**4. PIONEER COMPANY:**

**INFANTRY.**—Eight regiments of 2 battalions or 8 companies, with a disciplinary company.

1 *Company*: 4 officers, 21 non-commissioned officers, 3 musicians, 195 men (including 2 carpenters and 36 tirailleurs) = 223 combatants.

1 *Battalion*: 1 battalion commandant, 1 staff officer, 1 adjutant, 1 rifle officer, 1 battalion drummer, 4 companies = 897 combatants.

1 *Regiment*: 1 regimental commandant, 1 adjutant, 1 staff fourier, 2 battalions = 1797 combatants.

Total strength of the infantry, 14,376 effectives.

The infantry are armed with percussioned muskets and bayonets; the tirailleurs with rifles. The buglers also carry muskets.

**CAVALRY.**—1 squadron of guards, 4 cavalry regiments of 4 squadrons, and 1 courier division (army police).

1 *Squadron*: 4 officers, 24 non-commissioned officers, 4 trumpeters, 138 men = 170 combatants.

1 *Regiment*: 1 regimental commandant, 1 staff officer, 1 adjutant, 1 rifle officer, 1 staff trumpeter, 1 staff fourier, 4 squadrons = 690 combatants.

Total strength of cavalry, 18 squadrons = 2949 combatants. They are armed with carbines, sabres, and pistols. They are tall, powerful men, and their horses, which contain a great admixture of Arab blood, appear too light for them.

**ARTILLERY.**—The regiment of artillery is divided into 2 horse battalions with 7 batteries.

1 *Battery*: 4 officers, 18 non-commissioned officers, 16 upper gunners, 4 trumpeters or buglers, 117 gunners, 2 officers, 7 to 8 non-commissioned officers, 79 to 85 train soldiers = 250 combatants.

Total strength of the artillery, 7 batteries with 42 guns, and 1764 combatants.

The guns are principally 12-pounders and 10-pounder howitzers, and are excellently worked in the field.

**PIONEERS.**—1 pioneer company of 4 officers and 171 men = 175 men.

Total strength of the troops, 19,000, with 42 guns, of whom 16,000 infantry and 2500 cavalry could be employed in the field.

*Remarks.*—Six years' service, with substitution; liability to serve in the three bans of the Landwehr till attaining 32 years of age.

**THE TROOPS OF BADEN.**

**INFANTRY.**—1 grenadier and 3 line infantry regiments, each of 2 battalions or 8 companies, with 1929 effectives; 2 fusilier battalions, each of 4 companies, or 970 combatants; 1 *chasseur* battalion of 3 companies, with 532 effectives = 10,223 men, without dépôt.

**CAVALRY.**—3 regiments of 4 squadrons, each of 800 men = 2451 men.

**ARTILLERY.**—1 regiment of 4 foot batteries and 1 horse battery = 40 guns, with 1700 men.

**PIONEERS.**—1 company of pioneers, with 1 Birago pontoon service, and 255 men; 1 company of ordnance workmen.

Total strength of the Baden troops = 15,000 men, with 40 guns, of whom about 13,000 could be employed in the field. Since the catastrophe of 1849 these troops have been entirely reorganised, and are now on the Prussian model.

*Remarks.*—Six years' service, two of them in the reserve: substitution.

THE TROOPS OF ELECTORAL HESSE (PRUSSIAN PATTERN).

INFANTRY.—4 regiments (1 guards), each of 1543 men, in 2 battalions or 8 companies, 1 chasseur battalion of 110, and 1 fusilier battalion of 711 effectives = 7301 combatants.

CAVALRY.—2 Hessian regiments of 7 squadrons, 1028 effectives; 2 squadrons of cuirassiers (in peace, 1 division garde du corps instead), with 300 combatants; 18 men army gendarmerie = 1350 combatants.

ARTILLERY.—1 regiment of 2 6-pounder foot batteries and 1 horse battery; 1 ammunition column = 718 men: 1 pioneer company with 94 men = 812 combatants.

Total strength of the Electoral troops, 11,800 men, with 3 batteries or 19 guns, of whom about 10,000 could be sent into the field.

*Remarks.*—Service from the twentieth to the thirtieth year, in two levies: substitution.

THE TROOPS OF HESSEN-DARMSTADT (PRUSSIAN PATTERN).

INFANTRY.—2 brigades = 4 regiments, or 8 battalions of 3 companies = 8041 men.

CAVALRY.—1 regiment cheveu-légers, of 3 divisions or 6 squadrons = 1404 men.

ARTILLERY.—2 companies of foot artillery of 12 guns, 1 company of horse artillery of 6 guns, 1 company of artillery train = 847 men.

PIONEERS.—1 company, with half a pontoon train, and about 120 men.

Total strength of the Hesse-Darmstadt troops, 10,498 men, with 18 guns, of whom about 9000 could take the field.

*Remarks.*—Six years' service, with substitution; two of them reserve.

NASSAU.

INFANTRY.—7 battalions of 4 companies = 6745 men.

ARTILLERY.—2 companies of 516 men, and 12 guns.

PIONEERS.—56 men.

Total strength, 7317 men, with 12 guns.

*Remarks.*—Six years' service, with substitution.

BRUNSWICK (PRUSSIAN PATTERN, BLACK UNIFORM).

INFANTRY.—1 regiment of 2 line and 2 Landwehr battalions, 1 battalion of guards.

CAVALRY.—1 regiment of hussars of 2 squadrons, and 2 squadrons Landwehr.

Together amounting to 4857 men.

ARTILLERY.—302 men, with 12 guns.

Total strength, 5359 men, with 12 guns (including the entire militia).

*Remarks.*—Seven years' service, including two years' reserve: substitution.

**MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN (PRUSSIAN PATTERN).**

**INFANTRY.**—1 grenadier battalion of 4 companies, 965 men; 2 musketeer battalions of 4 companies, 1866 men; 1 light battalion of 4 companies, 628 men.

**CAVALRY.**—1 regiment of 4 squadrons, and 629 men.

**ARTILLERY AND PIONEERS.**—654 men, with 16 guns.

Total strength, 4752 men, with 16 guns.

*Remarks.*—Six years' service: substitution.

**MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ (PRUSSIAN PATTERN).**

**INFANTRY.**—1 battalion of 4 companies = 718 men, and 359 men reserve.

**OLDENBURG (PRUSSIAN PATTERN).**

**INFANTRY.**—4 battalions of 5 companies (including 1 rifle company) = 2280 men.

**CAVALRY.**—3 squadrons = 410 men.

**ARTILLERY.**—2 companies of 369 men, and 16 guns; 14 men ordnance.

Total strength, 3673 men, with 16 guns (including reserve).

*Remarks.*—Six years' service: substitution.

**THE SAXON PRINCIPALITIES.**

The contingents of the Principalities are made up exclusively of infantry, and form the so-called "reserve division" of the German Federal Army, although it is probable this arrangement would be destroyed in case of a general war. Since 1848 these contingents have been greatly improved, by introducing Prussian organisation. The colour of the uniform is green, but otherwise they bear a great resemblance with the Prussian soldiers.

The several contingents are:

**Sachsen-Weimar.**—2 battalions of infantry of about 1000 men on the war establishment. In case of need, a third battalion (reserve) of 1000 men can be formed.

**Saxe-Coburg Gotha.**—2 battalions of infantry = 1266 men, to which may be added, in case of need, a reserve battalion of 800 men. The total strength, on a war complement, would therefore be about 2066 men.

**Sachsen-Meiningen.**—1 battalion of 5 companies on a war footing = 1142 men.

**Saxe-Altenburg.**—1 battalion on a war footing, including reserve, about 1400 men. In case of a foreign war, these four Saxon duchies could furnish an infantry corps of from 6000 to 7000 men.

The three Anhaltine Principalities bring into the field about 4000 men, including reserve, divided into 3 battalions, and reorganised since 1849 entirely on the Prussian model.

The two Principalities of Reuss, including reserve, about 900 men, in 1 battalion.

The two Principalities of Schwartzburg-Rudolstadt and Sonderhausen together, including reserve, about 1500 men.

The Principality of Waldeck, 1 battalion of 800 men, among them excellent riflemen.

The Principalities of Lippe Detmold and Schaumburg, including reserve, about 1300 men.

The Principality of Lichtenstein, including reserve, about 83 men.

The Landgraviate of Hessen-Homburg, including reserve, about 350 men, in 2 companies.

The total strength of all these contingents, forming the reserve division, including reserves and depôts, would amount to 16,000 men, about 12,000 of whom could be employed in a foreign campaign. They are excellently drilled, and in a good state of efficiency.

The free towns, Hamburg, Lübeck, Bremen, and Frankfort, have the only contingents in Germany composed of volunteers. They furnish about 3500 men, infantry, including reserve, and 469 dragoons. They are after the Prussian pattern, and excellent troops, as they are principally soldiers who have served their time in other armies.

We have purposely omitted the contingents which Holland and Denmark should furnish to the German Army of Confederation. Either those kingdoms would unite with Germany, and then bring their entire armies into the field, or, in the other case, they would hold back their contingents. In 1848 and 1849 Holland did not send a single man to take part in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, though portions of even the smallest German contingents were obliged to march. It would be absurd to calculate on any assistance from Denmark, where the soldiers are severely punished for evincing the slightest feeling of partiality for Germany.

If we recapitulate the strength of all the troops of the various states which they could furnish at short notice for a foreign campaign, without weakening the necessary garrisons, depôts, and reserves at home, we shall have the following satisfactory result :

State.	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Engineers, &c.	Guns.
Bavaria .....	40,000	7000	5300	200
Saxony .....	15,000	3000	2000	50
Hanover .....	13,000	3000	2000	36
Württemberg .....	12,000	2500	1500	42
Baden .....	10,000	2200	1400	40
Hesse-Cassel .....	8,000	1100	900	18
Hesse-Darmstadt .....	7,300	1100	900	18
Nassau .....	6,000	...	450	12
Mecklenburg-Schwerin .....	3,000	600	550	16
Strelitz .....	700			
Oldenburg .....	2,500	400	450	16
Brunswick .....	3,000	580	400	12
Saxe-Weimar .....	6,500			
"  Coburg-Gotha .....				
"  Meiningen .....				
"  Altenburg .....				
Anhalt Dessau .....	2,000			
"  Köthen .....				
"  Bernburg .....				
Principalities of Reuss .....	800			
Schwartzburg...	1,200			
The Two Detmolds .....	1,000			
Waldeck .....	800			
Hesse-Homburg .....	400			
The four Hanse Towns .....	3,000	400		
<b>TOTAL.....</b>	<b>136,200</b>	<b>21,880</b>	<b>15,850</b>	<b>460</b>

without taking into calculation the requisite train.



In these details we have purposely taken the lowest figures, and calculated so many troops kept at home either permanently or for the formation of reserves and depôts, that there can be no deficiency in them. Such a body of troops as we have collected above could be prepared to march in at the most six or eight weeks, and be employed in any campaign beyond the frontiers of Germany. The troops left behind, which we have generally assumed at one-fourth, would be amply sufficient to cover casualties, and the full strength of these troops could always be kept up.

We believe that with the above figures we have established our proposition, namely, that Germany contains, in addition to Austria and Prussia, ample elements to afford us most material assistance. It must not be forgotten, either, that many of these soldiers have already smelt powder in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, and they are generally staunch troops. Would it not be better to make a bid at once, as we did with the old Elector of Hesse-Cassel in the last century, and buy the regiments at so much a score, than seduce these troops from their allegiance as we are now doing? Deserters cannot make good soldiers, and we are afraid that the majority now congregated at Heligoland belong to that category. It is not at all like the English spirit to have a steamer cruising off Hamburg to pick up men, and bullying the civic council whenever it interferes, as it is most justly entitled to do. In fact, during the whole of the present war, it is most humiliating to find hardly a trace of the spirit of our forefathers. They defied the whole world, and emerged victoriously from the contest—though it is true that our councils were then directed by a Pitt and not by a Palmerston—while we, despite our faithful allies, are checked by a single fortress. A change has evidently come over us: the ill effects of a thirty years' peace must be eradicated, and then, but not till then, we shall regain that proud position which our ancestors gained for us, and which we are bound, by every tie of honour and interest, to maintain.

But to attain that end, we must set to work in a very different fashion. The time for timid negotiation is long past. We cannot think of peace till we have effectually humbled our foe. Fortunately for us, Lord John has been got rid of, and we trust with him we have seen the last of the humbug of diplomacy. The insane babble of *cedant arma togæ* must be utterly forgotten, and we must unite with one heart and one soul to defeat an enemy such as we never yet had before us. To do so will indubitably entail great sacrifices; but those we will gladly make, as long as we feel convinced that we have entrusted the destinies of the nation to worthy hands. Eventually, the solution of the momentous question must be given to the right men, and it must never be forgotten that England never yet worthily prosecuted a great war under a Whig administration.

## A DAY IN THE DESERT.

WE will ask our kind readers for a brief season to forget wars and rumours of wars, and leave far behind them the continent of Europe, with its hills and vales, forests and meadows, its rivers and streams, towns and villages. We will hurry across the heaving sea which separates sunny Italy from the black mountains of Albania, and hold a south-eastern course to the African continent. Even Alexandria, with its world-famous Cleopatra's Needle, and its Pompey's Pillar, with its catacombs and graves, and the new town, offering so much that is strange to the astonished traveller in its motley mixture of Eastern and Western life, is left behind, and we will finally halt between the 31st and 32nd degrees of latitude on an Egyptian dahabiyah, near the Arabic village of Terraneh. But we shall require some rest after such a long *trajet*, and we will therefore enjoy it with truly Eastern *far niente*, on the deck of the vessel during an Egyptian February night in 1854.

In the bows of the dahabiyah the silence of night is suddenly interrupted by the melody of a national song, in which a young Arab sailor is imparting his woes to his only friend, the night. He produces simple sounds from the darabuke, the earthen drum of Eastern singers, and finally concludes his chant in the usual fashion of all Arab love-songs :

*Ja léle ! ja léle ! ja chabitti, ja léle !*

Oh night ! oh night ! my own, my lovely night !

Suddenly the dark forms of his sleeping comrades on deck are seen moving, for the magic power of the words *ja léle* reaches the heart of an Arab even in sleep. The repeated ejaculation "Allah !" "Allah !" and deep-drawn sighs, the usual symbols of applause among the Orientals, reward the amatory singer, who hangs the darabuke on a pin in the mast, wraps himself up in his camel-hair cloak, and lays himself down to enjoy a refreshing sleep by the side of his comrades.

Just in front of the vessel four swarthy old fellows are cowering, cross-legged, among the reeds on shore. A white turban covers the smoothly-shaven head, and the thick, broad-striped abaje protects the lean, sun-burnt body from the unusual freshness of the February breeze. A half-burnt fire of durra branches throws a flickering glare upon them. Only rarely do they remove the Arab's inseparable companion, the glowing schibuk, from their mouth, to carry on a short conversation about the gins, or evil spirits, that sit at the cross-roads and mock the good Moslem ; or about the Franks, who have come so great a distance to pay them a visit ; or about other strange things which fill the head of the smoking Arab with utter confusion, while not forgetting to praise the singer and his ballad. Four lances, adorned at the top with a short tuft of black ostrich feathers, are fixed in the ground near the old men, and prove their owners to be the guardians of the vessel.

Gradually the Great Bear draws near the verge of the nocturnal horizon, and shows that the midnight hour is already past. The sound of men and animals moving rapidly is heard from the neighbouring village. It draws nearer ; a shot is fired, and flashing torches of wood

illumine a grotesque congregation with their blood-red glare. The hand-shakings continually exchanged between the new arrivals and our four watchmen, and a repeated "*Salam aléik ja achûje, taibîn?*" ("Peace be with thee, O my brother! Art thou well?") calm our apprehensions as to the designs of the strangers, which are anything but hostile. They have come to escort us as expected friends on a tour through the Lybian Desert to the valley of the Natron Lakes, for the road is unsafe, and predatory Beduins carry on their plundering trade on the caravan route, especially before midnight.

The occupiers of the vessel are aroused, and the huge stable lantern, in whose flame hundreds of large and small buzzing mosquitoes terminate their brief existence, throws a dull light over the deck of the dahabiyah. Three Europeans leave the vessel, armed with guns and pistols to the teeth, and join the motley group, where they are reverentially greeted by the Fellahin and the Sons of the Desert. The latter, a Beduin tribe, which lives in peace and amity with the inhabitants of the village of Terraneh, have solemnly pledged themselves to provide for our safety; and the old Schech of the caravan route, who also escorts us, has offered his life as a guarantee for ours. They are tall, handsome fellows, of a swarthy complexion, beardless, with small twinkling eyes, caused by the blinding rays of the sun, all young men, and full of the highest spirits. A simple white cotton robe covers their hardened bodies as an undergarment; a broad cloak, slung round the head and neck, protects them from wind and cold. They are armed with flint firelocks above six feet in length, and carry powder and ball in a leathern pouch, while others bear in addition long lances, like those already described. The animals they have provided for our excursion consist of the three most useful representatives of the animal world which modern Egypt can produce—of four long-pacing camels, a good-tempered, much-enduring horse, and ten donkeys. The camels are dragged down to the ground by means of the neck-rope; they are then laden with instruments, portfolios, provisions for three days, and, above all, with water-skins. With ear-piercing yells, their thick tongues protruding from their dripping mouths, the ships of the desert receive their burden in a kneeling posture. The European swings himself into the cushioned Turkish saddle of the only horse which Terraneh can offer, thrusting his feet into the comfortable crescent stirrups, and seizing the rope which serves as bridle to the noble animal. The remainder of our party and a portion of the Beduins try with a clever leap to reach the back of the little swift-footed donkeys, whose proverbial laziness is belied in Egypt. But we are worse off than if we had to perform our travels on foot through the desert. A rough, tremendously broad cushion occupies the place of the saddle. The donkey goes wherever it pleases, unless the Frank is acquainted with the extraordinary method of guiding it, which is also applied to the camel. A little bent stick, with which the animal is struck either on the right or left of the neck, is the bridle which directs it. A more careful study of our donkeys, for which our desert ride affords us ample time and leisure, leads us to the remarkable observation that they may be divided into three categories—the long-eared, the short-eared, and the intermediate. This strange definition will be fully comprehended, if we add the remark, that whenever an Egyptian

catches a strange donkey in *flagrante delicto* grazing on his pasturage, he cuts off the upper part of the ear; in case of repetition, performs the same operation on the other ear; and, on the third occasion, kills the sinner. I was allotted a grey donkey, with both ears lopped, which its owner recommended to me with a remark I did not understand at first, "*Huà charàmi kebir, lakin maschi taib.*" ("He's a great scoundrel, but he is a good one to go.")

The procession is gradually arranged. The camels in front, we Franks in the centre, surrounded by the armed Sons of the Desert, march in the darkness from the bank of the river up an acclivity towards the desert. It is about four in the morning, the air seems terribly cold, a penetrating mist thoroughly drenches the cloaks in which we had shivering wrapped ourselves. Suddenly, an obstacle checks the course of the silently-moving caravan. A broad canal, cut to carry the waters of the Nile to the higher lands at the period of the inundation, appears an insurmountable difficulty. There is no bridge, so nothing is left us but to wade through it. We clamber with difficulty on the tall backs of the camels, or mount upon the Arabs; the Beduins cleverly wrap their garment like a turban round their heads, and with noisy shouts men and animals enter the cold element. Upon the other side of the canal we find that the luxuriant display of organic life has deserted us, and with solemn reflections we cross the desolate border of an immense tract utterly devoid of vegetation, and thrice the size of the Mediterranean.

Gradually the night, with its sea of stars, disappears; but for a long while a dense mist prevents the desired prospect of the desert, and we are only able to distinguish that the rarely-trodden road beneath our feet is composed of pebbles, from which at rare intervals a scrubby bush, more prickly than leaves, laboriously forces its way into daylight, to have its brief existence cut shorter by a long-haired camel or hungry donkey. Suddenly a pale strip of light on the eastern horizon lightens up the dark earth, and long, bright, grey shadows precede the caravan. But these soon disappear in turn, and a dazzlingly bright orb rises above the white strips of mist, surrounded by coruscating beams, like the head of a saint with a brilliant *gloriole*. It is the sun, which has gained the victory over night. For the first time we salute it in the desert, and for the first time it displays to us the picture of the desert in all its horror. Not a tree to cheer the anxiously-seeking eye with even a slight mark of vegetative life, not a verdant spot inviting us to rest and refresh ourselves, but, as far as the eye can reach over the dead scene, only desolate fields of boulders and pebbles, which seem to us like the surface of a petrified ocean. The desert plateau, itself from one to two hundred feet above the level of the sea, frequently rises in elevations of two hundred to three hundred feet, then sinks into deep ravines, through which timid herds of active black-eyed gazelles bound away, or a band of black snorting buffaloes rushes, with their tails high in the air. Our idea, that the desert was a plain covered foot-deep with a layer of soft sand, is soon found to be erroneous, for it is in fact a mountainous country, with a hard stony soil, on which the shifting sand only collects in parts protected from the action of the wind. Furrows of a foot in breadth, ten or twelve of them side by side, and not unlike the tramways of a railroad, run along in a winding direction, and traverse the desert diagonally

from one point on the horizon to another. These are the sole marks of a road, the sole consolatory witnesses of humanity in these deserts. Here and there we come upon a pile of stones, or the bleached bones of fallen camels, which serve as sign-posts to the Beduin; at times the eagle-traps (*nisbe e'nier*), artificially arranged piles of stones, with the carcase of a donkey in the centre, serve to measure distances, which he is wont to calculate by *malaquas*, as the boatman on the Nile does his by *birkas*.

The mid-day sun is at its zenith. Its burning beams pierce through the white cloths that shield the brow, and its dazzling glare at length utterly wearies the smarting eye. At the same time, transparent mists rise from the ground, and play around us in immense circles. They are the children of the sunbeams, which rise from the heated ground, and float restlessly above the surface, rising and sinking irregularly. Utter prostration at length seizes on the wearied body, arms and legs are affected with a spasmodic trembling movement, and the parched tongue pants for water. But the caravan does not halt yet, and the "*Issa schneisse*" ("a little further only") of the Beduins no longer satisfies the impatient inquirer. But see! at some distance in front of us, close to the horizon, what a glorious scene presents itself to our delighted eyes! A lovely lake with its blue waters is extended before us, shady trees grow on its banks, on which human forms are moving back and forwards. With renewed strength and fresh courage we begin to hasten towards the sea; but the child of the desert knows it better than we do, and remarks, with a smile: "No, lord, that is no lake, but only Satan's waters—*mbiye Scheitan*." One of the frequent mirages in the desert has bitterly deceived us.

Our young Arabs hardly share at all in our fatigue, for they step out heartily over the burning soil, and sing separately, or in chorus, verses from the Keran, or love and war-songs. The last consist of a short triumphal psalm, generally ending with the verse, "The tents of the foe are destroyed!" At the same time they execute their war-dance, in which they twirl their long guns round their head like their reeds, and with a shout of joy fire a salvo into the air. Above all, we most admire the merriment of a Beduin about seventeen or eighteen years of age (for in the true Arab fashion he is ignorant of his own age), the son of our caravan Schech, who puts no bounds to his love-songs, which he causes the desert to re-echo with in a loud, harmonious voice. He is about to visit his second wife, who is staying with her father in the Natron Valley, while he has left the other behind in Terraneh.

About one o'clock we halt in a ravine. After a hurried, frugal meal, we start afresh, and, after going up and down hill till four in the afternoon, we at last mount a steep acclivity, after a march of about fifty miles. There, in a long, narrow valley, whose opposite wall rises almost perpendicularly, we see six lakes, with dark blue glistening water, before us, surrounded by a dense belt of reed and grasses, and in this hollow, some distance apart, four long buildings resembling fortresses, which seem to invite us to seek repose within their walls. What a cheerful, smiling scene, in comparison to the melancholy desert! And yet the vegetation even here is so uniform, so scanty! Herds of buffaloes traverse the valley; and a motley mass of voiceless birds—chief of all, the long-

legged flamingoes, with their gaudy plumage—congregate on the shores of the lakes to quench their thirst with brackish water.

We descend slowly to the plain, and soon after a dense forest of reeds (*carix cyperus*) impedes the progress of our stumbling animals. The ground creaks beneath their feet, for it is covered with a thick coating of salt, which bears a great resemblance to hoar-frost. This salt, which effloresces from the ground by capillary attraction for miles around the lakes, is the Natron, which has given a name to the whole district. We approach the largest of the Natron Lakes. Several Arabs, who live here in this boundless desert as watchmen, receive us with a well-intentioned *fantasia*—as they term it—of gun-shots, and greet our Beduin companions with real Arabic flowers of eloquence. There is an unending questioning and unanswering, a repetition which makes our heads giddy. "O my brother," one asks the other, "how are thy father and thy mother, thy son, and thy horse, thy ass and thy goat." And if they are on very friendly terms, the long query is terminated with the otherwise improper remark, "And how is the mystery of the people of thy house?" which is a somewhat extraordinary paraphrase of the simple, "How's your wife?" But we survive this scene with true Arab patience, and are quartered in an old boarded salt-room, without a door, in which reed mats are stretched out upon the sandy soil. We have hence a view of the lakes, whose shores are covered with a number of large and strangely-formed logs of petrified wood.

We pass a restless night in our Natron room. The camels, ruminating with a loud noise, and with their knees fastened together, donkeys and horses, with their fore-feet hobbled, lie in company with the snoring Beduins before our room. But in what condition does the next morn find us? Stung and bitten by fleas and buzzing mosquitoes, and two other members of the insect family, which the Bible quotes among the plagues of Egypt, and which, at the present day, French wit in the land of the Pharaohs designates "light and heavy cavalry," we can hardly discover a square inch of surface on our bodies unattacked.

The beauty of the morning soon dispels any melancholy reminiscences of the past night of horror. We talk with the watchmen about the nature of the Natron Lakes, whose fall and rise is in an inverse ratio to the inundations of the Nile, noticing at the same time that their stagnant and salt water is dyed of a blood-red hue which is probably by infusoria, but at some distance off appears dark blue, and when set in motion by the wind produces crimson waves. And, in conclusion, we visit the ruins of a small Roman fort at no great distance from the lakes.

At three in the afternoon the caravan starts afresh, to visit the largest of the four ancient Coptic monasteries, which is situated about fifteen miles further on. A leave-taking, rich in words, accompanied by the tinkling reward of Backshish, that magic word which buzzes in the traveller's ear for years after his return home, separates us for a lifetime from the Natron-guarding Arabs. We surmount a rather steep acclivity, and see from the broad crest of the hill three monasteries before us, bathed in the yellow light of the setting sun, in the centre the one which is the object of our expedition. They appear to us so near that we can clearly distinguish the different parts of the buildings, and even the tops of the palms, which rise from the garden above the lofty walls. While

we fancy we shall reach the monastery in half an hour, we are compelled to ride three good hours at a sharp trot ere we stand beneath its walls. The evening bell, which summons the pious brethren to prayer, sends its clear clang across to us. How strangely we are affected by the familiar sound in the desert. A thousand sweet reminiscences of the distant home and the beloved family rise before the dreaming mind, and deceive the longing heart, in the same way as the mirage does the pilgrim in the desert.

For the last time the sun casts its beams athwart the melancholy desert, then it disappears, and with it the last degree of its precious blessing—heat. A cold, almost freezing north wind blows across the desert, and compels us to wrap ourselves in thick shawls. The loud *harr, harr!* of the Beduins drives the animals on at a quicker rate, and at last the monastery wall, with its turret-like entrance, is close before us. Three Beduins, at their head the cautious old Schech, with their guns cocked, hurry forward to reconnoitre whether any predatory Arabs may not be lying in ambush. Their caution is, fortunately, unnecessary, and so they soon pull lustily at the long cord which hangs down from an orifice in the tower, and sets the strangers' bell in motion. We must wait a long while ere an answer is given us, and have, consequently, time afforded us to examine the locality more closely. A strong, insurmountable wall forms a large quadrangle round the building, rising to a height of about sixty feet. The Coptic cross is let into the wall above the gateway. The small, low door, through which it is only possible to pass in a stooping posture, is almost entirely blocked up by two huge masses of rock, and, in addition, guarded by a door thickly mounted with iron. The tops of fruit-bearing palms rise above the top of the wall.

In the mean while voices become audible in the interior of the gateway, and an animated discussion is carried on with the Beduins, who thrust a letter of recommendation for the Europeans under the door. After a long discussion the bolts are finally withdrawn, the door creaks on its rusty hinges, and a dozen human forms march out like denizens of the tomb. Their appearance has something gloomy and awe-inspiring, which is augmented by the melancholy *entourage* and the twilight. A black or blue turban, the distinction of Coptic Christians in Egypt, is closely wrapped round the pale, sickly face of each individual that emerges from the darkness of the gateway. A long dark robe surrounds their wasted bodies. Evidently pleased, they seize our hands with many polite speeches, press them to their lips, and almost put us to shame by their fraternal conduct. They make incessant excuses for not having opened the door immediately, but they fancied we were Beduins, come to take the monastery by stratagem. At length they invite us to pass through the narrow gateway, while the animals and a portion of the Beduins are compelled to camp without: we traverse a narrow passage, and at last reach an open hall, in which other monks, with their yellow wax tapers in their hand, politely receive us. They hold their hands before their eyes, which are swollen with illness, in order to defend them from the yellow glare. Each new arrival approaches us reverently to kiss our hands and cause us fresh embarrassment. In the mean while a room is being got ready for the Frankish guests. We are conducted across two court-yards—the last being ornamented with a garden, in

which tall palms rise up from the centre of low bushes, a real oasis in this desert scene—to the uppermost of two terraces, up a flight of stone steps, in such dilapidated condition that we are obliged to employ extreme caution in scaling them. Our room is rather spacious, and pervaded with that disgusting odour which betrays the vicinity of a Copt. It is divided into two parts by a small wooden lattice, and covered with old mats and carpets. It contains two low windows looking out on the court, a strongly-grated hole affording a prospect of the desert, and, in addition, somewhere about ten orifices, through which the draught whistles its pleasant tune. All the monks collect in and before our apartment, and the proper introductions now commence. Two very aged blind *Patres* stand at the head of the community. With real Arab loquacity they tell us that the monastery is about fifteen hundred years old—just about three-and-thirty centuries younger than many of the mortuary chapels at Gizih—and is named after the Syrian virgin, because in earlier times Syrians inhabited it in common with Egyptians. “We pray thrice a day to God,” thus they conclude, with a certain amount of self-laudation, “in the morning before sunrise, at mid-day, and in the evening. We fast on Tuesdays and Fridays; and, as we eat no meat on those days, we consider you fortunate in coming to-day (Saturday) instead of yesterday. In addition, we fast for forty days at Easter and Christmas.”

After expressing a wish to be present next morning at early mass, we are invited to supper. With our legs crossed under us we crouch in a fatiguing position with the fathers of the monastery round a circular board, which stands upon a supporter hardly a foot in height, and forms with it a movable table. Soup, with sweet potatoes, and cold veal, form the bill of fare; and there are about thirty small loaves, made of maize. The water, which we drink out of earthenware vessels, called *qullen*, tastes salt and bad, and would furnish a naturalist a famous opportunity for the study of the varieties of infusoria. The monks obtain it from a deep well within the monastery. The food is rapidly devoured without the aid of spoons, forks, or knives; and though we strangers cannot in consequence manage the soup with any degree of success, the old Coptic fathers are practised hands. With reverent gestures they draw back the long sleeve of their robe, and dip the bread, together with the half of their right hand, into the wooden bowl, and then carefully lick their fingers. We notice with surprise that these Christian monks neither commence nor terminate the meal with a prayer, and we already begin to form well-founded doubts as to their piety. After the termination of supper we descend with all the monks into the court-yard, where a violent wind is blowing among the branches of the palm-trees, at a temperature of 16 deg. Reaumur. The yellow tapers, which are frequently blown out, cast a sickly glare over the cells of the monks, but it is sufficiently strong for us to discover a horrifying want of cleanliness in them. In the church, which is divided into two parts by a carved screen, into the *nave* (*hêkal*) for laymen, and the choir for the priest, we are shown with almost childish glee the wretchedly-painted pictures of saints, and the mummies of two holy Copts, who once lived in the monastery. Ostrich eggs are suspended by long cords from the roof of the church. Upon a reading-desk lies a rather old Copti-Arabic book of gospels. Each page of the vellum is disfigured with spots of grease and dried yellow wax,



and is just as dirty as the desk on which it lies, as the church and the whole body of Copts inhabiting the monastery. The curious Franks are then led further to a quadrangular basin, filled with dirty, brackish water from the deep well, into which the monks go once annually in memory of Christ's baptism by St. John. A second chapel, in which during the fast the service is performed in a kneeling posture, is broadcast with a coarse variety of corn. Most peculiar is the effect made on us by a long arched room, with traces of coarse old paintings. A long table is in the centre, a hundred small loaves lie upon it, and a stone bench runs down either side of it. But who and where are the guests, who will take their places at this long table in the heart of the desert? The monks explain to us that it is always in readiness for the wandering Beduins, who are driven by hunger to pull the stranger's bell, and by the monks for a hospitable reception.

Only with visible repugnance, and after long entreaty, are we conducted to the last spot in the whole monastery most deserving inspection. We slowly climb on to the terrace of a small building; a board is then laid across from it to the projecting threshold of a small door which we see slightly above us. The brother who conducts us warns us to cross the tottering bridge with caution. The heavy bolts are drawn back, and we enter a confined space, from which another door equally well guarded leads to a separate room. The dignitaries of the monastery follow at our heels, and closely watch our every movement. This is the library, which they guard with Argus' eyes. We fancy we shall find a collection of books well arranged, rich in all MSS.; but what a chaotic disorder reigns in this apartment? Some forty large volumes, mostly containing Arabic and Coptic documents, lie confusedly on a bench; torn-out pages of parchment or cotton paper cover the filthy ground, the covers are nearly all rotting, and worms have disfigured the leaves by making deep holes. Some of these MSS. are probably four or five centuries old, but we cannot induce the monks to part with them, either by money or persuasion. "Lord!" says the prior of the monastery; "these books were written by brethren who have rested in the lap of earth for ages. At the end of each document, they have solemnly bound us not to part in any fashion with any of these blessed heirlooms, on pain of our salvation." Of course, we can make but slight objections to this; and with a glance of compassion at the old, uncomprehended Coptic books, we lament their unworthy fate of being so carefully treasured through ignorance. After being obliged to admire a species of chapel in the rear of the library, with several badly-painted pictures of Miriam (Mary) and St. Makarios, as well as a carved screen, behind which are the glass communion vessels with their proper coverings, we wander back to our cells in considerable dissatisfaction, and stretch our wearied limbs on the mats, to enjoy the sweet gift of sleep in the Desert Monastery of the Syrian Virgin.

We dream of the old Copts, whose miserable representations our hosts of to-day were; we look back on old times, and see about a hundred monasteries in the valley of the Natron Lakes, from which the Emperor Valens once drove no fewer than five thousand monks into the Byzantine army; we look further back upon the infancy of Christianity, when Egypt was the refuge of the first Christians; we dream of St. Anthony—of the

hermits and penitents—of the pious Paphnugus, who, in the middle of the fourth century, built the first monastery on the fertile Nile Island of Tabium: suddenly the walls of our chamber rattle, and the earth trembles; a fearful crash breaks over our heads, and wakes us from our short sleep. Under the combined influences of alarm and surprise we rub our eyes. Forked flashes of lightning illumine the white lime walls of our cell, the holsterous wind howls through the numerous openings, and the rain pours in torrents against the building. To judge by the short intervals between the lightning and thunder, a tremendous storm is raging somewhere in our immediate vicinity. Wrapped in our cloaks, we go out into the elements upon the open terrace, and from the parapet are witnesses of the magnificent spectacle, so rare in Egypt. Flash on flash lights up the boundless desert, which seems converted into a glowing sea of fire. The black clouds come in collision with a fearful crash, while the hymn of the trembling monks rises up to us from the lighted church, like the faint groans of dying men, between the pauses of the rolling thunder.

After an hour, the storm passes away, which commenced about two o'clock, the streams of rain cease, and the desert is once more shrouded in night. We spend the remainder of it in restless sleep. The tormenting occupants of the Natron chamber, of blessed memory, appear to have their head-quarters in the monastery, and full of vain fury, and tortured by the pain, one sleeper imparts his sufferings to the other. Silent resignation alone can support the usual phlegma in such a truly Egyptian state of things. Woe to that man in the land of the Pharaohs who cannot resignedly endure such a trial of his patience!

At five in the morning the bell rings, in three intervals, for early mass. We quit this terrestrial Hades, and go down to the church, in which the monks are already assembled. The sanctity of the day enhances our feelings of reverence, and with a silent prayer we cross the threshold of the Coptic temple, which is dimly lighted with ampallæ, and powerfully scented with incense. But what is the appearance of the church itself? The little community appears to be a congregation of idlers, who strive to render their standing position more supportable by leaning one arm on tall crutches, and support their backs against a wall, or crouch in a corner. We also receive similar crutches, on which we support ourselves like cripples, following the evil example, and not wishing to attract attention. The officiating clergy wear white robes, or, speaking more correctly, robes which had been once white, and which they have bound round their heads and necks after the fashion of the Beduin cloaks. Red Coptic crosses are sewn on the chest and sleeves. The priest reading mass is continually in motion, bending back and forwards, smoking the saints, then the pictures, or the Book. The Gospel is first read in Coptic, not a word of which a Copt now understands, and then chanted in Arabic. The monks repeat it after him, at the same time correcting the priest who is reading the Holy Word, until growing impatient he repels the nearest critic with the coarse words, "*Oshut haneir!*" ("Silence, pig!") Full of astonishment, we hear this strange exclamation in a Christian church, and when we look round to discover any one sharing our well-founded displeasure among the

congregation, we notice that some of the monks have rested their heads on the crutch, continuing their sweet morning sleep, as is evidenced by their snoring; others are chattering and laughing, or yawning in a most unseemly fashion, and stretching their limbs. It seems as if all this formed a part of the Coptic ceremonial. After this so-called mass had lasted an hour, the priest distributed small loaves of blessed unleavened bread. We also receive one, and eat it, after the fashion of the others, in the church.

We thank God when we again reach the open court, where the Beduins are already awaiting us. After giving the monks a present of money, which appears to afford them more pleasure than the visit of Europeans, they wish us a successful journey with their usual loquacity, and all lay the right hand incessantly on their chest, mouth, and forehead, as a sign of leave-taking. The same narrow passage leads us out into the desert, which looks remarkably fresh under the blue vault of heaven. The sun has already risen, the animals are impatiently scratching up the wet earth; we mount, and the return journey to Terraneh commences. After a visit to the monastery, the desert seems to us to have become a pleasant place; timidly and cautiously we pass the second monastery, and then strike out in an easterly direction. A twelve hours' march, during which we only rested once, brings us to our destination. The animals have been unable to quench their thirst for three days, and we ourselves are so fatigued as almost to sink from the saddle. The road seems never ending; one *malagua* follows the other, and yet the sun is already setting on the verge of the desert. The camel stretches out its long neck, the horse winnows merrily, and the donkeys, pointing their ears, redouble their pace. The Beduins discharge their guns with a chorus of triumph, and all indicates that we shall soon be restored to the luxuriant abundance of vegetation.

Before the sun has thrown its last parting beam on the earth, the fertile Nile Valley, with its light delicate verdure, lies stretched out at our feet. The boat is at the same spot, but the whole landscape, so simple in its components, seems to us to have become *tenfold* richer, *tenfold* more beautiful and pleasant. With a hearty *El hamderillak!* (Glory and praise to Allah!) our expecting friends on board greet us, for we have gone through the first excursion into the Lybian Desert without meeting with any dangerous adventure.

## THE COMFORTERS.

BY WILLIAM PICKERSGILL.

A DAY came when the whole current of my life was to undergo a change—a change, however, by no means trivial or of ordinary nature, but one that involved me in circumstances altogether different from those I had been accustomed to. My father's house to me had always been a home—it was to continue so no longer. I was to be an alien even to my nearest kinsmen, and the places of my youth were to know me no more. How it came to pass that these changes were wrought, it would be of little avail to inquire. I was for a moment overcome by the bitterness of my misfortune, but in a little while I became composed, and looked upon my altered condition, if not with satisfaction, at least with resignation. If I regarded the years that were gone with a kind of mournful tenderness, I may surely be pardoned for doing so, for they were linked to many endearing recollections. A sister, whom I had lost in early childhood, and a mother, who had died before I had yet attained to manhood, were both associated with those early years; their gentle spirits I think sometimes hover around me with their protecting influence, sustaining me in my efforts and directing my steps as I journey along.

I travelled forth. The sun had just risen above the distant hills as I crossed the threshold of that home never to be entered by me again. I threw many a lingering glance behind at objects which had been so long familiar to me: the orchard and the babbling brook, whose pleasant murmurs used to greet us as we sat in our antiquated home, awakened in me a feeling of sadness which could only find relief in tears. I wept freely—wept as I have not wept since, nor shall weep again. I wept like one who had as yet only encountered his first sorrow, and to whom the realities and disappointments of life were almost unknown. I knew not (happy ignorance!) that before many years had passed away the fountain would become dry, and the relief which I now experienced in my sorrow should be denied me in similar seasons of distress. It was some time before I recovered sufficiently to proceed; but in spite of all my efforts I could not drive from my mind the conviction that I was leaving a home endeared to me by innumerable ties. I knew little, perhaps, of the world before me. I was young and full of hope, but still there came a misgiving that the happiest period of my life had passed away for ever. And so it was.

There was an exhilarating freshness in the morning air, and the earth was clothed in her brightest colours. It was the season of the year that is the most pregnant with hope, but, despite its genial influence, a sadness weighed upon my spirits which it was impossible to shake off. It was not because I was leaving friends and home—it was not that I was wandering forth a stranger and unknown. These circumstances, no doubt, concurred to my present state of mind, but they were not the only influences in operation. A stain had fallen upon my name, and I was despised and rejected even by my own kindred.

What most immediately concerned me was, how should I provide for my future necessities. I possessed neither money nor friend in the whole

world, and I knew not what occupation I should betake myself to that would be likely to yield me a fair return for my labours. These thoughts regarding the future caused me no little uneasiness, nor felt myself alone. Is there not sometimes in that word a deeper meaning than at first appeareth? I felt it in all its force. Whither should I turn for counsel? What friendly ear would listen to my tale of distress? The idea of a perfect isolation is altogether irreconcilable with happiness. I felt the need of a friend in my present adversity, but my spirit spurned the idea of allowing myself to sink under it.

I wandered on, paying little attention to the road I was traversing. I came, at length, upon a thick wood, which extended over a considerable surface of ground. I entered it with the intention of seeking a comfortable spot where I might rest myself a little, and afterwards resume my journey. I penetrated a considerable distance within it, and upon a little knoll, overshadowed by a venerable beech, I seated myself. The forest, I discovered, made a slight descent for some little distance, and again, on the other side, ascended in an equal degree. A small rivulet coursed its way along its base, and could be seen winding through the adjacent country for many miles. Upon the opposite bank of the stream I could perceive primroses and violets growing in rich luxuriance. I lay myself down, and hushed, as it were, by the waters murmuring at my feet, fell into a profound sleep. I slept, I dare say, an hour, and awoke considerably refreshed. When I looked around me, I was astounded at what I beheld on the opposite bank of the little stream before spoken of: upon its margin there was seated a young girl of most marvellous beauty—she was, indeed, but a child, for I do not think that her age could exceed eight years. I was, perhaps, a little precipitate in my conclusions. Was she a girl or a child, or was she a human being at all? She was like a fairy—a spirit of the woods—a being whom we read of in nursery tales, but seldom meet in the real and actual world. She was occupied in decorating her hair with the primroses and other wild flowers that grew around her, and the crystalline stream which flowed at her feet served as the mirror in which she saw herself reflected. Her dress appeared to be a kind of muslin of light blue, and so made as to leave the neck and arms altogether uncovered. This extraordinary vision was the most beautiful I had ever witnessed. I doubted at first whether it was real, for the attendant circumstances imparted to it such a tinge of romance that it was difficult to believe in its reality. I rose from the little bank on which I had been lying, with the intention of approaching this little maiden who had so deeply riveted my attention, but my change of attitude was only the signal for a rapid and hasty retreat on her part. I have no doubt she observed me, and fancying that she was better alone, she fled from the spot where she had so recently amused herself. I was angry with myself for having disturbed her, for the scene was one which would, perhaps, not occur to me again. I was very curious to know who this fascinating young creature was, and could not bring myself to believe that she was other than an inmate of the wood, for both her dress and appearance betokened that she was no town-bred maiden.

When night approached, I found shelter in the hut of an old shepherd upon the borders of the forest. I arose in the morning refreshed and in-

vigorated, but I had dreamed of the beautiful girl whom I had seen on the preceding day; my thoughts, in fact, dwelt perpetually upon her, and I was bent upon discovering the place of her retreat and becoming acquainted with her history. I was gratified with another sight of her: she appeared about the same time, and in the same spot, as on the preceding day, and occupied herself as usual in wreathing her hair with flowers. I attempted again to get nearer to her, but she detected my movement, and again took to flight. I succeeded, however, on the next day in obtaining an interview; and if I were charmed by the occasional glances I had caught of her at a distance, I was so to a much greater degree when I became acquainted with her engaging and fearless manner. There was something particularly refreshing in conversing with this young girl. She was unacquainted with the world; she scarcely indeed, knew that there was any other world, than that in which she moved herself; nature had unfolded to her her richest stores, and each hill and valley and murmuring stream afforded her ample delight and sufficient matter for contemplation; I scarcely think she knew that there was such a place as town, or, if she did, she was less careless than I suspected; and a perfect adept at concealment. It was not without some difficulty that I succeeded in obtaining this interview. When she saw me, she began to retire as usual, but, perhaps, not so precipitately as on the former occasions. In her haste, however, she lost some flowers from her basket, and I at once hastened to gather them for her.

"See! you have lost your flowers," I said to her.

She paused for a moment hesitatingly, as if in doubt whether she should wait for the flowers or go without them.

"If you will stay a moment I will bring them to you," I said.

When I had picked the flowers up, I advanced towards her, and she was evidently somewhat assured either by my manner or appearance, for she did not offer to move from the place where she stood. As she took the flowers she smiled.

"Thank you," she said.

"You are very fond of flowers," I observed.

"Oh, yes! I pluck fresh ones every day for grandfather."

"And tell me, if you please, who your grandfather is."

"Oh, he is a very old man—three or four times as old as you are."

"Does he live far from here?"

"Close at hand. We live in a small cottage at the outskirts of the forest; and grandfather has lived there for I do not know how many years."

"I should like to see your grandfather."

"If you will come with me I will show you him; and although he is not very anxious to see strangers, I think he will not object to see you."

"I should be very sorry," I said, "to intrude upon your grandfather's privacy; if it were not agreeable to him."

"I dare say he will see you, if I request him to do so."

I felt encouraged by the kindly manner of the child, and without further hesitation proceeded with her towards the cottage in which her grandfather lived. I was much amused with her conversation, and soon discovered that she possessed intelligence far beyond her years.

"And what occupation does your grandfather follow?" I said to her.

"He is a sculptor," she replied. "Oh! he carves such beautiful figures."

"I am fond of sculpture, and I hope he will permit me to see some of his works."

"I am sure he will, for he likes gentlemen to examine them."

It occupied us only a few minutes to reach the cottage of the old man, and by that time a strong feeling of friendship had sprung up between this exceedingly interesting child and myself, and I scarcely knew whether to admire her more for her beauty or her intelligence. The cottage was very neat, with a small garden in front, which was bounded by a stone wall. A little iron gate admitted us within the inclosure, where we discovered an elderly man seated beneath an overspreading tree in front of the house. He was attired in good but simple garments, and his appearance was venerable and dignified. His grave countenance indicated a person who had devoted a very considerable portion of his time to the severest studies. He was evidently much surprised, and, I fancied, a little displeased, to see me in the company of his granddaughter.

"Dear grandfather," said the little girl, running up to him, "this gentleman I met in the forest, and he has been so kind as to accompany me home. He has expressed a wish to see some of your beautiful pieces of sculpture."

As my little companion made the last remark, I perceived a smile of satisfaction play for a moment upon the countenance of the aged sculptor. He rose at once from his seat and shook me by the hand.

"I will have great pleasure," he said, "to show you some of my humble efforts, but I think you had better first partake of some refreshment."

I thanked him, and would have declined, but he pressed me so earnestly that I at length acceded to his proposal. We went into the interior of the house, and a slight repast was quickly prepared for us by an elderly female, who seemed to act in the capacity of a servant. During the meal some conversation ensued, in the course of which the sculptor elicited from me the circumstances under which I had so recently departed from the parental home, and finding that I was so utterly devoid of all prospects of a future maintenance, he gave me permission to take up my abode with him, until some determination should be come to with respect to my subsequent career. I believe I should have accepted of his offer, were it not that I should be depending upon the bounty of an old man, whose means were, perhaps, very limited, and whose age and infirmities rendered him almost incapable of work. I think he suspected the reasons which prevented me from acquiescing in his proposal, for he at once said:

"Nay, my young friend, do not hesitate to become our guest for a little while at least; for although I am not rich, we have sufficient for our own support and that of any visitor who may honour us with his company."

"Oh! do, sir," added my little friend; "I am sure we will do all that we can to make you comfortable."

"I am quite convinced of that," I said.

"Well, then, you must stay with us," said the old man; "and I have no doubt we will find some employment for you whilst you are here."

I yielded at length to their entreaties, for in my position they were difficult to resist. There was, perhaps, another reason which led to my being so easily moved. I felt a strange interest in the concerns of these people, and my little friend of the morning had scarcely engaged me more by her smiling countenance and winning manners than the old sculptor by his grave and patriarchal deportment. After our meal, the old man, accompanied by his granddaughter, conducted me to the studio, which was in a detached building at the back of the cottage. I was at once captivated with the beauty of the various groups and figures, cut in marble, which burst upon my astonished vision; for I did not suspect that my aged friend was so great a proficient in sculpture as the works which I now beheld would seem to imply. In the grouping, the most cultivated taste was apparent, and the elegance of form and attitude given to some of the isolated figures at once awakened my unqualified admiration. It was quite apparent that the sculptor had carefully studied the works of the most eminent Greek and Italian masters, and had made himself acquainted with the art in the most minute particulars. At the further end of the building there was an object that greatly attracted my attention, and I was curious to know what it was. It was covered so effectually by a large sheet of cloth that it was impossible to see any portion of it.

"What is that you have covered up?" I inquired.

"It is one of my latest works," replied the old man, "and is not yet even finished. Indeed, there is much to do at it still. I will take off the cloth and you shall see it. It is my greatest effort, and has occupied me a long time in its execution; it is fully ten years since it was commenced, but I have done two or three little things during its progress."

As soon as the cloth was removed, one of the most exquisite pieces of sculpture I had ever witnessed was immediately displayed. It is true, I did not understand the nature of the composition, but the attitudes, drapery, and countenances of the figures seemed, so far as I could judge, to evince the most extraordinary beauty of design and finished workmanship in the execution. In the front stood a kind of couch, on which lay a sleeping child, with a loose robe thrown carelessly over it, but permitting a large portion of its symmetrical form to be fully exposed; at the head of the couch there stood a female figure with a benignant countenance, and who, leaning over the child with outstretched arms and open hands, seemed to be shedding over it an influence at once healthful and soothing; at the foot of the couch stood another female figure, whose countenance was also benignant, but not so much so as that of the other, for there was a mixture of sternness and melancholy in it that gave it somewhat of a repulsive cast; the figure in the centre, and, as it were, at the back of the couch, was that of an old man with a flowing beard, and who, as his gaze was bent upon the face of the child, held in his hand a sand-glass.

When I had examined this beautiful piece of sculpture for a few minutes, I turned to the artist, and said,

"What do you call this work?"

"THE COMFORTERS."



"What is the subject?"

"On the couch is a sleeping child; the female figure at the head of the couch is intended to represent the Angel of Sleep, breathing her balmy influence over the little child, who has animated itself with play; and at the foot of the couch is another female figure, intended to represent the Angel of Death; and the third figure, in the centre, is intent to represent sent Time."

I was in ecstasies. I could have embraced the old man in Michelangelo's conception! Divine inspiration! These were the Comforters, then! Sleep, and Death, and Time. And had a thought so palpable not occurred to all men before? No. They live—they suffer—they endure—they have a vague conception of the good and evil which is interwoven in their web of existence, but it is the province of a few men only to think, and, as it were, to embody their thoughts, so that they may become universal and recognised truths. The nightingale is dismissed as the bird of wail, whose beautiful and plaintive notes at once enlist the sympathy of the listener, but may it not be that there are other birds which have some grief ranking in their breasts, but which discharge exquisite melody which makes it known and felt? And this men are well equipped with the same thoughts and feelings—they may differ in degree and intensity, but that is the only difference. The realisation of the sculptor was, therefore, what everybody felt and knew to be true. His object principally was to portray those ministers which tend either to diminish or deliver us altogether from the evils incidental to this life. And what could be more beautiful than the position in which the Angel of Sleep was placed, and what greater boon has been awarded to man than Sleep?

Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life; sore labour's bath,

Balm of hurt minds; great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.

It was even so. Oh! who shall say—not ye, perhaps, who have hitherto, as it were, lived in a land flowing with milk and honey—whose barque has glided tranquilly and smoothly down the stream of time beneath azure skies and a sun undimmed by a cloud—oh! who shall say, the relief which the child of misfortune experiences in those moments of forgetfulness, when he is dead, for the time, to the miseries, the woes, and the anxieties of life! And oh Death! thou pale sister of Sleep, who openest the prison of the captive—who with merciful hand strik'st down the decrepid and the aged, and who comest at length to the aid of the weary and the oppressed, shall we not hail thee as a deliverance such as a gracious boon sent by Heaven to mankind!

And if it be true that Sleep and Death are benignant powers, what shall we say of Time, the elder born of either? Mighty and irresistible power! who wastest from vast Chaos the great Author of Nature—didst create and fashion this beautiful world—who beheld the miserable shadows of our first progenitors ere for disobedience they were expelled the blissful Eden—whose wings brooded o'er the margin of the flood when the Almighty executed his vengeance on a sinful world—who hastenest back the progressive course of ages, and beholdest the rise and fall of the greatest nations of antiquity—Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Persia, and Old Rome!

benign! who movest in thy onward course alike indifferent to our joys and sorrows—beneath whose touch the stately temple and the lofty fane crumble into dust—before whose onward march civilisation spreads her wings and wafts her blessings from pole to pole. Oh power divine! who dostest the thin of the mortal—upon whose tardy but steadfast wing justice at length is borne to him who has struggled in a good cause—surely thou art the comforter and the friend of the great human family!

This beautiful work of the old man affected me much more, perhaps, than it might have done, if my circumstances had been different from what they were. I appreciated to the full extent the idea that my friend had endeavoured to carry out, and my own recent sorrows taught me that his conception was true. It would be in vain if I attempted to describe the impression that this extraordinary work of art produced upon me: the whiteness of the marble—the beauty and serenity of the figures—the harmonising attitudes of each, filled me with admiration and astonishment. For several minutes I was lost in silent contemplation; but when I had drunk in the beauties of the composition, I turned to my aged friend and shook him by the hand.

“My dear sir,” I said, “this is a great work, and I have no doubt it will be the means of transmitting your name to the most remote posterity.”

Both the old man and my little friend of the morning seemed delighted that I held so high an opinion of the work; the latter was the first to speak.

“I am sure if it pleases you it must be beautiful, for I think you have good taste.”

“It will please much more fastidious critics than I am,” I said.

Weeks, months passed away, and I continued to reside with the sculptor and his granddaughter. From a very early period of life I had been addicted to the fine arts, but my casual introduction to the great artist, and his own solicitation combined, determined me to pursue sculpture as a profession, and although I might, perhaps, not attain to the excellence of my friend; I might, probably, in the course of a few years, acquire sufficient skill to enable me to gain by it a tolerable subsistence in the world. There was the greater probability of this, since I should have the advantage of the advice and assistance of a person whom I believed to be one of the greatest masters of the art.

The time passed away pleasantly and profitably, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that I was making considerable progress. The little Myrtle and I were as much interested with each other as before, and frequent strolls we had together in the neighbouring forest, where she spent hours and hours together in reving about, gathering wild flowers and wreathing them into garlands. I had lived with the sculptor about five years, when a little incident occurred which tended to vary in some degree the rather monotonous life I had led during that period. I have previously stated that I did not think that little Myrtle's age could exceed eight years when first I had the happiness to meet her; there was a childish simplicity in everything she did and said that interested me exceedingly—she was scarcely a child, and yet, on the other hand, she had hardly attained to that period of life which we designate as girlhood. Her artless and winning manners, coupled with her great beauty and

vivacity, rendered her exceedingly engaging, and I looked upon her as a little sister that had been sent to me to replace the one of whom I had been deprived for ever. I knew not in what regard Myrtle held me, unless it were in the light of a brother, for she manifested at all times the greatest affection for me, and would frequently come of an evening, after the labours of the day were concluded, and place her hands in mine, and ask me to tell her some fine story of romance of my own invention. I invariably complied with her request, and she was always delighted when I wound up with a pleasant *dénouement*. Again, during our strolls, she would exhibit the same artlessness of manner, and take my hand as naturally as though she had known me from childhood, and frequently, during our walks in the forest, she would run off and invite me to run after her. And many a good race she used to give me round one tree after another; but when I caught her, which I generally in the end succeeded in doing, I rewarded myself for my trouble by snatching a kiss from her rosy lips, and a little liberty of that kind she seemed to regard as a matter of course. I wish to show that a feeling such as that which may be supposed to exist between brother and sister subsisted between us.

About the time of which I have made mention, I observed a great change in the bearing of Myrtle towards myself; there was not that frankness—that openness of disposition—that simplicity in her manner which I had previously remarked; there was a reserve, almost a coldness in her behaviour, which puzzled and annoyed me exceedingly. I was not conscious of having given her any offence, or that there was anything in my conduct which could call forth such a decided change in that of her own.

One summer evening we went out together; we bent our steps, as usual, towards the forest. It was one of the most beautiful evenings I ever remember to have seen; the sun was fast sinking in the far west, but his golden rays still shed a rich light over a portion of the scene. There was a little hillock near to us, that was so profusely covered with bluebells, that you could scarcely see a blade of grass. Myrtle had no sooner seen it than she instantly quitted my side and hastened towards it. She seated herself upon the hill, and commenced plucking the flowers and forming them into a nosegay. I quickly joined her, and sat down by her side. I put my arm playfully round her waist and attempted to steal a kiss, but she gently repulsed me.

"I have now grown a big girl," said she, looking up to me archly and smiling, but still busying herself with her flowers, "and it is not proper that you should do these things now."

"Oh! what nonsense is this, Myrtle?" I said. "I am quite sure you are not in earnest. Are you not my dear little sister, the same as you always have been?"

"I hope we shall always remain very good friends."

"How can we remain very good friends if you assume so much coldness, and insist upon so much formality between us?"

"I see nothing to prevent us being friends, as heretofore. I am sure I hold the same friendly feelings towards you which I have always held."

"Ha, ha! this is some little freak of yours—some little petulance of disposition," I said; and I attempted to encircle her waist with my

arm, as I had previously done, but she prevented me more determinedly than before.

"I am quite serious, Louis," she repeated; "and I once more request that you will not annoy me by pursuing a course which is so disagreeable to me."

With these words she rose from her seat, and quickly retired from the place where I sat. I was much astonished, and quite unable to account for this strange behaviour on the part of Myrtle. I almost immediately afterwards pursued my way homeward; but, from the rapidity with which it was evident my late companion had walked, I was unable to overtake her. When I reached the cottage she was already there before me; and, as I looked at her, I thought I could perceive a tear glistening in her eye.

"I did not think you would have left me to return home alone," I said; but she made no reply, but retired to her room.

From this time that familiarity which I have previously spoken of as subsisting between Myrtle and myself continued no longer; there was more or less reserve on either side; but I do not think that her feelings towards me were less warm than before, and our friendship continued without any abatement.

A few miles from the cottage in which the sculptor resided there was a large city filled with an industrious and enterprising race of men; there were persons in it who were embarked in every description of commerce, and one feeling alone seemed to animate them, and that was the acquisition of wealth, to which all other considerations were obliged to give place. This object engaged their minds from morning till night, and every scheme appeared to be tried for its realisation. From motives of curiosity I walked one morning through this city, and certainly there was no lack of scenes and objects perpetually passing before me. The town itself presented a succession of narrow, filthy streets, densely crowded by a race of human beings, for the most part squalid in their appearance, and dirty and slovenly in their habits. These persons were fellow-creatures of my own, endued with the same faculties and feelings, sprung from the same original source, and destined for the same immortality; and yet, what awakened in them no emotion, no sense of shame, inspired me with the utmost disgust and abhorrence. And how came it to pass that, in this respect at least, there should be such a difference between them and me? It arose from habit, which, contracted in childhood, had grown with them to manhood, and which had become an essential part of their existence. The heated wax quickly receives the impression, but, once hardened, it resists forcibly and successfully the die pressed against it. And so in childhood, the young and active mind is ever alive to new emotions and influences, but when it has been properly disciplined, it is not easy, in mature life, to root out the principles that have been implanted there, or to shake that firmness which becomes one of its leading characteristics.

Neither the streets nor the inhabitants of this city, therefore, possessed any of those qualifications which may be supposed to captivate a sincere lover of the fine arts, and one who had adopted a branch of them as a profession and means of subsistence. Although by far the larger portion of the city consisted of such streets as I have described, there were other

parts of it which wore a different aspect altogether: there were terraces and squares of elegantly finished houses, with pleasure grounds and gardens in front, but these were inhabited by the wealthy and successful men of the place, who, either by mere chance, or kind of their own exertions and talents, were enabled to enjoy every luxury and comfort that this life afforded. Their habits were quite different from those of the other class of which I have previously spoken; they were more polished, more refined, the greatest cleanliness was apparent both in their dress and in their dwellings, and it was difficult, indeed, to suppose that they belonged to the same species as that poor, degraded, miserable race who infest narrow and dirty streets, unwholesome and ill-ventilated houses—the hot-beds of disease, crime, and every description of vice. Although I was certainly not a Mammon-worshipper, I perceived, in marked contrast, the difference between poverty and wealth, and I could not help coming to the conclusion, that, however much too strong a passion for the latter ought to be condemned, it is very necessary to guard, so far as we are able, against coming in too close a proximity with the former.

As I wandered on, I observed in the eager faces of the people as they hurried past me (all pressing forward, too much engrossed with their own cares and concerns to pay any attention to those of their neighbours, and all apparently in pursuit of the same object—gain), I observed in the faces of these people indications of the workings of the passions, and the perpetual struggle that was going forward in their minds; there was written upon those city faces, plainly and legibly, fear, anger, jealousy, envy—all those passions, indeed, which deform our nature and banish contentment from the mind. I know not whether it was owing to some foolish fancy of my own, but I assuredly was impressed with the idea that the inhabitants of cities differed materially from the people who resided in the country. In the case of the latter, I found health, contentment, cheerfulness; in that of the former, disease, restless ambition, sullen and lowering countenances. I say it was probably some foolish fancy of my own that induced me to take this view of the case; but if it were not, to what cause was to be attributed the difference between the residents of town and country? Was it that the smiling face of nature, the bracing air, the sense of liberty and freedom from all conventionalism, gave to the one all those advantages which I have enumerated, whilst the dense atmosphere in which large towns are so frequently enveloped—the rivalry, jealousy, and perpetual strife of its inhabitants—the more artificial existence to which they are accustomed—deprived the other of all the inestimable blessings incidental to a more natural and unsophisticated state?

In the course of my perambulations, I could not but be struck with the extraordinary activity, industry, and enterprise, everywhere apparent in this great commercial city. I found the wharves laden with merchandise just arrived from foreign countries; I found large bodies of men fully occupied in removing them. I found manufactories of various descriptions in full operation, and which provided employment for an immense number of artisans. I found every craft and trade in active exercise, and all the sinews and appliances of art and industry stretched to their utmost capability. I was interested and instructed with what

I had seen, and determined to prolong my stay in the city till the labours of the day should be suspended. The night brought other scenes than those I had witnessed during the day: the streets were dimly lighted, and I observed men walking about, and who were employed for the purpose of protecting life and property. The busy population of the day had all betaken themselves to other pursuits—for the most part pleasure and amusement. Some of the houses I passed had become the resort of boisterous companies, and music and dancing were the great attractions that drew people within; almost in every street I met some drunkard reeling home after his night's debauch, and who had, probably, spent the whole of his money in dissipation, for which he had so arduously laboured during the day. Drunkenness, however, was not confined to the male portion of the community, for I regret to say that I saw more than one woman in the same predicament; and surely, it ought could disgust me with city life, a sight like that was better calculated to do it, than any other. I confined, it is true, my observations almost entirely to the lower and more squalid parts of the town. There was one street that I passed through, where a large concourse of people was assembled outside a tavern; curious to know what was the cause of it, I made inquiry, and found that a quarrel had arisen between two drunken men, and that they were employed in endeavouring to inflict bodily chastisement upon each other. Further on I descried a number of persons, all hurrying in one direction, and I involuntarily allowed myself to be carried away by the tide by which I had so suddenly been overtaken. We reached at length a little, curious, dark street, and about the middle of it we discovered, upon the ground, a man whose cries had attracted us to the spot. He was bleeding profusely; and, in answer to our inquiries, he informed us that he had been knocked down by three or four ruffians, and robbed of all the money he had in his possession. Some of the crowd at once gave pursuit in the direction in which the robbers were alleged to have gone; but I believe without success, for they were already beyond reach of pursuit when we arrived at the place where the unfortunate man lay.

I did not wait to witness further sights in this extraordinary place, but I at once proceeded on my journey homeward. When I reached the cottage, I found my friends as ready as ever to receive me, but very curious to know what was the cause of my long absence. I explained to them everything that had engaged my attention, and Myrtle, who was more strange to town life than I was myself, listened with the most greedy ears to all that I had to say.

I will not attempt to paint my joy, my contentment, my sense of security, when I found myself again in the abode of the humble sculptor. What I had just witnessed formed a striking contrast with what I saw around me: here was contentment, cheerfulness, peace, and holy aspirations, unmingled with all sordid views; there was discontent, drunkenness, crime, restless ambition, unceasing craving after wealth; here was heaven there was hell!

I would there were no dark shades to the picture. A year or two after this time, my aged friend was deprived of those resources from which he had hitherto mainly drawn his supplies, and was left almost destitute in the world. The source from which he had derived his small revenue was

some property in a distant town, which, by the overflowing of the river near which it was situated, had been destroyed. There remained for the old man but one thing, which was to fall back upon his skill as a sculptor, and to offer for sale some of those works which could not fail to make his merit known to the public. It was not the love of money, as I have before stated, that had stimulated the sculptor to exertion; it was the pure love of his art—that burning and insatiable desire to embody those glowing conceptions with which his mind was so often illuminated.

It was the misfortune of Durand to live in a day when the arts were not sufficiently appreciated by the people, and, as a matter of course, their professors not adequately rewarded. He was nearly a generation in advance of his time, and if he did hope for justice and recognition, it was assuredly not from his contemporaries but from posterity. He who is indifferent to, or independent of, his own times—who wishes to carve for himself a name less perishable than marble or brass—who seeks to erect his monument in his own works—may write, paint, carve, do anything he pleases for posterity; but the man who has to provide for his daily wants, and those physical nourishments which human nature requires, must pay his respects to the times in which he lives, and his dutiful obeisances to the people who flourish therein. And so it was that my aged friend was unfortunate, in that he preceded his admirers and friends by a period of about fifty years. I must leave this digression and return to the subject. It became a question with Durand as to how he was to raise a sufficient sum of money to enable him to maintain his little household as he had hitherto done. During the time I had lived with him I had rendered him considerable service in his studio, so that I did not feel that I was a mere dependent upon his bounty. So soon, however, as my friend's circumstances were changed, I at once proposed that we should remove to the neighbouring city (great antipathy as I had to it), and that there I should follow some pursuit which should be more profitable in a pecuniary sense than the art which I had pursued for the last few years; and thus I should be able to support his little establishment, and permit him to follow his noble avocation unmolested by any sordid care or anxiety on the score of pecuniary matters.

"No, no," said Durand; "we will remain where we are; but I will tell you what we will do: we will journey to the next city, and endeavour to dispose of some of the works I have finished."

And so we went to the next city—the very same of which I have already given a slight account. The citizens directed us to call upon three noblemen of the place, who were described to be great connoisseurs and munificent patrons of the fine arts.

The Marquis de Vaudeville was the first we waited upon. He received us somewhat oddly.

"Oh—ah! a sculptor, indeed—very unprofitable pursuit, should think; advise you to try something else, friend."

"It is now too late in life," urged Durand, "even if I were inclined. Misfortune, I am sorry to say, has compelled me, for the first time, to seek a subsistence from that pursuit which I have hitherto followed for my own pleasure. I have one or two works which I wish to dispose of, and it would afford me much pleasure if your lordship would pay a visit to my humble studio to inspect them."

"Well, well, I will do so one of these days ; leave—leave your address." And he bowed stiffly, and left the room.

We next proceeded to the mansion of the Duke of Aiguetaigne, but he was so much engaged discussing the pleasures of the table, that he refused to give us an interview. The other nobleman whom we called upon was the Count de Brogley, whom we found at home. He gave us a reception, but communicated to us that, Durand being unknown, it was useless to give himself the trouble to call upon him.

Disappointed and annoyed we returned home, with misery and starvation staring us in the face. There was no likelihood of any good accruing from our visit to the Marquis de Vaudeville, nor indeed did we expect that he would pay us a visit; but after the lapse of a few weeks, and contrary to all expectation, he actually did fulfil his promise. There was no satisfaction derived from it; he found innumerable faults with the works he inspected, and I believe wanted to appear in our eyes as a very shrewd and excellent judge. I certainly did not value his opinion, and I could discover that my friend looked upon it in the same light. There was one circumstance connected with his visit which I must not omit to mention. He had set his eyes upon Myrtle, and before he took his leave, which he was not very anxious to do, he took several occasions to direct his conversation to her. I could perceive he was struck with her beauty and intelligence, as indeed who could fail to be? I was sorry to see that Myrtle was not displeased with his attentions—nay, that she appeared to be flattered by them. I was annoyed—vexed, and for the first time since my arrival at this humble cottage, I felt my heart stung to the very core. And wherefore? What was Myrtle to me? A little sister, a gentle playmate, a kind friend. I knew not till this moment that she was aught more. I looked upon her as a favourite pupil, as apt to receive information as I was to impart it. My heart trembled, and suddenly I became conscious of a new existence—everything around me assumed a different aspect, and I knew that my happiness was no longer in my own keeping. And had I remained so long in ignorance of emotions which only now awakened me to a sense of my actual position? It was but yesterday—nay, an hour ago—that I could have laughed at—ridiculed such a notion, and even yet I could scarcely bring myself to believe in its reality. I had hitherto thought Myrtle a child. I felt now that she was a woman; and it was only, so to speak, when I saw strange hands held out to seize it, that I became aware of the inestimable value of a prize which had so long, as I believed, been within my own grasp. A new impulse was given to my existence—a fresh motive for life.

The marquis, before leaving, promised to call again, and I divined at once his object in doing so. It was not to see the extraordinary works of the old man; it was not to pay homage to genius; it was not to bring relief to the suffering and the needy. No: he was fascinated—pleased with Myrtle—and he thought it a pleasant way of beguiling a tedious half hour.

"I am sure the marquis is a handsome man," said Myrtle, as soon as he had gone, "and very gentlemanly in his manners."

"I thought you appeared fascinated with him," I said.

"Oh! not in the least. I only say he is a handsome and agreeable man."



"Could you love such a man, Myrtle?" I asked, and she answered me with a very foolish question to put me to. I can scarcely judge of it from a few minutes' conversation with him. A day or two after this, Myrtle and I were walking in the pleasant wood—it was a delicious summer evening, which I shall always remember—and as we sat or walked together, the gentle breeze wafted us the most delightful odours from some neighbouring fields of mowed mow hay; the increasing shadows of the objects around us, and the scarcely heard note of a bird, reminded us that the day was fast drawing to a close. My heart was oppressed and sad, and there was an evident reserve in the demeanour of Myrtle. I deemed it no longer prudent to conceal my feelings from her, and whatever misgivings I might have had to this result, I resolved to bring the matter to an issue.

"It has occurred to me very often lately, Myrtle," I said, "that I ought no longer to stay here, when I can render your grandfather so little assistance in his declining years."

"I am convinced grandfather would not consent to your leaving us; besides, you have rendered him great service in the execution of his works."

"I have rendered him no service at all adequate to the obligations he has placed me under; there is yet another reason, Myrtle; I fear to stay longer." And I looked earnestly in her face.

"And have you ground for fear?" she said, in surprise.

I took her small white hand, which she did not permit me to detain above half a minute.

"Dear Myrtle," I said, "I will no longer attempt to conceal my feelings from you, though I apprehend you are already able to appreciate them. It is only within the last few days that I have begun to know myself, and that knowledge has taught me, that everything which I prize in life depends upon you."

As I uttered these words her colour changed, and her bosom heaved with excitement. I drew closer towards her, and winding my arm round her waist, pressed her to my bosom.

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We determined, after some consultation amongst ourselves, to remove the works of the old man to the city, and to make an appeal to the public in general. Accordingly, a suitable building was taken, and the various works of sculpture ranged with considerable taste round one of its largest chambers. In the centre of the room stood the *chef-d'œuvre* of the sculptor, the piece of which I have previously spoken as "The Comforters." It was scarcely even yet finished; and during the greater part of each day the old man was still busy with his tools in bringing his magnificent work to a close. On these occasions it was surrounded by a screen, so that he could work unobserved by the people.

Our exhibition was unfortunate, for there happened to be a large collection of wild beasts and dancing dogs in the city, and the attractions were so great, that the proprietors thereof appropriated all the people's money to themselves. The attempt which we had made to do justice to the sculptor entailed upon him a heavy loss, for the little patronage he received did not, by a considerable degree, enable him to meet the expenses he had incurred.

I think we had been opened about six weeks when an event occurred so sudden and unexpected, that it took us all by surprise. I have already said that Durand was still daily employed during certain hours upon his greatest work. On the day to which I refer, I was engaged in showing some of our visitors round the rooms, and explaining to them the subjects of the various works which we had submitted for their inspection. At length it became my duty to remove the screen which concealed "THE COMFORTERS." As soon as I had done so, a sight presented itself to me which is stamped for ever upon my memory, and is as vivid now as it was at the time of its first occurrence. At the base of this exquisite piece of statuary lay the lifeless body of Durand, with chisel and mallet in his hands. He had finished his work, for I knew that on this day he was to give the finishing stroke to it, and Death, in hastening to his assistance, had thus borne testimony to the truth of his own beautiful conception.

The manuscript which furnishes us with the preceding narrative here terminates. It is not necessary to say how it fell into my possession, but the circumstances therein recorded are, I believe, substantially correct. The city (to which reference has been made) was almost totally destroyed by fire about one hundred years after the occurrence of the events just narrated. In the period between the death of Durand and the destruction of the city, a better appreciation of the fine arts had sprung up amongst the people, and the edifice in which the great works of art were deposited was the first object, at the outbreak of the conflagration, to which the attention of the citizens was mainly directed, and they succeeded in rescuing it from the fate with which it was threatened. In the most conspicuous place in the gallery stands "THE COMFORTERS," the work of Durand, and this piece of sculpture has attracted pilgrims from all parts of Europe and America, to pay their homage at the shrine of genius.

#### DEATH IN BATTLE.

THE hour has come to that bright-eyed, hopeful boy—the hour he has pondered and dreamt of so many, many times—he is to take a prominent part in a tremendous operation pending. He knows the little change which exists that he will see to-morrow's sun, but the thought brings no gloom; nay, it remains but for an instant, and comes not again. He is full of life, and strength, and hope, and anticipation. The recollections of home, dear, loved home, but nerves him to his task. The path before him leads, not to death—no, not to death, he will not think this—but to honour and to fame, to the means by which he may surround those whom he loves better than his own life's blood with enjoyment and luxury. His soul fires. Come the moment—come the danger—come the strife—and come the glory!

And it has come. He has gone forward. Whose eye so bright, whose spirit so ardent, whose resolution so firm and undaunted? They

fall on every side; no matter, he cheers them on. They hesitate for a moment; no matter, he leads them on again with greater vigour than before. He is wounded; no matter, a handkerchief round the wound, and he is once more forward. They are successful, the enemy is driven back, the victory is accomplished, the triumph is won, the shout runs through the ranks, a moment of unutterable joy succeeds, and then—a random shot pierces his brain, and he is in another world!

In the whole range of thought there is scarcely anything so strange and so appalling as this. We are accustomed, every one of us, to regard Death with a shudder, and mostly he is viewed with intense awe and apprehension. When we see him surely coming—when it is beyond doubt that but a very little while and he will lay his cold hand upon us—has there ever lived the man who has not been obliged to summon to his aid, to enable him to refrain from showing the most abject fear, either every specious argument by which he has taught himself to believe that he simply ceases to be, or else every fraction of hope which may be within him that death will but bring richer life and the grave a brighter home? Depend upon it no man has ever yet looked death fairly in the face, thought of it, and tried to realise it without a tremendous effort. That in the case of the murderer, or the deeply hardened criminal, death as the possible consequence of an unlawful act may be but lightly glanced at, and so imperfectly grasped that it may exert comparatively but little deterring influence, we fully believe; but we are speaking now of those who, having a hope of something beyond death, have a wholesome fear of the period of its approach, or who at the least—whether their faith be much or little, or they have no faith whatever—view him, nevertheless, as a dark and doubtful foe, a mysterious and fearful adversary. All of these—the Christian who meekly bows his head, the sceptic who affects to sneer, the disbeliever who attempts to look defiant—all, within them, feel a sickening fear when the great truth first forces itself upon the mind that the hour is actually at hand when to them the mighty secret shall be made known, and the vast mystery of an unexplored eternity be unveiled before them.

Now, if there be something so tremendous in this change, that in calmness and in quietude every source of courage is obliged to be eagerly laid hold of to enable men to bear them nobly through the final contest, is it not a thought painfully intense that of the fearful suddenness with which the stricken warrior passes hence? The deep peace of the dying chamber, the fervent prayer, the murmured hope, are scarce sufficient to sustain the most prepared Christian soldier through the last desperate struggle. It is amid the yell of the battle-field, in a scene where man's worst passions are displayed in their most awful blackness; it is while curses are rending the air; it is at a moment when everything around would seem almost to be emulating in horror the dire exhibition of lost souls which is to come hereafter; it is in an instant when there is nothing further from his own recollection than the existence of an eternal world; it is when his own hands have just ceased to shed blood, and when his own heart revels in the destruction which he has wrought; it is when mad excitement has gained a perfect mastery over him, when every thought and every feeling is saturated with earthly hope, when the faculties of mind and body are at their utmost strain, and one overwhelming idea alone is present, the

idea of victory, of fame, of honour—that, without the faintest warning or an instant's preparation, the whole scene changes, and in place of the gory battle-field, and the sights and sounds of the deadly struggle, there suddenly starts before this world's warrior the boundless regions of the unknown world, and he finds himself in the presence of the God of All.

And not alone. Rising from the blood-stained field, multitudes of disembodied spirits almost jostle (if the expression be allowable) in their upward flight. In company with the meek spirit which has gently quitted some worn tenement far away, in company with the devout spirit breathed forth amidst faintly-murmured prayers of priest and relative, in company with the infant spirit scarce received ere parted with, the bold, hot, furious spirits of the dauntless, reckless soldiery ascend to the mighty mansion wherein all are to be gathered.

How touching it was to read the description of the different attitudes in which the dead were found, and the different aspects they wore, after the battle of Inkerman. Some were kneeling, and had their arms stretched out, as though appealing against a blow—the fatal blow which rendered them insensible to another. Some looked dark and sullen. These mostly, we are told, had been bayoneted, and had died with a fearful pang. Others (where the bullet had brought instantaneous death) bore a calm and tranquil appearance, as though the destroyer had but gently touched them. Again, if we look at the ages of those killed, and find so many of them ranging between eighteen and thirty, a period when the life-blood runs so freely and so boldly, when naturally there is little thought of death, and so much of the sunshine and joy of existence, does not, for the moment at all events, every feeling merge in the bitter wail and lamentation over the foul work thus done?

And what is all this for? It is horrible to think that anything under heaven could give rise to so intolerable an evil as war. There is no redeeming feature about it, there is no point of view in which it can be regarded otherwise than as an unmitigated curse. Look at it how you may, it is a picture without the faintest gleam of light or cheerfulness. Take other mighty ills. The disastrous conflagration: it is a calamity, but, as a set-off, its consequence generally is the building better, handsomer, more convenient accommodation than that destroyed. The fell epidemic: its raging wakens us to many deficiencies in regard to the preservation of health which we heretofore have overlooked or lightly treated. But *war* brings not one solitary advantage; it brings scarcity, misery, bereavement; it is another name for suffering and woe. It may, nevertheless, be a necessary evil, and they may be quite guiltless who undertake it having justice on their side. We are fearful that, delightful as the notion may be, the time will never come when the voice of the world at large will be so against war that for any two nations to proceed to such extremity will be impossible. We have no faith in the proposition that such an end can be attained. On the other hand, there is need to be careful that we have a thorough intense feeling of the monstrous evils and the terrible calamities which war inevitably involves—ay, both to the victorious and the vanquished. We have fancied, in regard to the war in which we are at present engaged, that foolish, puffed-up notions have, equally with proper pride and sense of justice, prompted the cry of "War to the knife." There is a class of people who, incapable of judg-

ing the merits of any question, or weighing the policy of any action, are sure to advocate the most vehement course and most momentous proceeding. The blockhead dislikes argument amazingly; it troubles him. The knocking down an antagonist is to him a clear, intelligible course, and (as the idiot is sure to be boastful and presumptuous) a safe and sure method of permanently settling a dispute. The wise and really courageous man will not avail himself of this last potent but dangerous argument so long as there shall remain a chance of his tongue, rather than his arm, convincing his adversary and bringing him to reason.

It is a very unfortunate feature in this war that we seem quite at issue amongst ourselves as to the precise object we want to gain, and as to the means by which we may secure even the vague principle upon which we mostly are agreed. When we read the discussions in the House of Commons, we positively sigh as we think of the effect which their perusal must have at St. Petersburg. Take, for instance, the debate of the 16th of July, when Lord John Russell rendered his "explanation" as to the strange discrepancy between his language before he unburdened himself in reply to Mr. Gibson, and after he had unburdened himself. Of course, we are not here about to enter upon an examination or criticism of the unhappy inconsistency to which Lord John has pleaded guilty. But one remark we would attach even to this brief paper upon another subject, that it does seem a really dreadful thing that Lord John could treat the subject of war or peace so lightly, that although in close consultation with other eminent and able men, he had formed a decided opinion that upon a certain basis peace might be secured, yet when he found this opinion rejected in other quarters, he felt no difficulty, saw nothing improper, in turning himself into a mere advocate, and, dropping his own views, urging vociferously the very opposite conclusions arrived at by other judgments. This is a course of proceeding which might be palliated in the case of a Beer Bill, or a Dog-cart Bill, but in the case of an awful war—in the case of a question of such fearful, overwhelming magnitude as that of the struggle now pending—can there be any denial to the assertion that there was a course pointed out to the statesman by his duty to his country, by his duty to God, which he ought not to have dared to disobey?—the duty of standing forward boldly, and, whatever might have been the consequences, declaring that such was his conviction, and he was compelled to avow it.

The multitude of brave men sleeping their last sleep before Sebastopol, although dead, yet speak: "We fought, and bled, and died. We made the sacrifice; we were told our country needed it, and we did not hesitate. Wives, children, mothers, sisters—we tell the sacrifices we *did* make. But a sound comes to us that all the while it was even doubtful for what object we were fighting! Was it then all a sham—was it a hideous confusion—have we died for no real purpose? If so, we say to you, to you, our rulers—it was indeed the Russian bullet which slew us, but *you* were our real murderers."

THE LAST VISIT TO THE TRYSTING-PLACE.  
BY MARY C. F. MONCK.

Once again I see before me, as it was in years gone past,  
The brake beside the river where we met and parted last;  
Then as now the heav'n was glowing with the pale stars' dreamy light,  
And the flush of sunset hiding in the mantle of the night.

I hear the ceaseless ripple of the water flowing by,  
And the rustle of the ash-boughs giving back a low reply;  
I see the faint lights gleaming from the distant homes of men,  
But I hear not, and I see not, as I heard and saw them then.

I start not forth expectant, as the branches flutter—now  
The night-wind brings no balm to quell the throbbing of my brow;  
Hope is dead, and memory sadly pauseth by our trysting-tree,  
Grieving vainly over records of the love that's lost to me.

Thou mayst tread that path again, Lina, in evening's misty light,  
From the grass thy passing footstep may brush the dew of night;  
Thou mayst stand beneath the lime-tree, listening to the dropping rain,  
But the step that sprang to greet thee once thou shalt not hear again.

The trees, the quiet starlight, and the blue stream gliding on,  
Are so many dumb memorials of a faith that's past and gone.  
Dumb! they have a thousand voices shrieking, moaning in mine ear—  
"Get thee back, forgotten outcast, why thus weep and linger here?"

What avails it now that fortune with rich gain hath crowned my toil?  
A stranger and an alien stand I on my native soil;  
On my hearth the weeds are growing, and my love hath turned away  
From the visions fondly cherished in her truthful girlhood's day.

'Twas for this my gold was hoarded, for this I prayed for life,  
When the dead were heaped around me in the battle's fiercest strife;  
'Twas for this, to doubt and danger an unflinching front I kept;  
This I dreamed of when, at midnight, I beside the watch-fire slept.

Oh! the headlong rush of passion!—oh! the madness of a trust  
That never paused or doubted till its hopes were in the dust!  
Though the present knew but sorrow, all the future years were bright,  
And an angel's face smiled on me from the dreams that blessed the night.

Why did want's rough grasp affright thee? "Better death than loveless life;  
Sweeter were the grave's calm slumber than the heart's rebellious strife."  
Lina! Lina! yet a little hadst thou borne and braved thy fate,  
And my hand had found and saved thee, but I came too late—too late!

All too late! I am no woman who hath tears at will to shed,  
Yet I would the waves I baffled were now rolling o'er my head;  
Would that I had perished struggling, with my red sword in my hand,  
And my bones lay with my brothers', bleaching on the desert sand.

Time and toil and pain have changed me, but methinks life has no change,  
To make thy voice and features to me things new and strange;  
Yet thy heart sent back no echo when I spake—I know not what—  
Well for both or all the present in that instant were forgot.

And I stood before thee calmly, with a stranger's careless smile,  
Though my heart was tempest-shaken, and my sight grew dim the while.  
Mine has been a life of trial, wild and troubled from the first;  
Yet that brief and voiceless struggle was, of all, the last and worst.

Wert thou happy I could scorn thee ; but to see thee as thou'rt now,  
 With the languor of a joyless life upon thy shadowed brow,  
 And thy dimmed gaze fixed and absent, as if every thought were cast  
 Where the wrecks of love lie buried in the ocean of the past—

Yet, I see the restless fever that lighted up thy cheek,  
 Yet, I feel the wasting sorrow which thy faded form doth speak.  
 They may call thee now another's, but I know, remembered tones  
 Come and haunt thine ear at midnight, when the owlet hoots and moans.

Thy thoughts are with me, Lina, with thy happy childhood's guide,  
 With thine earliest, truest lover lingering fondly by thy side ;  
 The old haunts around thy homestead, where we were wont to be,  
 Ask day by day, and hour by hour, why wert thou false to me ?

Would it were not so, my lost one ! No selfish love is mine—  
 I could hold my own grief lightened, were peace and gladness thine ;  
 But I know I am remembered—love like ours hath no decay—  
 What with life is twined and nurtured but with life can pass away.

When the silvery morning mists were rolling onward to the west,  
 Hand in hand we've watched the plover, screaming, lure us from her nest ;  
 When the dew lay on the meadows, and the lark was singing clear,  
 Many a bright and balmy dawning in the summer of the year,

We have watched the flitting swallows o'er the glancing water pass,  
 And the light cloud-shadows rolling o'er the long and silky grass,  
 Seen the solitary heron standing on the mossy stone,  
 And the early fisher singing in his little boat alone.

Where the lilies crowd the narrow bay amid the sighing reeds,  
 Forth has dashed the startled wild-duck through the tangled water-weeds,  
 And we stood and watched her pinions, and her arched neck change and gleam,  
 As she led her half-fledged younglings to the broad and glassy stream.

And when twilight gathered slowly o'er the flushed and gorgeous sky ;  
 When the land-rail creaked in the hollow, and the ghostly bat went by ;  
 When the moon, like a lamp of pearl, rose high above the wood,  
 Silent in our joy's great fulness, on this spot we two have stood.

But I dream—I rave—I wander ! I have now no right to dwell  
 On aught belonging to the time that I have loved so well ;  
 I must go ere strength be weakness—ere sorrow change to sin :  
 Be the past a page unwritten—now the future must begin !

For as quickly as the swallow skimmed across the summer tide,  
 As swiftly as the shadow swept along the green hill-side,  
 As the golden clouds of morning vanished in the perfect day,  
 So from me have passed the promises of happiness away.

Time hath taught me bitter lessons, life hath borne me nauseous fruit :  
 I trained the spreading branches, but a worm was at the root ;  
 I made myself an idol, but it crumbled from its shrine :  
 The star I looked on vanished, and I saw its light decline.

How canst thou—the pure, the truthful—make thy daily life a lie ?  
 School thy lips to answer softly—teach thy breast to hush its sigh ?  
 Oh how canst thou calmly suffer that another's lips press thine ?  
 Canst thou call another "husband"—the name that should be mine ?

I will put a world between us, I will find a foreign home,  
 Where no woman's voice shall reach me, no woman's step shall come !  
 Think me dead, or think me faithless to the vows that once I swore,  
 But until we meet in heaven thou shalt see my face no more !

## STOKE DOTTERELL; OR, THE LIVERPOOL APPRENTICE.

## A HISTORY.

## V.

## A DECLARATION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

WE must be content, for a time, to divide our attention between the shores of the Mersey and Abbey Grange.

Liverpool is itself one of the *marvels* of a century which has included the noblest triumphs of peace as well as of war; and yet there are many of the inhabitants of that great seaport who seem loth to acknowledge it as their home. If you meet them at a fashionable watering-place, they come "*from Lancashire*." Their tone, in referring to the past, is, "*when we lived in Lancashire*." Liverpool may be meant, and Lancashire be its *alias*; yet there is no place in Europe where there is so much of which a man may be justly proud as in Liverpool.

The great sea-marts of former ages have perished, or are changing only towards decay; while Liverpool is still, as we have ever known it, a spreading hive of vigorous intellect, over which literature has also shed a grace, for it has had its Currie and its Roscoe.

It has an energy, too, that never tires. It has not, like Holland, gained territory from the sea; but it has achieved the costly triumph of forming priceless acres into havens of security and repose for the fleets from every clime which come laden to its crowded port.

Yet we must not blame these deniers of their domicile. Right opinions are slow in their progress; and, even in this fair realm of England, there still are some shallow minds by whom any one contaminated by trade is regarded as an inferior;—a position in which the visitors of a fashionable watering-place would not willingly be placed.

And now to Abbey Grange.

It was, there, a wet day in autumn. The highway, like Cowper's rose, was "just washed by a shower;" and as Mrs. Pigott and her daughter sat at work in one of the recesses of the windows, not a living creature passed to interrupt their conversation or their thoughts.

"I can scarcely believe," said Helen—"and yet Mrs. Frampton's maid told Ann Fowler that she had it from Mr. Peery himself—but still I can scarcely believe, that Henry could have asked Sir Jonah Foster to use his interest against Blake Whitmore."

"And why not?"

"And why *not*! my dear mother? Were not Henry and Blake old friends? and did not Blake give my brother a letter, which was certainly the means of placing him in the situation by which he at present chiefly lives?"

"You may be certain, Helen, that as far as *that* is an obligation, Henry will, some time or other, discharge it; and you have surely not yet to learn that those boyish companionships are scarcely to be regarded as friendships. Blake Whitmore is of an inferior grade in society to Henry, and——"



"Inferior! Blake-Whitmore?" exclaimed Helen, with a laugh that she rarely betrayed; "there is no one, mother, to whom Blake-Whitmore is inferior in all that makes a human being estimable."

"Do not allow yourself, my dear child," said Mrs. Pigott, "to be so much or so favourably of Blake-Whitmore. I am not of opinion that you have attained the admiration of Sir Joseph Pendergast, and only imagine, Helen, in what a station such a connection would place us."

"I should be sorry to suppose that Henry is right," replied Helen, "even if it were possible to believe it."

"Why, dear?"

"Because Sir Joseph is a selfish, unprincipled man, and there is not a single thought or pursuit in which we could sympathize."

"But consider how much it would do for Henry."

"He has done nothing for Henry yet; on the contrary, if Mr. Pendergast's story be true, he has only aided him to do wrong."

"But Henry thinks that his ultimate views in life almost entirely depend upon Sir Joseph. You know, Helen, that to open a brilliant career for my son is the only earthly object that I care for. And I am sure that you would not be the cause of disappointing us."

"If your happiness, mother, required it, I could sacrifice myself in many others have done. The history of domestic life tells us that a woman rarely chooses her own path. It is marked out for her, and she must tread it, cheerfully or wearily, as she may. But I must confess that I see no immediate necessity for such a sacrifice; and I would rather not think it possible that it could ever be required."

"Look!" said Mrs. Pigott, not sorry to change the subject, "how brightly the sun is coming out! The rain has made everything beautiful; and, as I am quite sure that you will be the better for a little exercise, let us walk as far as the edge of the common."

They were induced by the fineness of the evening to go much farther, and even considerably beyond Barton's cottage.

The individual whom we have already mentioned by the name of Barton was an old sailor, who had been almost entirely deprived of sight while on the coast of Africa. He had returned home with no other support than himself except a small allowance from the Merchant Seamen's Hospital; and had scarcely arrived in England when he died, leaving him an only child to provide for and protect. The cottage he at that time lived in was required for some local improvements, and Barton was reluctantly compelled to leave it. He often said that he would never occupy another; and his present dwelling was principally occupied by himself out of the soft sandstone, and fringed with turf and clay. It was kept scrupulously clean by frequent coats of whitewash, but, except a single room which was entirely lined with plank, it was more like a stable. Still, with its covering of ivy and of roses, it looked well in a painter's sketch-book; and, as it stood near one of the roads which led to the common, the passer-by often paused to admire it. When the old man had finished his humble abode he became quite blind, and his daughter Bessie and himself were chiefly supported by her skill as a needle and embroidery.

As Mrs. Pigott and her daughter passed the cottage, on retreating homewards, Sir Jonah Foster came out of it; and, as if nothing was more easy than to deceive, "What could ever have possessed a man," said the baronet, "even though blind and poor, to live in such a dog-hole as that? I have just been asking him if he could tell me anything of Jim Darrell and his associates. They are one of more game than would feed a whole court of Aldermen."

Mrs. Pigott, affecting to believe that this had really been the object of his visit, eagerly responded to the remarks which followed, on the wickedness of poachers, the inefficiency of the laws, and the cruelty of depriving a man of wealth of anything so essential to his comfort and happiness.

"But they are encouraged," continued Sir Jonah; "there are people who go about the country paying their fines and taking them out of prison. One of these persons took a fellow out of Ilbury goal the other day; and when I wrote to him to know why he had interfered in a county where he had no property, the only answer he could give me was that the man had a wife and nine children, and that if he remained in prison they must either starve or go to the Union. I thought it rather impertinent."

"I think so too," said Mrs. Pigott.

"We have some of these persons," continued Sir Jonah, "even upon the bench—I mean in the commission for the borough—a kind of militia magistrates. There's Mr. Camp, for instance, the retired draper. When a poaching case is brought before him, if it appears a bad one, he requests somebody else may hear it; and if it should admit of any doubt he is sure to dismiss it. But he is an extraordinary fellow altogether. Did I ever tell you what he said of my old friend Sir John Howard—or I might almost say to him, for he was in the next room? It was capital. We had met at the Union to choose our chairman for the year; and the Vicar of Plumstock rose to move the reappointment of Sir John, saying that he thought him a most fit and proper person. 'And I,' said Camp, rising immediately afterwards, 'do not think him a fit or proper person; for one-half the time he occupies the chair he is asleep, and the other half he is in a passion.'—Pretty well to have been said by a retired draper to a Howard!"

"It seems incredible," said Mrs. Pigott.

"Yet it is so true," said Sir Jonah, "as the fact that I have prolonged an agreeable walk till it is much later than I could have supposed."

Sir Jonah took his leave of Mrs. Pigott at the door of Abbey Grange; and waving his hand to Helen—a familiarity which brought the long-departed crimson to her cheeks—he said he would have the honour of calling upon them the next morning.

"If ever the hand of God has written legibly upon the human face, that man," said Helen, "is a villain."

"For Heaven's sake! my child," exclaimed Mrs. Pigott, "in what strange book have you found such notions as these?"

"In the book, mother, which tells us that the rattlesnake gives us warning of our danger: We seldom go wrong from ignorance. It is our own folly and wickedness which lead us astray."

"I fancy, Helen, that these are some of Mr. Blake Whitmore's  
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"Germanisms," said Mrs. Pigott. And, as some strangers who were passing by the house were descanting upon it as an abode where it was scarcely possible to be unhappy, the mother and daughter were taking their evening meal in silence; and there was a brief cold parting for the night.

Helen prayed to be strengthened through the difficulties which she saw were surrounding her; but she was one of those dispositions that seem to court domestic martyrdom by their readiness to sacrifice self-happiness to the happiness or the wishes of those around them.

Early the next morning Sir Jonah Foster was true to his appointment.

We have heard a friend, who has travelled much over "*continental Europe*," express a belief that some valuable ethnological coincidences might have been demonstrated by a collection of the different kinds of *gingerbread* which he had met with in various places from Holland to Bohemia. It was not difficult, he said, to suppose why the kind that was made in Amsterdam should also be made in Edinburgh; but it was less easy to explain why that which was made at Nuremberg should also be made upon the borders of North Wales—as our schoolboy recollections abundantly testify—and so of others.

In like manner a very edifying paper might be written on the different modes in which men have declared themselves to the object of their affections.

At a remote period of English history, "in the days when there were dandies in the land," a captain of hussars merely said carelessly at the end of a quadrille, "Fanny, girl, will you marry me?" and left the rest to be accomplished by friends and solicitors.

Sir Jonah made his declaration, at the close of his promised visit, dropping upon one knee on the stone floor of the entrance-hall at Abbey Grange; and having disburdened himself of his feelings, he kissed the unresisting hand of Helen, and hastily departed as if he had been committing a crime—and he could not have chosen a mode of departure more proper for the occasion.

As the following morning was warm and bright, the easement before which Helen sat was thrown open; and when Sir Jonah Foster rode past, he accosted her carelessly, saying that he knew the way to the stable-yard, and, as they had no man, he would put up his horse himself.

He had not the slightest notion that any one to whom he had offered his hand and fortune could think of refusing them; and taking his seat by Miss Pigott, "I had long been anxious," he said, "to tell you what my feelings were."

"I wish, Sir Jonah, that you had never done so."

"Helen!" he exclaimed, in immense amazement, "what can you possibly mean?"

"I mean, sir, that if your feelings towards me are those of affection, I regret, on many accounts, that I cannot return them."

"And why not?"

"Because we can never be united."

"I do not see that."

"Never, except in misery and disappointment," said Helen. "There is no sympathy between us—nothing that could shed over our union even the most distant hope of happiness."

"Am I to understand, then, that, after all, you refuse me?"

"I would say it in more gracious language, Sir Jonah; but I have no other meaning. I repeat that our union is impossible."

Sir Jonah Foster rose from his seat, and, with a slight bow and convulsed features, left the room.

"Helen!" said Mrs. Pigott, as she hastily came in, "you don't know what you have done, or how it may affect us all."

"I feel that I have done right," replied her daughter; "but I am agitated and unwell, and you must let me be in my own room for the rest of the day."

When Sir Jonah had remounted his horse, he entered a lane behind Abbey Grange, which led to his own residence.

"Why, what's the matter with the man?" said an old farmer, who was coming into the road from one of the fields; "what the Dickens does he mean by spurring his horse and pulling at its head in that way? I wonder how he'd like to be brought before himself for cruelty to a brute animal. He has fined many a poor man, as I knew, for less than that. But them young justices have one law for themselves and another for them as comes before them. Well, for my part, I never seed the use of making a man what he's not fit for."

And, while the farmer was soliloquising, Sir Jonah continued spurring his horse and nervously twitching its bridle; and it was more by its own instinct than by his guidance that it took him to the entrance-gates of Knight's Carey.

There is another of the personages of our history of whom we have for some time lost sight.

## VI.

### THE LAWYER'S HOME.

BLAKE WHITMORE had left his father's house with a heavy heart.

It is said by an anonymous poet that there is not, in the long catalogue of human misery,

A pain severer than the pang we feel  
When friendship fails, or love seems doomed to die;

and the exile from Stoke felt its truth at that moment as deeply as if it had been expressed with all the grace and vigour of the most gifted bard of whom royalty ever made a laureate.

But his mind was too well disciplined to allow the more important work of life to be interfered with by a baffled affection. His feelings were deep rather than violent; and though he had been compelled to change his scene of action, he was as determined as ever to pursue the career of persevering industry which he had long marked out for himself.

He took with him only one letter of introduction, and that was from his father to Mr. Fairfield, his agent in London, which he lost no time in presenting.

Like all men, and particularly London men, devoted to their affairs, Mr. Fairfield had an impatience of unprofitable conversation during the hours of business.

"I see, Mr. Whitmore," he said, "that you have plans before you which will require some consideration. I dine in a room above (pointing to the first floor) at six o'clock; and if you will partake of my plain fare—a mutton-chop and half a bottle of port—I shall be most happy to see you."

Mr. Whitmore accepted the invitation.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Fairfield, "as they sat at dinner, and what stop your prospects in London?"

"Nothing very clearly defined," replied Blake, "except that by devoting myself to my profession, of which you are aware, I believe, that I am not altogether ignorant, I am determined, if possible, to do nothing than make a living."

Their conversation ran, almost imperceptibly, over a variety of legal and general subjects of interest, and Mr. Fairfield was evidently greatly pleased with his young guest: as much, perhaps, with his modest frankness as with his extensive information.

At last, after a longer pause than usual during which a sadness came over his features, "Are you the only son," asked Mr. Fairfield, "of my old correspondent?"

"The only child."

"I wish, Mr. Whitmore," he returned, "that I had myself such a son. I had once, but he was taken from me about two years since. I can speak of it with calmness now, but it was a bitter grief at the time; and I feel that I shall never recover it. The principal weight of this sorrow is becoming too much for a mind which, like mine, has been shattered by domestic affliction, and looking forward to my dear boy as my future partner, I had formed no other connexion. The young men about me are steady and honest, but they have no talent. You say that you have nothing distinctly before you. Will you relieve me of a share of my labours? And it shall be upon a footing which you shall have no reason to regret."

Blake Whitmore thought that a more favourable opening could scarcely have presented itself; and assuring Mr. Fairfield how deeply he felt gratified by his confidence and good opinion; and how welcome he knew the intelligence would be to his father, he at once assented to the proposal.

"And where are you staying?" inquired Mr. Fairfield. "We shall now have much to talk over; and you had better come for a time to my house. I expect my carriage here in about half an hour, and, before it arrives, Richard can take a note to the inn for the delivery of your portmanteau."

Mr. Fairfield, as we ought, perhaps, to have told our readers sooner, was one of the most respectable solicitors in London; and in addition to his clients in the City, occasionally transacted business for some of England's oldest, as well as newest, nobility. He resided at Warstead. His wife had died of consumption some years previous to the time before us; and his children, inheriting her malady, had followed her to the grave, with the exception of "one only daughter," whose complexion gave fearful indications that she, too, was doomed to the same fate.

Blake Whitmore found their dwelling one of those pleasant—almost

longly-residence, which an improved taste in architecture and decoration, and what has been poetically termed an increasing "hortulan passion," have recently called into frequent existence. They were then more rare than usual.

His daughter, Ellen, appeared somewhat surprised at the sudden addition which had been made to their domestic circle; but she was pleased with Mrs. Whitmore's conversation; and it was impossible to be otherwise with himself.

Being so much alone during her father's absence in the City, she was an insatiable reader of the literature of more countries than her own; and she found that their guest was familiar with her most favourite works. She also saw that he would be of great assistance to her in procuring books out of the usual routine of "the Row," as well as in mastering their contents; and the conversation of the family-party was continued much later than usual.

In the morning he joined her in the conservatory. "Are you fond of gardening, Mr. Whitmore?" she inquired, as she turned from her occupation to address him.

"So much so, that I assure you the necessity of abandoning it was one of my greatest regrets on leaving home."

"And what are your favourite flowers?"

"That is a wide question, Miss Fairfield. We have now such endless varieties, and of such extraordinary names, that even had I made a choice, I might not find it very easy to explain it. Take it altogether—their own various beauties, and the associations with which the poets have invested it, I still like nothing better than the rose. I am afraid that you will think I have a very common-place taste."

"Then I should think the same, and with much more reason, of myself. But I do not think so of either of us. To say nothing of Shakespeare—who, as I have somewhere read, has mentioned it, including his sonnets, nearly a hundred times—we are reminded, either by our recollections or by quotations, that our smaller poets, from Waller to Coleridge, have paid it the tribute of their verse. Its praises would fill a pleasant volume; and in my mind it is mingled with some of my earliest and dearest recollections. The yellow rose which is trained above our heads was planted by my poor mother."

"I am glad that you do not forget Waller," said Whitmore; "those beautiful verses are one of the most graceful lyrics we possess."

"Remember," said Mr. Fairfield, calling to them from the breakfast-parlour, "the carriage will be at the door, as usual at half-past eight."

The assistance given to him by Blake Whitmore was a great comfort to Mr. Fairfield; and, on their return one evening from the City, Ellen told her father that she had not seen him look so well for many months.

There were no feelings between herself and their guest but those of mutual esteem; and time, therefore, moved easily and pleasantly along.

A few evenings later, they were talking, as usual, when Mr. Fairfield said, "I am sorry to interrupt your conversation, but we must have no more of your German '*Sagen*' and '*Gedichte*,' this evening. I have to ask Mr. Whitmore to give me his attention to something of more consequence. Amongst the matters (he continued) about which I have

lately been rather anxious, is a mercantile case of great importance which has been referred; and the parties are to appear before the arbitrators in about a fortnight. It embraces a variety of affairs, and a complication of accounts, which, at one time, it would have been a pleasure to me to disentangle; but my head will not bear it now, and I wish you, Mr. Whitmore, to give it your best attention. I do not mean that you should go into it to-night. We will take the papers to town with us in the morning; but I am desirous, in the mean while, to put you upon the ground."

"And will, perhaps, leave them with me this evening," said Whitmore.

The arbitrator, to whose sole award the case had been referred, was a mercantile baronet, who, at that time, took rather a conspicuous part in politics. The parties met on the day appointed, and at the end of a week it was decided in favour of Mr. Fairfield's client, much to the relief of the worthy solicitor's mind and conscience.

A day or two afterwards the arbitrator paid him a visit at his office.

"Pray, Fairfield," said he, "who is the gentleman who conducted the case which was brought before me the other day?"

"He is the son," replied Mr. Fairfield, "of one of my correspondents in the country, and I may soon have to announce him to you as my partner."

"He is a very extraordinary person. I never heard a case so ably stated; every circumstance of importance brought out so forcibly and distinctly; the accounts so clearly explained—not in the technical language of a person who had been accustomed to keep them—on the contrary, it was evident he had not; but their intricacies were so simplified that the most stupid little urchin at your daughter's infant-school might have understood them. There were also, as you know, some difficult points of law, and some questions dependent upon the commercial law of foreign countries; and he was familiar with them all. Then his language was so good; so sensible and unaffected; his voice so musically clear. It was a pleasure to sit and listen to him. Instead of a week, I had made up my mind that the case would have occupied a fortnight; but his clearness shortened it, and the best of it is that both parties are pretty well satisfied. They are not bad fellows; but they had worked themselves into such a state of mutual dislike, that till they had heard the circumstances explained by another person, they would neither of them believe anything which the other had stated. I was glad at the result, for you recollect that when our honest friend Anderson delivered his award, on a former occasion, to this same Mr. Mackigate, the Scotchman told him (with the strong native accent which we Londoners make ourselves ridiculous by attempting to imitate) that '*he could only say it was a cursed iniquitous decision!*' You should have seen old Anderson's look!" And here Sir Thomas laughed with a deep rich laugh that an Ethiopian serenader might have envied.

"I am glad," said Mr. Fairfield, "that my young friend has pleased you."

"Pleased me!" replied Sir Thomas; "he surprised me, for I had a long conversation with him afterwards on other subjects. Are his communications good?"

"His father is a solicitor at Stoke Dutton."

"And that ought to be sufficient—eh, John? Well, I like to see a man stand up for his profession."

"I did not exactly mean that," said Mr. Fairfield; "but Mr. Whitmore's father really is a very respectable man, though not very wealthy."

"And now, my friend, to come to the point," resumed Sir Thomas; "I know that your time has its price, and I do not wish to see a charge in your next bill for 'listening to praises of Mr. Whitmore.' This young man is too valuable for his present situation. I see a brilliant opening for him. He must prepare for the bar."

"I should suffer much in being deprived of his assistance," said Mr. Fairfield.

"As to that," replied Sir Thomas, "it would be easier to find a person who could efficiently superintend your business, than to find a man so likely as Mr. Whitmore to be of service in the way I contemplate. Besides, John, you and I have known each other too long to admit of my believing that you would stand in the way of any young man's advancement. Let us speak to Mr. Whitmore himself."

Mr. Fairfield rang his bell. "Tell Mr. Whitmore—if he is disengaged—that we wish to see him."

"I should not think, my old friend," resumed Sir Thomas, "that I was doing you a very great disservice, if I could persuade you to relinquish your practice altogether. You do not require it; and I sometimes fancy that his anxieties are too much for your health. Why not try a complete change of scene and climate? Your daughter, whom I love much—as who, indeed, does not?—would also benefit by it; and, with the information she possesses, I do not know any one who would so greatly enjoy a tour through Germany and Italy as she would. I enjoyed it myself; though I went there as ignorant of languages and the arts as a young elephant. But I did not like their wines—I never did—there's no substance in them. Only fit for boys and young ladies."

Sir Thomas was interrupted by the entrance of Blake Whitmore; and the discussion as to his future career being again entered upon, he admitted that if the proposal had Mr. Fairfield's sanction, nothing could be more agreeable to himself.

A hasty reflection had made Mr. Fairfield think favourably of the suggestion as to his own change of plans.

"Then let him," said Sir Thomas, "commence his terms at Lincoln's Inn as soon as possible. And if you should ever have occasion for the assistance of your banker, recollect, Mr. Whitmore, that you can draw upon the old firm of which I am still a partner. You see, Fairfield, that I am not forgetting to secure a new customer."

"There," said Mr. Fairfield,—"I must forbid the banns. Mr. Whitmore has, in me, an older though not a better friend than yourself."

"We shall not dispute that point," replied Sir Thomas; particularly as we have already had discussion enough for to-day; and I think, John, that ours has not been an *inequitable* decision."

Though the worthy baronet had repeated this gentle joke to Mr. Fairfield some fifty times, and to his friends in general some hundreds, he took his departure with a hearty laugh, which continued as he passed through the outer, or clerks' office; nor ceased till he found himself in Bishops-gate-street.



"Old Calipash seems in good humour to-day," said Mr. Nib, raising his head from the desk as Sir Thomas went out.

"He has every right to be," said Mr. Hartley, "for there is no one within the bills of mortality who does so much good."

"That opinion, sir," replied Mr. Nib, "depends a good deal, I presume, upon one's politics."

"I do not see what politics have to do with it," rejoined Mr. Hartley. And, relapsing into silence, they resumed their monotonous labours.

While the future was thus brightening before Blake Whitmore, the inhabitants of Abbey Grange were in much discomfort.

A few days after Sir Jonah Foster's last annoying visit, notices had been stuck up in the office of his agent, Mr. Hayman, announcing that Abbey Grange was to be let, "possession to be had on Lady-day next;" and when a stranger called to look at the house, and little heed to the inmates prepared for such a visit, that their maid Charlotte instigated a suspicion of his having most probably come there with felonious designs upon the silver spoons.

After the interchange of one or two letters between Henry and Sir Jonah, the notice was removed; Mr. Hayman assuring Mrs. Pigotts that it was entirely a mistake, and scolding his clerk severely for her pretence for having committed it. Had she turned round in the left the office, she might have seen them smiling at each other.

It was reported by some—though Mrs. Freestone would never admit it to be true—that Sir Jonah had said, as he sat beside her at her dinner-table, that "he could remove the Pigotts from the neighbourhood like so many paupers." Whenever she was hard pressed to confirm it, she would say that she was now upwards of seventy; and though well and active, thank God, that her hearing was not quite so good as it used to be; if anything evil was said of a neighbour, it was always observed that her deafness became worse.

But evil words have an amazing power of vitality. Mrs. Pigotts was placed in a state of very uncomfortable feelings; and she again expressed her earnest wishes to her son that they should leave Abbey Grange.

He begged her, however, to bear with its inconveniences a little longer—if only for another year; he assured her that the continuance of their present relations with Sir Jonah was essential to his future views; and, with his mother's fondness or folly, she reluctantly yielded to his representations.

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## SKETCHES OF GERMAN STUDENT LIFE.

BY F. R. LLOYD.

ONE of the first points that strikes an Englishman as remarkable in the condition of the German students is the extraordinary freedom accorded to them, and the slight apparent control exercised over them; but a point still more extraordinary is the slight abuses that arise from such a liberty. This, however, can be easily accounted for by the fact that they have a code of honour amongst themselves, which is intimately bound up with, and inseparable from, the practice of duelling. This is the secret charm by which they regulate their constitution, and in chivalrous fashion settle dissensions of every description. Moralists may say what they please, but once banish duelling from these universities, and with one blow you put an end to the romantic life of the students. Let not the reader of these few pages suppose that the object is to introduce German practices into our own universities, or to make invidious comparisons between them—such is by no means the intention; they are rather written with the view to giving a few slight hints of information, and to state at the same time some peculiarities and points of difference.

The privileges of the German student are numerous and important. He is almost superior to the law, cannot be arrested in any case for debt, and in a criminal cause can only be tried by or with the consent of the university judge, who has his court, prison, and all other appurtenances. Graduates are compelled to give credit for necessities as far as a certain amount, and up to a certain time; within which period, if application be made to the university authorities, the money is paid from a fund set apart for that purpose; but in default of this application the money is irrecoverable. One consequence of this is, naturally, that very little credit is given, and young gentlemen are compelled to dispense with such luxuries as they would probably consider necessities, were unlimited credit given. One piece of extravagance every student must plead guilty to—that is, his pipe. A handsome meerschaum is considered quite a necessary apartment; and frequently so much as five, and even ten pounds, are given by them for the article. To a German his pipe is his friend—a very constant one, too. When not making use of it—which, by the way, only occurs when eating, drinking, or sleeping, and often in the last case—he hangs it in the most conspicuous part of the apartment, making a sort of tutelary deity of it. His apartment is furnished in a very rough-and-ready style: a few chairs, of a very common description, and a table form the principal luxuries of the establishment. A carpet is a rarity among them.

Perhaps there is no class amongst whom such romantic friendships are found; and it is usual to have the walls decorated with portraits of all friends, sometimes singly and sometimes in groups, taken from duelling reminiscences, or from scenes of the "Kneip," or drinking-room. As these "Kneips," or "Commerces," form one of the principal features in the life of a student, some description may be given. It may sound somewhat curious that in universities societies should be permitted to exist which are formed for no other apparent purpose than duelling and drinking. The only defence one can make is, that the duelling is not with a

view to any serious consequence, nor the drinking with a view to intoxication; nor does any very serious result arise in either case: a few slight flesh-wounds in the one case, and in the other no very great intoxication, inasmuch as they do not venture on any more potent liquor than beer.

These drinking-bouts are generally held in rooms set apart, which belong to different "corps," or societies, respectively. We shall have occasion hereafter to speak of the mode in which they are formed. In the ordinary Kneip none but members are admitted, or rather no member of any other corps; as it is not against rule to introduce a stranger or "Philister," as they designate all who are not members of a university either as professor or student. In their eyes an emperor or a king is a "Philister," equally with the landlord of the tavern where they hold their revels. We will now imagine ourselves one of the fortunate invited, and as soon as our eyes have been enabled to penetrate the smoke, proceed to give some sort of description of the scene.

At a long table are seated a number of young men, in every description of dress and undress (as many are stripped to their shirts), the only uniformity appearing to consist in the cap, and a general determination to amuse themselves. A president and vice-president stand at either end of the table, unlike the rest of the company, dressed in the full uniform of the corps, which is sometimes very splendid. They are sword in hand; and have the maintenance of order and the infliction of the fines, which are usually in the "cuppa magistra" line. The quantity of beer consumed on these occasions is quite incredible. Thirty or forty large glasses is not an unusual quantity; and instead of calling for more glasses, they save unnecessary trouble by having numerous formidable casks brought to table. One is expected to drink at all times when challenged, and the challenger has the option of saying whether it is to be a whole glass or not. In the former case it must be emptied, and turned upside down on the table, on pain of having to drink more, or being obliged to pay the penalty of a fresh cask. Above the din of everything is easily heard the clash of the president's sword on the table, which enforces silence on the most unruly. Each person is provided with a book containing the favourite songs, and the music. Some of these songs are very beautiful, and as every German is a musician, the effect is admirable. These songs are kept up at intervals of ten minutes or so throughout the evening, commencing at about six, and finishing indefinitely in the morning. They are always accompanied by an excellent band, stationed in an adjoining apartment, who carry on during the intervals a species of counter-Kneip of their own.

The most interesting part of the entertainment takes place about midnight. It consists in a ceremony in which the purpose of these societies seems to be depicted, that is, the practice of duelling. What we are now describing may seem absurd, but it is difficult to explain in words the significance of what can be hardly appreciated but by a student. The president having previously clashed his sword, and having called for the song which is the accompaniment of the ceremony, all stand up, while the president and vice-president standing on the vacated chairs, beginning at the top of the table, take the cap from each guest and run it through with the sword, until they have thus visited all the guests, and have all the caps strung on the swords. Each in turn takes the sword in

his left, and with the cap in his right drinks to the health of fatherland, and swears over to be a brave member of the corps, and to preserve the liberties of the student. The caps are returned in the same order by the president and his vice, the song being kept up throughout. This is never omitted during a Kneip, and as they occur at least once during a week, the caps resemble sieves rather than coverings for the head.

It would be difficult to explain all this, and one can only say there are plenty of more absurd and less harmless ceremonies in the world. In it are united some of the principal elements in German student-life. The cap, the cup, the song, and the sword are brought into pretty close contact. Each corps has on different appointed days, once or perhaps twice a year, a grand "Commerce." On these occasions they traverse the town in full dress, with swords drawn and colours flying, while a huge barrel of beer is borne in front. After traversing in this way some of the principal thoroughfares, they betake themselves, by various modes of locomotion, to some appointed place at a certain distance from the town, varied according to the facilities of communication. It is necessary to go some distance from the town, as the authorities might be obliged to take notice of their orgies if conducted within the precincts of the university. These festivities last for two or three days, according as the money may be forthcoming. There is a general fund made up by the corps for these occasions, and placed in the hands of a treasurer. During their stay it is a constant scene of drinking, singing, &c., the ceremony of the caps being gone through every night. No baggage is taken; so that at the end of the saturnalia their situation may be more readily imagined than described. On their return, the streets are paraded in the same fashion, at least by those who can walk, the incapable being borne on the shoulders of the capable. The barrel of beer, now empty, is again borne in front, the band plays, and the scene finishes by a return to the Kneip-room. It is a curious scene, but so common among them as to pass without much notice, and the little accompaniment of drunkenness is forgotten.

It is, perhaps, generally imagined that because there are constant duels taking place amongst these students that they must be a very quarrelsome race. This is a mistake. Perhaps there is no class amongst which more good fellowship and good temper can be found. There is certainly a passion for duelling, but as it seldom leads to any serious result, it is not of so much importance as might be supposed. They look upon duelling as a pastime—pretty much in the same light as that in which we regard a game of cricket. Ordinarily speaking, there is no real quarrel between the combatants. Sometimes a sham quarrel is got up; merely to save appearances, not that they are very particular on that score. The president of each corps is expected to keep lists of the members, and to be tolerably well acquainted with their capabilities and state of preparation for fighting. The names of those who are ready to fight are then sent to another corps, and the president of that body writes opposite to each name a man of his own corps, who he thinks is likely to make a good match. A day is then appointed, and a number of fights take place one after the other. The practice is forbidden by the authorities, and slight punishments are inflicted, generally estimated according to the nature of the wounds: however, as the university police find it

answers their purpose—i. e. their pockets—better to hold their tongues; information is seldom given. The combats are held generally in the midst of some wood, in a spot quite removed from any thoroughfare; whilst on all sides persons are kept on the watch to give immediate alarm in case of intrusion.

We will now suppose ourselves arrived at the ground. There are perhaps a hundred young men present. Some are lying on the grass, some sitting in trees, but all accompanied by the eternal pipe. Many of them have a huge cow's horn almost encircling the body. This is not to blow, as the reader may imagine; no, they have too much musical taste to desecrate the air with anything half so hideous. It contains their beer, and is in pretty constant request both amongst the combatants and the spectators. The swords are sharp only at the end for about three inches, but for that length they are like razors, and the slightest touch will cause the blood to flow profusely. There are always surgeons on the spot to bind the wounds immediately, and they, from constant practice, become so expert, that wounds which might in other hands turn out troublesome prove only trifling. There are various descriptions and degrees of duel amongst them. Always, except in an extreme case, the neck, body, and arms are bound with stuffed leather, not unlike our boxing-glove material; the head is sometimes entirely bare, but sometimes covered with a cap with a strong beak, which protects the head and temples. The expert despise the use of the cap, and it is generally only used by beginners. The coverings of the arms are very thick, and tolerably heavy; so that in the intervals of the contest it is necessary to have supporters. To each combatant a second is given, who acts also as umpire, settling any disputed point by an appeal to the referee, who stands near, watch in hand, to regulate the time. The seconds are provided with swords, and stand close behind their respective principals; so close, indeed, that they are apparently in as much danger as the combatants. They are sometimes slightly scratched, but are too old hands at the game to allow it to occur often.

Let us imagine the fight now about to begin. The opponents regard one another fixedly, but without exchanging a word. Coat, waistcoat, neckcloth, and cap are laid aside, and in lieu of these is donned the dueling-covering described above. The seconds, meanwhile, measure the ground, and mark with chalk the line beyond which neither combatant can pass. As it is not intended that they should injure one another very much, the seconds have the power by turns of staying the contest after a few passes. They are rarely permitted to make more than two or three cuts at one another, and always when a blow is struck they are stopped.

We will suppose the contest to have commenced, and, after a few rounds, a slight wound to have been inflicted. It is nothing, a simple scratch, but the face is covered with blood. The wounded, however, considers he has not received satisfaction, and the contest is allowed to continue at intervals of the same description, until the referee declares the time to be expired. This varies from a quarter to half an hour, according as agreed upon previously. The intervals are a minute in duration. Each second can stop the fight when he pleases, but is immediately expected to give a reason. These reasons are merely an excuse to prevent too much mischief. Sometimes, however, they lead to disputes between the friends of

the respective combatants, and occasionally to a general *mêlée* among the spectators. At the end of the fight they shake hands, and all animosity is supposed to be at an end. They then wash their faces, and, after having their wounds dressed, if not faint from the loss of blood, return and become spectators of the other fights which are taking place.

One curious circumstance may be mentioned with respect to the wounds—viz., that the eye is never touched or injured in any way; a fact arising, of course, from the extraordinary sensibility of that organ. Cuts are inflicted on all sides without injury to the orb. Many fight in spectacles, and have them occasionally dashed to pieces, but it is rare to hear of an instance of loss of sight from this cause. Noses are cut off, ears slit across, and even the tongue damaged. They take a sort of pride in the number of their sears, and this feeling is unhappily encouraged by the fair sex. Here they have no fear of losing their beauty. In fact, an ugly man may pass muster if he is fortunate enough to have received a good seam across his physiognomy. These duels take place nearly every day during "Semester," or term, sometimes ten or a dozen together, so that they are no novelty, and a stranger, or rather a non-participator in the passion, would weary of such scenes. Every student-duel does not, however, end in the innocent manner described above; but mortal combats are, perhaps, quite as rare amongst them as amongst ourselves. Occasionally they fight without bandages, or have recourse to pistols.

No duels are allowed between members of the same corps, on pain of expulsion. These corps, or societies, of which the distinguishing mark is generally a peculiar cap and ribbon, were, and are still to a certain extent, formed of different nations of Germany respectively. The names would imply this—Prussian, Westphalian, Saxon, Hanseatic (from the Hanse towns), &c. Some have a political tendency, as the "Allemanen," formed indiscriminately from natives of all parts of Germany, and whose political object is to restore the ancient empire of Germany. A movement was made in this direction in the year 1848. The principal objects, however, of these societies is the practice of duelling; all others are subservient to this. The symbol of full membership of a corps is the ribbon, and, on first admission, this is not given until a probation of at least a year is gone through. It gives a very *distingué* air to the wearer; as some resemble the ribbons of the great European orders of merit, and it has occurred not unfrequently to the bearers of these to be mistaken for persons of great distinction. It has been said above that the principal object of these corps is duelling: it should, however, be stated that a very large portion of the students do not belong to them, among whom the practice is very much disapproved of, and is only resorted to in extreme cases. These, of course, form the more studious portion of the university. Whatever professors, parents, and guardians may consider the objects in sending young men to universities, it is pretty certain that a very large portion of the students themselves imagine that they are places of amusement, and that the best amusements this life can afford are duelling and convivial meetings. Before the commencement of each "Semester," and during the vacation, some few of the oldest members of each corps come up to tout among the freshmen, or "Foxes," as they are called, for new members. The first question they ask "Mr. Verdant Green" is as to his opinion about fighting. If, fearful of papa's prohi-

bition, he should decline, they endeavour to overcome his scruples, and enrol him in their corps, as they will have nothing to do with those who do not fight.

It seems to be the privilege of a student, both at home as well as abroad, to have perfect liberty as to costume, and to have a sort of license to do everything that is absurd and extraordinary. The Germans, however, have this advantage over ourselves—they make mountebanks of themselves at one-fifth of the price that we do. With regard to the relative expense, it may be stated that a student in Germany, with seventy pounds per annum, is about on a par with a student at Oxford or Cambridge with an income of three hundred. Upon this they manage to live with all the ordinary comforts of life. One good reason for this is, that they can buy their provisions in whatever market they please, can lodge wherever it may suit them, and are not in any way plundered by college officials. A great deal has been said about the extravagance of young men in our universities, but until immense reforms take place in the colleges themselves—i.e. in the system pursued by tutors and presidents, &c.—no great improvement in this respect can be made. We will just here mention a little fact in illustration of our remark. At a certain college of "Oxford," of which a high dignitary of the Church, a man of large private fortune, was the master, and who rarely honoured the place by his presence, the article coals was sold to the students at exactly double the price it could be purchased in the town. This was called the master's perquisite, and the students being compelled to take it from this self-elected coal-merchant, enabled him to add some hundreds a year to his income. It is almost needless to mention how our students are completely in the power of their bedmaker and scouts, a sort of compact being entered into between them and their masters, that as long as they are allowed perfect liberty to pillage and plunder as much as they please, the young gentlemen shall not be reported if they have slept out without the precaution of previously "making their bed," &c. It is useless to make prisoners of young men; they will break out, and the more liberty they get the less likely they are to abuse it. Here it may be as well to state a point which is well known, viz., with respect to the morality of the students of Germany, that the perfect liberty accorded to them is not abused. They have laws made amongst themselves, which effect what all the proctors and "bulldogs" in the world could not bring about. With respect to our forced attendance at lectures, chapels, examinations, &c., it may be said that "He who wishes to learn, will learn always, but he who is compelled—seldom." How often does one hear from a student's mouth—"There is no use in learning this or that; one will not be asked anything about it in the examination." One great difficulty foreigners experience in associating with German students is their language. It is quite peculiar to them, and has a secret power which binds together the whole student class from Kiel to Freiburg, and from Bonn to Königsberg. "Bursch" is the name they apply to themselves, and for a true, hearty, good-humoured friend, in no class will be found one superior to the free "Bursch."

## DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854.

BY FLORENTIA.

The Adoration—The Lateran—Mass of the Resurrection—Trinità dei Pellegrini—  
Two Anecdotes—The Environs of Rome—Rocca di Papa—Maria—Home  
Scenes.

I NOW resume my account of the Easter ceremonies.

All Rome mourns to-day as mourned the Virgin before the cross of Calvary. It is Good Friday, and an awful gloom hangs over the city. Every one looks sad and melancholy, an incessant tolling of bells strikes the ear, the streets are thronged with crowds pressing into the churches, which are filled with worshippers, who kneel before the denuded altars and darkened shrines with every outward semblance of sorrow and repentance, "Assume a virtue if you have it not," says Hamlet. At least the very sight is edifying, as bringing forcibly to one's mind the sacred anniversary in which all Christians join.

During the mass in the Sistine Chapel, the Pope—leaving his crimson slippers embroidered with a cross, and divesting himself of his cope and mitre—descends from his throne, and advances towards the crucifix on the altar, which is veiled in black. Three times he bows in adoration before the symbolic image of the Redeemer's passion, then prostrating himself at the foot of the cross, he reverently kisses the pierced feet, which are partially uncovered, whilst the whole choir intone the beautiful chant, *Venite, adoremus*. Three times is this ceremony repeated, the harmony ascending each time in a higher key, until at the conclusion the entire figure on the cross is exposed. There is a dramatic yet deeply touching pathos in this rite, calculated to conquer the indifference of the most callous Protestant, and to make the most careless Catholic tremble. In the afternoon the Tenebræ are repeated for the third and last time, to the same vain and irreverent auditory. At its conclusion I went into St. Peter's, where the Pope soon after appears to adore the relics. An immense crowd was assembled. After a while the Guardia Civica, in their handsome uniforms of blue, marched up the nave, forming a passage for the court, the Swiss Guard, and the Guardia Nobile. Last of all appeared Pius, always calm and benignant, but looking excessively heated and fatigued. When he had reached the front of the Confessional (the tomb of the Apostles before the altar), he knelt at a desk prepared for him; then, taking in his hand a printed form of prayer, the relics were exposed from the gallery over the statue of San Veronica, illuminated for the occasion. When the ceremony was concluded, the Holy Father rose, drew off his spectacles, put them in the pocket of his superb vestment, and retired, followed by his sumptuous court, glittering with crimson and gold. This ceremony did not impress me at all.

*Saturday.*—To-day I went with H—— to the Lateran. He was, as usual, instructive and entertaining, and eager to explain the devout significance of all we saw. He explained to me that the services of this day, commemorating the resurrection, are anticipated, so as not to be celebrated at midnight, as was the custom in the primitive Church. "The whole service," said he, "still supposes the time as being night. A source of



the highest antiquarian interest," added he, "is to be found in the Catholic system of symbolism, which has appropriated from every source the imagery and typical forms most pregnant and most beautiful. In the mystic significance of our ceremonies we are carried back to ages when history only preserves imperfect records, to the wild mythology of the North, the profound mysticism of the East, to intellectual Greece and victorious Rome, each and all recalled by many of the external associations of the Catholic ritual; for the Church—like the sun, which absorbs all other light—in appropriating those truths, has sanctified them to the loftiest and holiest purposes." I need not add, that H—— is a devout Catholic.

In the mean time we arrived at the Lateran, where an immense number of white-robed young priests were assembled round the high altar, this being the day when all the clergy are expected to communicate; the relics of St. Paul are also exposed. H——, however, hurried me away to the old Baptistery, near the Basilica, in order to obtain a place for witnessing the christening. This circular building, which is not large, was densely thronged, the spectators being arranged on raised seats round the central portion, octagonal in form, and supported by marble pillars, where the large alabaster vase stands, used as a font by Constantine, and in which Rienzi is said to have bathed before assuming knighthood. The heat was so intense it required some resolution to keep our seats. At last the procession appeared, preceded by incense-bearers and deacons; then came the officiating cardinal, in splendid vestments, and, following him, the two candidates for baptism—one a Jew, out of the Ghetto, a sullen, morose stunner, who looked capable of committing murder or sacrilege for the value of a scudo; the other a young negro girl, as black as ebony, her bare woolly head of cropped hair giving her, but for her white drapery, much the appearance of a boy. There was something gentle and devout in her countenance and bearing, singularly contrasting with the stolid insensibility of her companion, who stared round at the company with audacious eyes, in a most unedifying manner. Much interest had been excited by the negro girl, who was brought as a slave from Africa to Leghorn, where, becoming a Christian, she escaped from her proprietors, and was redeemed by that excellent fraternity the Trinitarians, ever on the watch at these seaports to help and protect the madonnas, the orphan, and the slave. Mr. D——th, the once eloquent London preacher, who has now become so zealous a convert, and Madame Lezzani—her queenly beauty giving her all the appearance of a dignified young Roman matron—were the sponsors. The cardinal and the others grouped themselves very picturesquely round the central vase, and the ceremony began. Water was thrown on the head of the two neophytes; by one it was received with sullen indifference, by the other with a devotional fervour. Her black head was reverently bowed in constant prayer, and she looked so deeply affected by the conflict of emotions, that I feared every moment she would faint.

As soon as the rite at the Baptistery was concluded, H——, who had been quite touched at the earnest piety of the poor negro girl, hurried me off without the loss of a moment to St. Peter's. Service was proceeding in the choir when we entered, the altar was hung with a black veil, the low, lugubrious chanting telling of mourning and desolation, the

Church yet lying in sackcloth and ashes, lamenting her Beloved. But at a given signal the most magic transition from gloom and misery to rejoicing was effected. At the moment the *Gloria in Excelsis* was intoned the organ burst forth in a rapturous paean of triumphant harmony; the veil before the altar was withdrawn with a loud crash, displaying a magnificent tapestry, representing the resurrection of our Lord; the paschal candle, an enormous torch placed beside the altar, blazed forth; the deep-toned bells of St. Peter rang out a joyous peal, responded to by every belfry in the vast city; and the cannon of the Castle of San Angelo boomed solemnly above the brazen music, echoing through the city. What a rapturous burst it was no words can tell; nothing could exceed the overwhelming effect of that exciting moment, when the Old World rose as if to new life, as her Saviour emerged from the tomb. A thrill, an electric shock, passed over the whole congregation; happiness and devout joyfulness beamed in every face; loving, earnest eyes turned towards heaven, every knee bowed in solemn thanksgiving, while the exulting strains of the loudly-pealing organ seemed to carry up the soul in a bright stream of harmonious ecstasy. The *Gloria* was followed by the grand *Hallelujah*, chanted by the full force of the beautiful choir; and the walls of the chapel, the vaults and arches and sculptured cupolas of the sacred space, visible through the clustered columns, opening in long vistas, gorgeous in colouring, beyond, actually seemed to quiver and shake with the triumphant chorus of earth rejoicing over her risen Saviour!

There was not a single English person beside ourselves present; all was *sympatica* and harmonious—

A holy shadow, soft and dear,  
Of chastened sympathies.

The music ended, every one turned to the other, wishing them a "Buona notte"; the canons advanced towards the officiating cardinal with the same salutation, the priests repeating it again to the canons and to each other. Beautiful flowers made their appearance, and were handed among the clergy from friend to friend with the same soul-stirring salutation. We passed out into the mighty aisles of the vast Basilica, where thousands were saluting each other with a like holy greeting, and again bright flowers passed from hand to hand. An air of jubilee was on every face, the doors and the shrines were now uncovered, the sombre veils had vanished, the golden lamps before the Confessional were again lighted, cannon still roared in the distance, musketry sounded, military music came floating through the entrance; the bells rang on in joyous peals, for the new year had begun, the sacred year, when Jesus rose, "our triumphant holiday," and it was meet and fit that earth and all her children should rejoice!

In the evening we went to the Trinità dei Pellegrini, a confraternità founded by that most holy man San Filippo Neri for those pilgrims who desire to avail themselves of the indulgences conceded by the Church during the Holy Week, *ad limina apostolorum*. Each day during the Holy Week hundreds of men and women arrive, and are entertained in separate portions of the large building for three days, free of all charge; and every evening the lay members of the association, including all the

illustrious of either sex in Rome, assemble here, wash the pilgrims' feet, and afterwards attend on them at supper.

We ascended an interminable staircase on the women's side of the building, situated in one of the closest of the network of narrow streets in the neighbourhood of the Tiber, near the Farnese Palace. On entering the suite of apartments devoted to the pilgrims, light and life, bustle and activity burst upon us; many female pilgrims, pale, dusty, and fatigued, were seated on forms, or leant against the walls, staring inquiringly at the novel scene. They were generally of the very poorest class, but looked neat and clean, habited in the romantic medieval dress with which ballads and legends invest all pilgrims: the dark grey or black robe, the large cape sprinkled with cockleshells, the broad-brimmed hat of straw or felt, sandaled shoes, with a gourd by their side, and a long staff beside them. There is something positively poetical about a dress that awakens so many romantic associations. Many visitors were present, passing from room to room, while the sisterhood of the convent attached to the female division of the confraternità, in their dresses of grey serge and white cowls, glided about, contrasting well with the noble ladies, members of the institution, in curious costumes of red and black, quite as strange and mediæval-looking as the pilgrims themselves. What lovely faces I saw; what aristocratic features, brilliant eyes, and classical heads; the dignified bearing of conscious rank and beauty toned down for the occasion, but still inherent in the noble damsels who passed to and fro on their mission of charity, speaking kind words to the way-weary pilgrim.

After a time a great crowd of visitors had collected in a long gallery, where behind a railed-in space, on either side, the tables were spread for supper. Here we waited until the press would allow of our descending to the apartment where the feet were washed. An old lady, the Countess Marescalchi, emerged from the crowd, leading forward her niece, a lovely girl, affianced to the wealthy Marchese D—, whom I had observed continually dancing and talking with the Prince of Prussia. "My niece," said the countess to my friend Madame Lezzani, who, habited in the lay costume, stood near, "vuol far qualche opera di misericordia (she wishes to perform some work of charity); may she assist?" To which Madame Lezzani assenting, the beautiful girl, smiling and blushing, was arrayed in the prescribed dress of black, with great red sleeves and apron, and led away below to wash dirty feet, as happy as a queen. After a due proportion of scuffling, crushing, and pushing (for many English were present), we also descended.

In the lower room sat between fifty or sixty most miserable-looking pilgrims; seated on high forms round the walls, they really looked in the last stage of dust—their feet, their legs begrimed with travel-stains. To my thinking, these appeared ten times more wretched than those I had seen above, but it might be the strong light thrown on them from the lamps above bringing out all their soils in high relief. Their feet—but I will spare your feelings by not further mentioning them—rested on the edges of wooden tubs of hot water placed below each, their stockings, or shoes, or sandals were laid beside them, the noble ladies knelt by the tubs on the bare brick-floor, their white arms uncovered, their beauteous heads bowed down waiting the signal to begin. When all was ready, a cardinal in full dress appeared, and standing in the centre of the room, read a

**Latin prayer.** While he read, the washing began, and sure such rubbing and scrubbing and eager anxiety to labour right hard on the part of the ladies was never seen. I passed round and saw them working with right good-will, their white hands and arms dabbling in the dirty water, and contrasting very strangely with the sunburnt skin of the poor women, who seemed, on the whole, quite shocked; others, however, looking on it in its proper light as an act of devotion, repeated prayers and coronas; some endeavoured to assist; and were not permitted by the pretty ladies, who would do all themselves; and some sat staring stolidly, overcome with astonishment at all they saw. There was the Rosiglioni, the haughtiest princess in Rome, hard at work, a little coronet of gold just visible in her coal-black hair; and the Marchesa C—, the most zealous of English converts; and the sweet bride-elect whom I had seen above so anxious to assist. No one can describe the grace and gentleness with which she performed her revolting duty: when she had satisfied her conscience by a most vigorous wash, she stooped down, kissed the pilgrim's feet, drew on the coarse stockings and the clumsy dirty shoes, and then rose, the poor contadina, evidently quite touched by her great beauty and kindness, invoking an audible blessing on her. "E un vero angelo di beltà, una santa di Dio," added the woman, loud enough for others to hear, who all instantly turned their heads, making the gracious bride blush redder than roses. Oh, well be it with thee thou fair bride in coming years, and may the blessing invoked on thy young head by the poor pilgrim be chronicled in the courts of heaven!

I can give no account of the service on Easter Sunday, for I was too unwell to attend the high mass at St. Peter's. Truth to tell, I am glad of the excuse, for I hate to describe what everybody has seen. Instead, I will note down two anecdotes, one ancient and classical, the other modern and gossiping.

In the reign of Paul III., near the church of San Vitale, a treasure was found in the vineyard of a certain Signore Orazio Muti by his vignarolo, or head labourer, consisting of a great quantity of gold pieces and many valuable jewels; the vignarolo's honesty not being proof against such a temptation, he decamped with the treasure. Signore Orazio, going to his vineyard and not finding his man, looked everywhere for him. The man he could not find, for no man was there, but he found what much surprised him: an open hole, copper vessels, and shivered urns of antique workmanship. Guessing what had occurred, he caused further search to be made, and came on more gold coin; so, being fully convinced of the fraud practised on him, he gave notice to all the bankers and goldsmiths of Rome, that any one coming with ancient coin to change, or jewels to sell, should be arrested. It happened at this time that Michael Angelo, then residing in Rome, sent a servant of his, called Urbino (a great favourite, and almost a companion of the great maestro, mentioned in his life by Vasari, who, however, gossip as he is, does not give us this adventure), to change some money little in use at that time. The banker seeing the coin, and recollecting the late occurrence, never for a moment doubted but that he had caught the thief, and Urbino, to his uncommon surprise, was taken prisoner. When he was examined as to the money, he replied, "That he had had it from his master, Michael Angelo." The judge, a man of uncompromising resolution, at once

ordered him to be imprisoned. This was done, and the Colosseum of Art was consigned to a gaol. When he was produced for examination he was asked his name; he replied:

"Michael Angelo Buonarroti."

"From what country?"

"Florence."

"Do you know Signore Muti (dumb)?"

"How would you have me know the *Muti*, if I do not even know those who can *talk*?" replied the painter, in a very ill humour.

In the mean time, certain cardinals, having heard of the affair, sent in haste to the judge to order his immediate liberation. But the judge, although forced to obey, retained poor Urbino some days longer in prison. As to Muti, he heard, after a while, that his vignarolo had been seen at Venice; so he set off straight to that city, where he found that his wily servant had presented the medals and the jewels to the council, who, in return, had made him a citizen, with an ample allowance; and, although Muti proved his prior right, and instituted a suit, the Signoria kept the treasure, and only paid his expenses back to Rome.

Lady Coventry, who, some said (Mrs. Grundy especially), had enjoyed herself in her day, when she was old and frail set up her tent in the Eternal City, where she lived like a real princess. By some chance she rented the magnificent Barberini Palace, the place where the lovely Cenci lives enshrined in the picture-gallery. How, or why, or wherefore, those haughty magnates condescended to let their vast ancestral palace, I cannot tell; but certain it is they did so, and that for many years her ladyship lived there like a fairy queen. She was of extremely diminutive stature. She gave dinners to artists, who condescended generally to patronise her, in consideration of the grand banquets they enjoyed in the old feudal halls; she had many gentlemen friends, but no female ones; she had a suite of attendants, servants, maestri di casa, pages, women, men, and boys—like an Eastern Begum; and she had also a scopatore—a humble sweeper of those gilded saloons, a common Italian canaglia, who seemed to have as much connexion with his be-satined and be-jewelled little mistress as I with Hercules. Nevertheless, strange things do happen, and it is on the countess and the scopatore that my tale hangs.

She was given to purchasing ornaments, bronzes, cameos, antiquities, articles generally of "bigotry and virtue," with which the sumptuous apartments were adorned. Well, all at once, one thing was lost, and then another, and, what was worse, the things never turned up, but had fairly walked off and vanished. My lady threatened the maestro di casa that if the articles were not reproduced she would sweep her palace of all her domestics as clean as the tramontana sweeps the falling leaves in autumn.

"Sua eccellenza," said the man, "you are not the only sufferer; we also have been robbed of clothes and of various things."

"Whom do you suspect?" asks the lady.

"Why, to tell the truth, signora, we all suspect Rocco."

Who was Rocco?—the great little lady had never heard the name of this her obscure attendant. Rocco was the humble sweeper of the marble floors of miladi's palace. Of course, he was instantly to be dismissed:

Rocco was to go, and he went; miledi, in her satin boudoir, never wasted a thought on the lump of clay.

One night, not long after, Lady Coventry lay in bed—pillowed, as such dames are, in dainty lace and fine linen—between waking and sleeping, in a half dreamy state of conscious unconsciousness, when she heard the handle of her door turn. In a moment she was sitting up in bed. A figure entered, bearing a light—bearing, too, something besides, gleaming in his hand.

“Who’s there?” screamed my lady.

“Rocco,” replied a hollow voice.

In an instant the truth flashed across her mind: Rocco, the scopatore, was there, come to have his *vendetta*; he had penetrated into the interior of the palace he knew so well, and was going to murder her! Now, the little lady was not wanting in spirit—she was no coward—so, when she heard this ominous answer, she first seized the bell-rope beside her, and then darted out of bed towards a door opening into a corridor opposite. As she rushed out, Rocco bounded after her, and, with murderous haste, clutched her by the night-clothes in the passage. Finding herself within his gripe, she flung herself against him like a cat to protect the most vulnerable part of her person, where a blow would have been certain death; she clung to him with the agonised hold of terrified despair, incorporating, so to say, herself on him. A death-struggle ensued—the wiry little countess and the strong scopatore. The light which he held was extinguished, but, ere it fell, the weapon he held gleamed, and she saw it—a moment more, and she felt it ploughing the skin in the back of her neck, blow after blow, quick as they could fall. The more he stabbed (and many wounds were inflicted) the tighter she clung to him, for she knew he would murder her if he could. As they struggled she fell against a table, and he lost his hold; at the same moment the steward—who had heard the bell ring, but had stopped to put on his clothes—appeared with a light. Rocco rushed back by the way he had come, too quickly to be caught, and the poor little countess was picked up deluged in blood, and with two of her teeth (perhaps they were false, *chi lo sa?*) knocked out.

By earliest dawn information was given to the police; an immense sensation was excited. A peeress to be stabbed in her own palace—in her bedroom—to be dead, or dying—the assassin to have escaped!—all this was tremendous; every engine was set to work to discover Rocco; every hole of the Eternal City—and the holes where the wretched and the criminal congregate in squalid poverty were many and horrible—were ransacked. At last, poor devil Rocco was unearthed and put in prison; further, he was tried and condemned to the galleys for life. The man had the presumption to send to the countess for money while she lay in her bed healing of the wounds he had inflicted. And she actually gave him money. Yes, the naughty little countess, whom ladies were too virtuous to visit, sent the assassin money to cheer his weary hours in the loathsome prison. Blessings on her kind heart! Poor Rocco never went to the galleys; he died in prison, and with his last breath begged the pardon of his generous mistress.

She soon got the better of her wounds, which were but flesh-cuts, and lived to tell the story of “her own murder,” as she called it, as she sat

Heading her amply-loaded board. She told it well, and it was esteemed a good anecdote. Now she is dead, the little countess, and all that remains of her are a pair of tiny feet sculptured in marble, a monument of vanity, in the corner of a certain studio under the shadow of the palace where she flourished. But there is a register in the good angels' book that shall not be forgotten in that solemn day of reckoning, when the humble scopatore and the dainty countess shall stand together before the Great Judge. The register written in that book shall cover a multitude of sins, and poor Rocco's dying blessing shall witness loudly in her favour—the poor, vain, naughty little countess with the noble forgiving soul!

Delightful as is the climate of Rome, its very mildness renders it so exceedingly enervating and exhausting, that after a residence of six or seven months the debilitated constitution requires a change. But the question is where to go? A query not so easily answered. Perhaps no large city in the world was ever more in want of suburban resources—a want arising from the vast extent of the desolate Campagna, clasping the city on all sides with an arid girdle, where not a house is seen, neither man nor beast thriving on that unwholesome soil, with its deadly night exhalations, so pernicious in summer as to drive the very cattle from their pastures. One must journey sixteen long miles to Albano, or L'Aricia, or Frascati, before anything in the shape of summer quarters appears. What weary pilgrimages I made! what horrible dens (all the property of princes) did I behold! It was positively sickening to walk through them. Each time I returned home more and more disgusted. At last we heard of quite unexceptionable apartments at Rocca di Papa, which we fixed upon at once. The Rocca, seen distinctly from Rome to the right of Frascati, is a regular eagle's nest, perched on the highest range of the Alban Hills, forming so characteristic a feature in every view of the Roman Campagna; the summit of Monte Cavi, crowned by its white convent, alone rises above it. At a distance the place looks unattainable, except by an aerial railway, or a balloon; but we shall see. The air is the purest in the neighbourhood of Rome; it is close to the Alban Lake, and the sea breezes come sweeping over its woods with a delicious coolness. *Nous verrons.*

We have reached our villeggiatura, and are—— But I must tell things in order. At four o'clock we ordered the carriage, our luggage having preceded us in a most primitive cart drawn by two great oxen. As I descended the steep stairs leading from our rooms, *al secondo*, to the street—those regular Roman stairs, filthy and abominable in spite of remonstrances—and looked into the recesses of the interior cortile (a place which, in London, would infallibly be pounced on by the sanitary commissioners by reason of its varied and most potent smells), I really felt quite sentimental, and could not bear the idea of turning my back on wonderful Rome even for a temporary absence. But this weakness yielded to the anticipations of the rural beauty and historic recollections in store for me on the Alban Hills; so, waving an adieu to the stately Pincian Hill, and giving a salute to the dome of St. Peter's and the Coliseum, we passed out by the Lateran Gate. The Campagna passed, we mount the lower spurs of the Alban Hills, towards Grotta Ferrata. A fair and pleasant scene opens, cultivation reappears, there are olive grounds bearing rich promise of fruit, and great vineyards sloping down on the sunny side of the valleys towards gushing streamlets. There is

shoulder, ruined tower high on a swelling mound, and above, almost perpendicular, are the hills whither we are journeying, shooting straight up into the blue sky, mildly mellowed by the approach of evening. Now we are at Grotta Ferrata, a small village clustering filially round an immense castellated monastery, a feudal pile that frowns down over a turfey meadow, broken by noble avenues of ancient elms stretching from its solid portal. Within that monastery are Dominichino's glorious frescoes; but—pazienza, not a word of description—we must reach the Rocca. The poor horses, hot and weary, rest for a moment before the Osteria, a locality where fleas abound, and salame would be dressed swimming in oil—ideas which alarm us so much we do not descend; so an old man comes hobbling out with a wicker bottle in his hand, and asks "If the Eccellenzas will not drink?" "No, they won't." So off he limps, wishing us a "buon viaggio" with as much earnestunction as if we were bound for the moon on Astolfo's Hippogrifo. The horses having recovered their wind, we proceed, plunging into cavernous lanes, along roads broken by such sheets of rock they must have lain there since the days that Ascanius founded Alba. But if the roads are rough, how lovely is the matted tangle of flowers and moss on the high banks, the clematis, the vine, and the fair convolvulus, wreathing every stone and branch with verdant garlands! How delicious is the air sweetened with the moist earthy scent of abundant nature exhaling her richness!

This road is interminable; it becomes worse and worse, and we seem to sink deeper and deeper between the rocky banks. "If we should meet anything—only fancy!" No sooner are the words out of our mouth, than, turning a sharp angle, a pile of loaded carts appear, bearing down on us. Now what is to be done. "Have the grace to stop," cries our Jehu. The drivers respond, "Sì, sì; all is well. You shall pass." (The Italians, when not provoked, are so polite.) And after unheard-of exertions in the way of talking and screaming (for nothing *can* be done here without an immoderate amount of palaver—and if the Italians don't whistle like the Americans, they talk as much), the oxen and the carts are dragged to one side, and Jehu, smacking his whip, proceeds. When we did emerge from those deep lanes we found ourselves in a boundless forest of splendid chestnuts—a rare old wood—while around rose lofty mountains veiled with the same leafy covering. Evening shed around soft tints, deepening the shadows, and dimming the vistas through those ancient trees, their silvery trunks catching the last rays of the departing sun, setting in the reddening waves of the blue Mediterranean. But of all most beautiful was the broom, which formed a golden underwood glorious to behold. On the rising hills, in the wooded chasms, deep in the valleys, waved the gilded shrubs, forming masses of colour that, blending with the bright green, was dazzling in its burnished splendour.

A steep ascent lay before us; a little opening in the overarching boughs disclosed the Rocca, high on the topmost mountain-peak—a grey mysterious pile, looking down despitefully, as if mocking our efforts to reach it. It positively looks as distant as it did from the Campagna. How the poor horses strive to pull the carriage up that endless hill! And so they must, for already the stars are appearing, and the dark wood-ghosts and clouds around us like a dreamy vision. In a grotto beside the road a little shrine has been raised to the Madonna; there is



a picture of her bearing the Jesus child; a lamp burned dimly before it, and sheds its flickering gleam across the road; flowers are placed near its broken cups, and a length of carpet has been spread of the yellow cream-flowers in honour of the Virgin mother. As we proceed slowly on bright snow, for it is almost dark, some one suggests *robbers*, which strikes us all uncomfortable; but no one likes to own it is a dead silence around us, but we stop; we are some as far as the carriage can take us, and must walk up to the house—*E così buona notte!*

Early this morning I threw open the great shutters, and looked out. Never can I forget the thrill of rapturous delight with which I beheld that glorious burst. The very universe seemed lying at my feet; and I thought of Satan, and the exceeding high mountain from whose all the kingdoms of the world were shown to the Redeemer, and wondered if a vaster horizon opened before them. Oh, it was magnificent! Words, descriptions, can do but stint justice to that majestic union of woods, green and golden, melting down into plains, which in their turn melt into a city backed by mountains, blending in its grand moral distance with the ocean, in its turn dissolving into the heavens. The north lay the boundless, measureless Campagna—a soft desert, waving undulating, billowy, receiving every impress of the passing clouds, now darkened with vast masses of shade, like huge floating oblongs, now dancing, dawning, in the burning sunshine—in earthy, main, changeful and fitful as its prototype the sea. There were the yellow corn-fields, the emerald pastures, the wilderness of barren grass, burnt and calcined, while here and there a sombre tomb, a ruined tower, or dolmened villa form an inkly point. Beyond, raised on a stately mountain, raised, lay Rome—that great and unutterable Sphinx, worn the long judgment only shall unfold—throned on her seven legendary hills; a mark, there a bright spot, a glistening point, revealing some stately portico, a dome, or obelisk—yet all vague and undefined as that eternity to which her existence is so mysteriously linked.

To the right, where the mighty prairie fades into the cloudy distance, abruptly rises Monte Soracte—Apollo's ancient home—dim and solitary, its obtuse sides and the connecting heights, darkened by the Ciminian forest, leading the eye on to the graceful chain of the Sabine Hills, where the rich purple and rosy rays of the setting sun, ever blend to linger. To the left, a line of silver attagles through the plain, twisting and winding like a glittering serpent, the sacred Tiber flowing on to white Gades, where it meets the ocean, basking the land with a broad robe of sunset, beautiful as the magic scepter of Venus. Oh, the heavenly idleness that came wafting to me from its waves, fresh and cool as the breath of morning! Well, it was in both me and this beautiful solitude, where all nature—land and sea and air—danced and rejoiced before me, sympathizing with my delight. Near at hand lay Grotto Farnata, Marino, and Castello, domed and horizontal-looking, crouching the nearest headland of the Alban Lake, whose dark waters open deep, below. Behind us, uprose the conical height of Monte Cavo, a diadem of ancient trees, waving there the white content on its summit; while, lower down, in the opposite valley, a broad delta, once the Latin Valley, appeared under the heights of ancient Tusculum, now fertile and verdant with the gardens of Ruscetti.

gazed, images of fiction and history flitted before my eyes—Virgil, Horace, quints old Latin poetry, Tacitus, and bitter Suetonians were here; no shadows of antiquity, but real living men. On this land they had lived; on these mountains they had sung; on those plains the heroes whose deeds they had immortalised had fought and conquered—classic history by the book before me, the most thrilling annals palpable to my senses, to be read in these fair lines, these desolate valleys and yon boundless expanse!

We are somewhat settled in our new home, which English readers would think passing strange—a great gaping door opens from the street (big enough to accommodate a carriage and six) into a boundless passage or hall; a cross between a passage and a bellum where the horse stands, and the horse and rider of money and time, the temple of the least. Stone stairs, very rarely swept, mount to a kind of Babel attitude up various stories, each story being considered a house, and created accordingly, having its door and bellum. On the first piano (story) some Italians are enjoying the villeggiatura, dividing their time between sleeping and eating, the latter operation being announced by a most potent smell of garlic; their windows are always closed, and they scarcely ever descend, so they must have a dead lively time of it. But I forget, something does occupy a portion, at least, of the natives. A contessa, brown and dried up as a walnut shell, after having passed a life of diversions, and made much scandal in her day, has become a widow, and now receives the tender addresses of a certain young marchese of the Grande Nobilità, as he is called, and as extravagant as the Prodigal. When his parents fight, he mounts and rides to visit his ancient Phyllis, who, with rapturous exclamations, gives him no end of money and love. Both favours received, she gallantly rides again to Rome, leaving the venerable contessa inconsolable until next time (which soon comes) when the young rascal's pockets want re-lining. *Telle est la vie même au fond des forêts!*

We rusticate above in rooms unconscious of carpets, but with fine scagliola floors, otherwise in a plain and primitive manner. Sometimes there is meat for dinner, sometimes brown bread and eggs; at other times, thanks to our Mescuris, the carbonari from Albano and Frascati, we dine well in the Egyptian fashion. Besides our own servants there is a mixed and heterogeneous crowd always loitering about. First and foremost Maria, a stalwart contadina, with the open ruddy hole of a rustic. She carries all the water used in the house in a great brass vessel on her head, and carries it nobly (with the air and step of a water-nymph) from some unknown depths, where the stream oozes from the rocky up these long, long flights of stairs. Maria stands about in a red handkerchief flopping from her head, her hair pierced by a silver arrow—long and sharp, and dangerous—a weapon she can use, too, if occasion require, for a dark devil licks in Maria's flashing eyes; round her neck are long strings of beads, giving her, as connected with the brass vessel and the water generally, a mermaid character. On Sundays and festa days Maria puts on a smart red petticoat, with green ribbons, and a gorgeous pair of purple slippers, trimmed with a profusion of white-lace draped about; she has gold earrings and a cross, which may be taken off, but the cord, I believe, she keeps in. There are dark bees about Maria, otherwise a kind, genial, and ever

ready with her sparkling smile and hearty "*Stia bene, signora.*" She is married to a brute, a species of cacciatore, who divides his time between wandering in the forest and drinking in the *Spaccio di Vino*, from whence it was "his custom of an afternoon" to return home dead drunk, and to beat Maria dreadfully.

Maria, who was a comely girl, and might have married better but for an unhappy hankering after this unworthy Nimrod, bore it meekly for some time. She bore his blows in silence, shedding sad and bitter tears over her blighted love—her true and honest love. But she was an Italian; hot fever-blood flowed in her veins, and desire for the "*vendetta*" lurked like a gloomy spirit at her heart-strings. Continued insult and ill-usage wore out, little by little, her love: that brilliant orb, which irradiates and gilds a woman's life, set to rise no more, and the dark shadows of pitchy night—sombre, gloomy night—stole over her spirit. She would have vengeance—vengeance on the man who had so basely ill-used her.

The opportunity was not long wanting. Ferdinando soon staggered into their wretched hovel royally drunk, and flung himself upon the nuptial couch (*Anglicè*, the only bed they possessed). Maria, in ominous silence, had waited his return; she rose, and taking her working implements—needles and scissors, the weapons of our sex bequeathed to us by the wise Minerva—she sat down beside the bed on which lay napt in a bestial sleep her debased husband, and began to sew. Yes, to sew, stitching the two sheets firmly and securely together: her hand did not tremble, but there was a deadly look in her black eyes all the while, pregnant of evil. She sewed until Ferdinando was entirely enclosed as in a net; then she rose—the eyes flashing a still darker fire—and proceeded to a certain corner where he kept his guns, and sticks, and knives. Her hand fell intuitively on a big stiletto knife, but it trembled a little, and was withdrawn: she paused, then firmly clutched the largest and the heaviest bludgeon there, with which she strode off to the bed where her husband lay bound firm and fast. A satanic smile came over her face as she raised the heavy stick and dealt him a portentous blow; another and another fell from that indignant woman, dealt with the might of love, and rage, and vengeance, and a heavy sense of wrong, until the drunken man, suddenly sobered by the pain, writhed and swayed in agony, as he lay weltering in his blood. His piteous cries and groans aroused the neighbours, who came bursting in; they shrieked back appalled at the ghastly sight, for Maria, wild with evil passions, stood like an avenging Fury over her husband, remorseless, unmoved, maddened. She was seized from behind, and the weapon forced from her grasp;—recalled to herself, she swooned away. Her husband, when extricated from the sheets, was all but dead; months passed ere he recovered, a cowed and humbled man, who shrank away from Maria like a beaten cur. Poverty forced them still to live under the same roof, but they never spoke. When a year had passed, and Maria looked jovial and happy: she had conquered; and but for a certain dark flashing of her eye, I could not have believed so dire a tale.

We have a farm-yard behind the villa—more like an English one than any I have seen in Italy—and I love it for the sake of my far-off fatherland. There are great stacks of firewood, and poultry, and melancholy geese wandering about in search of water, which they never find, and

herds that come down from the woods for their evening feed, and dogs that lie all day asleep in the sun. But, after all, it is not English, for down comes quiet Minied, the serving-man, towards the Ave Maria, in the pleasant evening time, followed by a troop of grey oxen with mighty horns, and strings of mules laden with wood, and horses carrying on their backs, in piled-up sheaves, the sweetly-scented hay from the upper pastures on Hannibal's Camp; not to forget the hill-side terraced with vines, and the long Pergola (arbour) draped with young grapes, under which my sisters play at Bocci in the shade, and the sound of the low chant from the monastery below, in the wood, as the monks meet for evening prayer.

But I have not yet introduced you to half the humours of our rock-home, to which the houses are, as it were, chained, something after the manner of Prometheus. There are Maria's children, who gather about the doors, and roll in the dust, or sleep on the bare stones—hardy little wretches, as ignorant of soap as of algebra. Luigi, the youngest, has his mother's eyes, that gleam like two coals—a real little beauty, fat, and round, and graceful as a young Cupid, if he were only cleaned from the dirt contracted during his two years' life. He is always to be seen flourishing a large table-knife, threatening instant *felo-de-se* when he rolls from the top of a certain flight of stairs to the bottom—a feat he contrives to perform many times every day, amid lamentations and cries for mamma, and piteous appeals to all at hand, as he points to his head, eloquently expressive of the pain he feels there. His great delight is to sit in the midst of the cocks and hens and the three misanthropic geese, who come crowding round him with an unwarrantable freedom, pecking at the morsel of bread he is munching—a liberty he repels by lustily screaming, and flinging at them his table-knife, with a look and action perfectly Herculean. He would swear, that urchin, if he could speak. Besides tumbling down the steps, he has an immense predilection for water, which evil passion led him vagabondising the other day into the street to the town fountain, where he was afterwards discovered with his head downwards, and his heels in the air, almost drowned. Great was the indignation of Maria, who, administering a revivifying thump, held him in the same position in the air until all the water had escaped from his mouth, when she brought him home crumpled up in her apron like a dead rabbit. But next day he was valiantly fighting with the dogs, the same devil-may-care little imp as ever, with those gleaming eyes under his yellow curls.

Unless strayed into the forest, or on some aquatic excursion, he has a pleasant enough life of it with his little sister, whom he beats *à volonté*, unless his young aunt Filomela, a tall, well-favoured lass—who counts some fifteen summers, and carries loads of bricks on her head all day to the labourers below repairing the wall—does not catch him in a quiet corner, when she fails not maliciously to administer her practical opinion of his conduct and principles with such emphatic arguments in the shape of blows as cause poor Luigi to wake the deepest echoes of the Rooca. A wicked little soul is Filomela, and quite up to any mischief; but an agreeable holocaust to Luigi's feelings is shortly offered by Maria, who, rushing down at the noise, beats her sister in return, sending her off—

wishing her a thousand accidents and *mille diavoli*—to carry bricks on her head.

Not to be forgotten in our vicinity, the *Donna Nannicola*, a bulky woman, of some forty years old, who amuses her leisure by drinking the good *vino sincero* all day, indicating her diurnal pastimes by a certain unsteadiness in her legs, and a misty, vague expression in her eyes, when she descends into the yard to take the air after the sun has set, a gaudy handkerchief on her head flying like a flag from the topmast. The evening breeze. She grunts out a few inarticulate words, quite unintelligible to any one but the fowls and the domesticated geese, ever on the search for their native element, who all flock around her in jealous cohorts, and jump on her head and shoulders. A delicate attendant the latter appreciate, and rewards with some corn, settling down finally near the hen-house door into a state of drowsy incoherence, and finally calling at intervals for Rosa, her maid—whose care it is to tend the geese and hens and bind the delicate tendrils to the supporting canes—who at length comes to fetch her home. Her husband, a poor fellow, who is a study in his line. He began life as a shepherd, and either by finding a treasure on Monte Cavi, or egregiously cheating his employers, had made an immense fortune, bought the villa in which we live, and fields and woods, and flocks and herds, and become a grand signor, without the wildest notion how to spend or to enjoy his money except by grinding and oppressing the poor. He has skulked about, his weeks of escape being murdered, in the woods, by those he has injured, of men having sworn to take his life; as in the republican days of Roman freedom, the patrician youth vowed to cut off their countrymen, the Etruscan Porrenna.

Such is the home circle in our *vileggiatura*. Outside is a street mounting up in an almost perpendicular line towards the topmost mass of rock, piled like Pelion upon Ossa, where a few ancient trees, gnarled and worn by the winds of centuries—wave over the remains of a fortress, once the property of the Orsini, but now a fief of their deadliest enemies, the Colonna, captured by the Duke of Calabria in 1484, by the Caraffeschi and the Duke of Alba afterwards; the now desolate and remote ruin has often resounded to the thunder of artillery. The rock on which it stood was originally formed by vast deposits of lava, near what was once a great volcano: the village now perches on the innermost lip of the ancient crater; the ground, the banks, the rocks, all are lava, blue and calcined as when emitted from the boiling pit that once rent the sides of the Alban Mount, flinging dire destruction around. On the shadow of the medieval citadel the Duomo squeezes itself in on the top of the single street, its deep melodious clock giving time to the whole village, and reminding us that if we lie still and dream—pleasant dreams on distant mountain-tops, as did Endymion—the busy world rushes onwards, eager, feverish, impetuous; that battles rage, and nations mourn in heavy tribulation; that destruction is abroad, and that death and joy, penitence and love, each rule the passing hour on that world stretched beneath our feet, while we alone are at rest.

no school year or—how it has attended business a year  
 the head

## valued OCCASIONAL NOTES ON LITERATURE IN GERMAN:

And, the critical essays with which the French press teems, and English take naturally a special interest in those which relate to our own literature. There are no neutral class, and the demand seems likely to increase the rate of supply. I allude to a few writers in this department. There is M. Arthur Dudley, who in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has criticised Sir Bulwer Lytton's "New Timon," and the poems of Alexander Smith the romantic, and of Matthew Arnold the classical; and the divergent series of large of Thomas Moore and of Charles Dickens. M. E. D. Forquès has imitated his countrymen in a large course of English belle-lettres, now taking for his theme the "Mount Sinai" of Mr. Marsh, now the "Bochelaga" of Mr. Warburton, anon turning the pages of (*le spirituel badant*) Mr. Titmarsh's "High Sketch-Book," and analysing the subtle beauties of Alfred Tennyson, and guessing at the enigmæ meanings of Robert Browning, and doing his best by the subtleties of Shelley, and the whims and oddities of Thomas Hood, and interpreting the natural supernaturalisms of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the strange vagaries of Edgar Poe, and the equivocal tendencies of "Sir Edouard's" *Lacerotia*, and the crosses of Mrs. Norton's Stuart of Dualeath, and the autobiographical mystifications of George Borrow;—M. Eugène Forquès has introduced to his countrywomen the romances of Charlotte Brontë, and analysed for his countrymen the History of Mr. Macaulay, and Warburton's Memoirs of Prince Rupert;—M. John Lemoine has discussed the memoirs of Lord Malmesbury, and of Beau Brummel;—M. Merimée (and others) Grote's History of Greece;—M. Gustave Planche, not a few of our novelists, including Fielding and Bulwer Lytton, and of our latter-day *dramaturges*, Maturin and Fanny Kemble;—M. Léon de Wailly, the sonnets of Shakspeare, the tragedies of Shakspeare's predecessors, and the lyrics of Robert Burns;—the life and times of Bolingbroke, and the umbratic career of Junius, have been minutely treated by M. Charles de Rémusat, who has also given a "study" of that favourite subject for French *études*, Horace Walpole;—M. Milsand has discoursed on the poetical charms of Campbell, of Tennyson, of Westland Marston, of Mrs. Browning, of Edmund Reade, and of Henry Taylor.—Talfourd's plays, Bulwer Lytton's epic, and Carlyle's Latter-day Pamphlets;—M. Montégut has interpreted the Christian Socialism of Charles Kingsley's novels and pamphlets, and the writings of Margaret Fuller, and has appraised the pretensions of Carlyle, and his friend John Sterling, and the humours of Sam Slick, and the aspirations of Longfellow, and the oracles of Emerson. But of all writers who have thus taken upon them to familiarise French readers with English literature, and its American offshoots, M. Philarète Chasles enjoys probably the repute of pre-eminence; so diligent, so persevering, so minute, and so miscellaneous have been his researches into our literary doings, from Elizabethan days downwards. Seven years he spent on our shores, and made of them seven years of

plenty; reaping large harvests of our native lore, and laying them up for the time to come.

In many a passage he sets about disabusing his countrymen of current fallacies on their part concerning English authors. He does it with a becoming consciousness of superior knowledge, of familiar acquaintance with our real claims and characteristics. "Many persons in France," he says, "are still persuaded that Dr. Young is a great poet, and that there once lived a certain sublime bard of the name of Ossian."\* He can teach them a little better than that, and does so. Speaking of French translations of Shakspeare, after the Letourneur type, he says: "I assert that France, Italy, and Spain, who have read Shakspeare translated in this manner, have no knowledge of any two pages of Shakspeare."† Again: "France," says he, compassionately, "reads 'Pamela' and drinks largely of Young. France is ignorant that Young made money by his tears, that he shared in the orgies of Mary Wortley Montague and of Wharton; and that he was the most mercenary of whining mendicants; or, again, that Richardson combined in his own person a great deal of the *Tartuffe* with a little of the *Acure*. Generous and deluded France admires whatever comes from England."‡ This misplaced generosity, this amiable delusion, M. Charles has the means and the will to correct.

His critical remarks on our belles lettres extend over a wide surface. He has a good deal to say, and to the purpose, about Shalton, the satirical laureate of Henry VIII.—about Shakspeare's predecessors; contemporaries, successors in the dramatic art;—he passes sentence on Dryden and Nat Lee, on Swift, Sterne, Fielding, Walpole, and our eighteenth century literature in general, while most of the leading names of the nineteenth also pass under his review. With Sir Walter Scott he was personally acquainted, during his sojourn amongst us, and cordial though discriminating is his admiration of the great novelist—of his Shakspearian faculty of discovering vice latent in virtue, and of virtue in vice—his power of analysing and vivifying the characters at once of a fierce Balfour of Burley and a sublimely simple Jeannie Deans—his dispassionate views of diverse forms of life—his freedom from exaggeration, pretence, and rhapsody—his purity of moral tendency, his healthful, bracing freshness of thought and style. Byron he accounts the representative of the age's sufferings, vanity, bitterness, ennui, misery, impotent passion, aimless and hopeless violence, insatiable discontent, morbid excitement followed by depression, and feverish irritability accompanied by disgust. "He was a coxcomb, haughty, vicious, pretentious, prejudiced, and bragging about some faults from which he was actually free; a dandy and a scoffer, capricious and resentful"—"a great man rather in point of style than of thought, a master in diction and colouring; like Rousseau, able to condense into one word that falls like a thunderbolt the power and anguish of emotion"—while his "morality" may be called the "résumé of Hume's and Bayle's; its only corollary, suicide." As Shakspeare had, as it were, summed up the middle ages; and announced modern analysis; as Molière had immortalised the good sense of the bourgeois classes; as Voltaire had represented the French

\* "Du Génie de la Langue Anglaise."

† Ibid. § II.

‡ "Les Voyageurs Anglais dans les Salons de Paris"

mind, armed for the destruction of the olden world; so it was reserved for Byron to "express in sublime verses the mortal throes of civilisation, destroying itself, and struggling for new life from amid its own ruins—of passion, self-devouring and self-accursed—of social refinement aspiring to savage life—of Europe, proud of her past while abjuring it—of that despairing unbelief which fain would believe, and that impotent faith which becomes immersed anew in doubt."

Shelley and Keats are also treated of at some length, the latter with marked ability and fine critical insight. Professor Wilson (called by M. Chasles, *Doctor Wilson*, which is a mistake, and moreover *Doctor Robert Wilson*, which is another\*) is pronounced neither the purest, nor the most concise, but certainly one of the most brilliant writers of the day: a less doubtful opinion than that Diderot and Jean Paul, Sterne and Charles Nodier seem to have contributed in forming his vari-coloured, sparkling, rapturous style. What Frenchman, some may ask, can possibly relish Christopher North? M. Chasles is no strait-laced Frenchman of the old régime, in his literary tastes; and he avows a genuine zest for this Scottish *vieillard très-blanc et très-vert*, and even for the wild work of criticism pursued in the *Noctes*. True, this dithyrambic and vagrant way of playing the critic is not, he allows, without its risks; but neither is the high and dry school. After all, he reminds his brethren, Diderot is the survivor of Fréron; Hazlitt and Coleridge are authorities, while the didactic writers of their age are ignored. "I prefer," he protests, "that crack-brained book of Cazotte's, or one line even

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\* M. Chasles we should doubt to be a Frenchman at all if he did not now and then make a slip in English orthography or onomatology. But, by comparison with others, he is on the whole singularly free from mistakes in this matter. His utmost errors generally extend no farther than the kind instanced above, where one of our glorious Johns is turned into a Doctor Bob—or: than some slight alteration, addition, or omission of letters: thus Cowper is spelt Cooper, Spenser is Spencer, Jeffrey is Jeffreys (not always, however, though Southey, who called him Judge Jeffrey, would have loved to have it so), Collier is Collyer, Sir Thomas More is turned into Thomas Moore, Shaftesbury becomes Shaftsbury, &c. Two of James the Second's female victims on the Bloody Assize are called *mistris Lye* and *mistris Grant*, whom we have no great difficulty in recognising as Alice Lisle ("the Lady Alice") and Elizabeth Gaunt. Abraham Holmes too is turned into *le major Holmer*, and Percy Kirke into *le colonel Kerk*. But even trivial errors of this kind seldom occur; and of them some are perhaps imputable to the printer.

But to those who, being familiar with Shakespeare, are further blessed with an ear, a memory, and a nervous system, it is disagreeable to find M. Chasles, when professedly quoting Gentle Willy's *ipsissima verba*, pervert

"With all my imperfections on my head"

into the sorry, scraggy ghost of the ghost's line,

"With all my sins on my head."

Nor do we relish M. Chasles's new reading of a celebrated saying of *Dogberry's*—(by the way, a great favourite with M. Chasles, who expresses special admiration for *ce magistrat subalterne, bon petit juge de paix, excellent homme, qui se nomme Dogberry*;—adding, of the man who would fain have been written down an ass, *Il a deviné les antagonismes de Kant*):—The phrase in question, as Shakespeare's countrymen read and relish it, is, "most tolerable and not to be endured;" but oh, what a falling off is there in M. Chasles's version!—"Le *Dogberry* de Shakespeare . . . dirait, employant sa phrase ordinaire (!), qu'elle est *most excellent and not to be endured*." (L'Angleterre au XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle, p. 395.) As a zealous philologist, alone, we might have expected M. Chasles to catch at the "tolerable" and "not to be endured" of the original.



of that doctor Mathemasing, who is without common sense, to the stale and sterile seriousness of *La Harpe*." One of our critic's brethren in the craft, M. Ch. de Masade, considers him to be in fact more than half an Englishman in his reflections, opinions, judgments, tastes, and modes of thought; all of which, he (the critic's critic) says, have been formed in England,\* adding that M. Charles not only "abounds in English phrases and turns of speech," but is characterised by "that sort of taste compounded of the analytical and the imaginative" by which, in M. de Masade's opinion, an essayist of London or Edinburgh may easily be recognised.

For his "*Studies*," literary and political, of England in the eighteenth century, M. Charles disclaims any other title: they are not biographies, he says, nor pictures, but "*Studies*" only. In an age of greater simplicity he would have called them "*Essays*," or "*Discourses*," but these titles he considers sacred to bygone ages, and to be reserved for such masters as a Machiavel, a Bacon, or a Montesquieu. The sketches collected under this head he may be thought to have arranged in a rather forced unity; his leading subject, for instance, the Earl of Shaftesbury, having died years before the eighteenth century opened, while Sir William Temple (another "*study*") missed it more narrowly (but then a miss is as good as a mile in space, and as a half-century in time), and

\* In the volume on Men and Manners in the Nineteenth Century, M. Charles dwells with interest on his early life in London, "in a little room near Hyde Park and Grosvenor-square." He recalls with rapture the days passed on the banks of the Serpentine, with Byron's last poem, or Scott's new romance. The first balls at which he ever "assisted" were "those of Grosvenor-square." He formed acquaintance with several men of renown. Jeremy Bentham was one of them—"that *La Fontaine* among philosophers." M. Charles was "touched by his evident sincerity, but dissatisfied with his doctrines, the offspring of materialism and arithmetic." Coleridge (from Jerry to S. T. C.—what a transition!) was another: the young Frenchman pilgrimised to Highgate, and found the old man eloquent in the act of addressing a roomful, in a voice manly, mellow, musical: "the softened light of his gaze and the strong and rounded contours of his face recalled the physiognomy of Fox with more of tranquillity, that of Mirabeau with less of turbulence, and that of M. Berryer with a more abstract and dreamy cast. Like these three eminently gifted men, he possessed the power of sympathy, the orator's chiefest quality." S. T. C.'s discourse on this occasion included a learned and richly-coloured analysis of the dramatic poets of Greece. When he reviewed all the explanations offered by metaphysicians of the position of *Life*—expanding Hantley's illustrative theories (once his own), and treading with bold step on Berkeley's enchanted ground; then again commencing (*vous êtes, there?*) on the fantastic Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle; quoting *en route* some choice passage from our old divines, and, with bowed head, from the *Paradise* of Dante. In subsequent interviews, Coleridge "condemned," says M. Charles, "to point out to me, in several conversations which were at the same time monologues and dichromes, the capital features of his vast system." M. Charles leaves him with the character of being "a sort of mystic *Diderot*"—"the *Novallis* of England."

To Charles Lamb our essayist was introduced by Volpy. One *Paris* evening in 1816, Ombredanne walked into Volpy's darkness study—"a swarthy, shaggy little man"—of whom "you could at first see nothing but the head, then a pair of large shoulders, then a delicate trunk (*torse*), and at last two legs fantastically thin, and indeed hardly perceptible. He had a green umbrella under his arm, and a very old hat came over his eyes." *Le bon Lamb!* "Intelligence, sweetness, melancholy, and gaiety, seemed to gush in torrents from his extraordinary countenance." *Ce bon Lamb* M. Charles describes as a sort of *La Rochefoucauld*, Addison, and Sterne—whom no Frenchman will, nor ought to attempt to, translate.

William III. only witnessed its first streaks of dawn. But M. Chasles regards Shaftesbury as the man whose hand indirectly formed and moulded our middle-class society in the eighteenth century. Shaftesbury he seems to consider blindly overlooked, or stupidly underrated, by our historians. Hume, Lingard, Hallam, he says, scarcely touch in their histories on the name of this mysterious state-craftsman: the name only occurs here and there in their pages, without explanation, and without relation to the events of which he was the animating spirit: as for Clarendon and Burnet, the former meets Shaftesbury only with the reproaches of an angered foe, the latter (a solemn blunderer) treats him well or ill, just as it suits the temper of his pen; and Rapin himself, though attached to Shaftesbury's party, by no means unravels all the manœuvrings of his leader. M. Chasles endeavours to bring out the chancellor's figure in bolder relief; he dwells on his achievements as a political agitator, reformer, and conspirator; on his making of protestant Anglicanism the pivot of our national polity, and preparing the nation for the new representative system; the Test Act, the Exclusion Bill, the consolidated authority of the Grand Jury, the alliance of commercial interests with "Anglicanism," the powerful cohesion of the party which drove out James II., and gave victory to William III., and supported the new dynasty on the throne during a hundred and fifty years,—these he traces directly to Ashley Cooper, the man who secured for his country the boon of *Habeas corpus*, who continued the work of Cromwell, and prepared the work of William III.,—Cromwell having sketched its outlines in the midst of public storms, and William completing it in the cabinet and on the field of battle.

In the brief survey of Sir William Temple is to be noticed a protest against the action, that literary genius involves and implies practical or public talent. Mr. Carlyle proposes Burns as Great Britain's best possible premier. Napoleon himself declared that he would have made Corneille a minister of state, had the *grand* old Pierre lived under the Consulate and the Empire. Now, M. Chasles bids us examine literary genius under some of its ascertained practical aspects; to observe, for example, Dante, who, transported with wrath and revenge, can only curse; not conspire; Machiavelli, who, a consummate master of every kind of ruse, cannot hit upon one to procure him bread to eat; Bacon, who could give such admirable advice to James I., but allowed himself to be convicted of peculation; Shakespeare, who, after making his fortune in town, did not so much as become alderman or mayor of his own native Stratford; and Corneille, without a crown piece in his old age, and getting his stockings mended at the corner of a street. Whatever we may think of the felicity or appropriateness of M. Chasles' illustrations, his argument deserves a *nota bene*, in these latter days, and by readers of latter-day pamphlets. In the foregoing names he recognises intelligences which had absorbed in meditation the capacity of active life, whose thinking powers had usurped every other human faculty, noble existences whose very superiority was prejudicial to their secular interests, like those over-subtle gases employed by science, but which our lungs do not inhale. "I can fancy Corneille made Bonaparte's minister! What a pretty number of mistakes, oversights, scruples, distractions! The Emperor would have been glad to exchange him for the lowest of his clerks, upon whom he could depend

for the simple qualities of accuracy, submissiveness, and activity." The life of Temple is not a bad text for a sermon to this purpose, and M. Chasles "improves" it accordingly.

Well worth perusal, too, are the papers on Sir Robert Walpole and his Age, on Chesterfield, on Edmund Burke, and others, forming in connexion a more graphic and coherent account of our last century politics, statesmen, and social condition, than can easily be found in any similar guise—so lucid in arrangement, so matterful in substance, so lively in expression—in our own literature.

Of Shakspeare and his Times, M. Chasles has made a compendious review, which the mass of readers will prefer to the more grave and sober pages of Guizot on the same theme. There is a large amount of information and illustrative detail brought together in these lively chapters. The author has skimmed off the cream of Collier's researches; he discourses familiarly on the actors and dramatists of Elizabethan days; he criticises Webster and Ben Jonson at some length; he has an ingenious essay touching the influence of Montaigne on Shakspeare; he pleasantly digresses, *à propos* of Falstaff, into a comparison of the fat knight with Panurge and Sancho, and thence into an examination of the *types bouffons* and the *types burlesques* of the sixteenth century, including an analysis of the writings of Skelton; he passes judgment on Shakspeare's translators, German and French (and the judgment is just, both in principle and in application); and, again, he presents a spirited *coup d'œil* of a performance at the Globe Theatre,—the account of which it must have cost him as much pains to write, as it will cost the reader little to read—for it is as full of matter as an egg is of meat, and as palatable and easy to digest.

M. Chasles scorns the notion of regarding Shakspeare as some monster of genius—some rude Titan of power and passion. He pictures him a sceptic poet, a calm and sometimes even cruel observer, brother to Montaigne, moved by a somewhat ironical pity for mankind and a profound contempt for the whims of fortune, which exalt or crush them. Instead of a coarse peasant, gifted with some genius, and sublime by accident, he sees in Shakspeare a melancholy and firmly-knit mind, a man of elegant manners, the friend of the noble Southampton, in favour with Queen Elizabeth, but solitary in the midst of buzzing crowds, among whom he passes without becoming one with them; isolated by the very originality of a plastic organisation; endowed at once with a platonic and tender elevation of soul, a formidable clear-sightedness, and a feeling of compassion, not untouched with irony, for the pretensions and puerilities of his fellows.

Ben Jonson, our critic styles the Holbein of the drama. Never, he affirms, was a high degree of talent joined to so entire an absence of poetical spirit. Jonson "not only ignores but rejects the ideal." His genius is essentially and pre-eminently prosaic. "Do not suppose, however, that he has composed no good verses: that were to wrong him. Not Molière has written tirades more remarkable for good sense and satire, not Mathurin Régnier has drawn characters with more cutting truth than certain passages of the English poet. He has been as successful in the serious epistle as Boileau, in drinking or in love-songs as Maître Adam and Chaulieu. In occasional passages of *Volpone*, a rapid

torrent of energetic and ardent versification rushes onwards, charged at once with learning, with memorials of antiquity, with vigorous satire, and with bold comic effect. But the emotions which recal the soul to its source of existence, the expression of the passions, the development of character under the influence of the love that transforms, of the devotion that purifies, of the ambition that elevates them, are not to be found in Ben Jonson. The door of the ideal, as the Germans have it, is not open for him. It is on earth that he collects his treasures; to earth he himself belongs. So soon as he would soar above it, wings fail him." His art deals with the fantastic in actual life; he is a close observer of the ridiculous; he writes comedies on eccentrics after La Bruyère's fashion. But he misses giving life to his humorists—for his mind was cold, his observation was deficient in liveliness; science occupied his days and his nights; he did not even lay out the laboured plan of his drama until he had first prepared, as a necessary preliminary, a heap of Greek and Latin quotations. "He paints man as Holbein reproduced him, with his wrinkles, his furrows, warts and all." May never Frenchman do less justice to, or show feebler appreciation of, our rough and tough, grim and gruff, bluff and burly old Ben!

Passing by a mixed multitude of other "articles" on English literature, old and new,—on the writings of Locke, the prosaic realism of De Foe's fictions, the laboured sentiment of Richardson's, the satirical humour of Fielding's,—on Johnson's didactic weight, Hume's historical credit, the novels of Fanny Burney, the speculations of Godwin, the *opera omnia* of Southey,—passing by, not without special reluctance, our critic's review of Macaulay's History, and again his comments on the writings generally of the Ettrick Shepherd, and Mrs. Hemans, and L. E. L., and Sheridan Knowles, of the Brownings, the Howitts, Tennyson, Leigh Hunt, Carlyle, R. H. Horne, Sir E. B. Lytton, Sir T. N. Talfourd, Lord Lindsay, R. M. Milnes, Dr. Pusey, Sewell, &c., &c.,—we must bestow a few lines on his volume devoted to America, its material, moral, and bookish aspects, retrospects, prospects. Its most recent literature is too recent for his notice; but of its "classics" he speaks freely.

Washington Irving he calls a somewhat timid copy, on silk paper, of Addison, Swift, and Steele: "all that he writes glows with the gentle, pleasing sheen of watered silk;"—"the velvety and golden dream which enchants him, gives a delicious illusion to the days of yore, and makes of him the Wouvermans of Anglo-American literature." Fenimore Cooper is pronounced the most conscientious of notaries—giving an inventory of the scene before him, in terms more exact than a sheriff's officer would use—rehearsing the slightest particulars connected with an action, while the action may be said, *Hibernicè*, to be at a stand-still—revealing the play of the passions with a mechanical punctuality, and a scrupulous stiffness—drawing characters which, compared with those we meet in real life, are as flowers preserved in an herbal to the flowers of the meadow—anatomising without idealising, for, "enemy of the ideal, he is like a chemist or mechanician, who must render a full account." Bryant is likened to Klopstock, on the score of contemplative gentleness and gravity—both poets opening to you arcades of verdure which shadow slow and still waters. In Longfellow's verse you feel the abiding

monstrousness of the mighty sounds and shades of the illimitable prairie and the aboriginal forest. Herman Melville is declared more truthful than Bougainville, who changed Tahiti's groves into Pompadour saloons; than Diderot, who uses voluptuous Bougainville to colour and adorn his own sensual materialism; than Ellis or Earle, who are one-sided missionary advocates, and wanting both strength and style. Sam Slick is a first-class favourite with M. Chasles.\* This Connecticut Clock Pedlar, he says, is an excellent and clever fellow, not clever in our (French) way, which is an old sort of cleverness turned rather stale and rancid, withered by its transformations and passage through colleges, Rome, Greece, Egypt, and some thirty ages of affiliation, but a cleverness, active and naive, that comes from experience as comes the spark from the flint, vivid, abrupt, penetrating, unwordy; the cleverness of a republican Panurge. There are chapters devoted to Anglo-American travellers to the private manners of Jonathan, *chez lui*, to the "mechanism and strategics" of party, and other trite topics, interesting, enough from a transatlantic point of view to deserve, as the *Études* have obtained a translation on Uncle Sam's behalf, but rather *passé* reading for a less interested people on this side the water.

So much of our space has been spent on what M. Chasles has contributed to the illustration of Old England's, and New England's, letter-press, that a sorry relit is left for the notice of his miscellaneous *études* on topics French and Spanish, German and Italian. The "Life and Works of Arétino" is a discreditable subject, creditably treated. Arétino was a graceless scamp on the largest scale, who was born in a hospital and died in his own palace. He was a mercenary, selfish, foul-mouthed, foul-hearted sensualist;—pen-and-ink scoundrelism embodied;—literary blackguardism incarnate: yet Francis I. honoured him, Aristotle called him divine, Charles V. chatted with him as a crony; he was the friend of Titian, the confidant of John of Medicis, the pensioner of several doughty Italian princes; he was himself richer than a prince, he defied the thunders of the Seven Hills, he had more than the insolence of a condottiere, he was more admired than Tasso, he was more renowned than Galileo. Whence, M. Chasles inquires, whence came his power? What was it that he represented? And the answer is, that he represented the press. Born at a moment when this new force, taking the world by surprise, almost sufficing to make mad the guilty and appal the free, was momentarily developing itself, growing, becoming truly formidable, he was the first to perceive its vast capacity as an organ of aggression, insult, and slander. He saw in it potentially a lever whereby to lift the world,

\* Sam's vocabulary, the slang of Yankee-dom, is especially attractive to one so fond of philological research as M. Chasles—whose studies in this department are not the least valuable or interesting of his multifarious labours. Witness the detailed examination of the progress and vicissitudes of his own mother tongue ("Variations de la Langue Française depuis le XVI<sup>e</sup> Siècle," &c., *Études sur le sixième Siècle en France*), and his essay on the Genius of the English Language (*Études sur la Littérature et les Mœurs de l'Angleterre au XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle*, pp. 3–29). Frequently there slip into his pages some agreeable allusions, *en passant*, to illustrative points in philology, showing the bent of his mind, and that, in pursuing his other "Studies," he is never unmindful of what Mr. French calls the "Study of Words."

to put as it were all the foundations of the earth out of course. A brilliant picture is set before us of this prodigal adventurer in his Venetian palace, surrounded by substantial luxuries and besieged by hollow flatteries: we see him gazing listlessly from his grand balcony, shaded by silken draperies, and perfumed with orange-blossoms, on the Rialto beneath; perhaps with Titian at his side, both contemplating the taper gondolas, the palatial domes, or the receding lines of the airy perspective. There is a crowd on the staircase. Orientals gorgeously attired, obstreperous Armenians, an envoy from the King of France, painters of renown, young sculptors athirst for fame, women fascinated by the great name of Aretino, priests, valets de chambre, monks, pages, musicians, soldiers; most of them charged with presents to the great man; one, with a golden vase; another, with a costly picture; a third, with a purse lined with ducats; others, with a robe, or a mantle, or a doublet, or a velvet collar, or some choice piece of jewellery. Scattered through the hall in lavish disorder we may see superb carpetings, mosaic marbles, antique perfuming-pans, swords in silver scabbards, pistols with ornamented stocks—all lying about in confusion—a discordant heap of curiosities culled from all the ends of the earth, and of all ages, according to the caprice, the taste, or the fortune of the donor: not an item of the dazzling sum total has Aretino purchased, all are presents. In a noble porphyry urn, sumptuous fabrics, gold and silver brocades, are mixed up with antique medals and academic diplomas. A beautiful bust of white marble in a niche, crowned with laurel, seems to summon you to adoration; you approach, and it is—Aretino. On the right hand and on the left, the same head, full of character, but of a character impetuous, unbridled, hateful, ignoble, is reproduced wherever you turn, now in numerous pictures of every size, now in medals of bronze, or gold and silver, hanging from the tapestries of embroidered crimson velvet. The face is that of a Faun, not a philosopher. You look out for his library; he is without one. But if a banquetting-room will do instead, you may regale yourself passing well. A few years ago, Aretino was a penniless vagabond—wandering hither and thither, homeless, nameless, but never hopeless: the pontificate of Leo X., which gave promise of a fine harvest to artists, adventurers, and intriguants, allured him to Rome; there he became the artist-pope's valet, and though he had nothing else than his impudence, his fortune was made; he learnt the art of asking favours, of flattering and talking scandal, in short, the whole curriculum of valet science; he learnt how to beslave his patrons in fulsome sonnets, and to scribble scurrilous rhymes, dirty and degrading, to the prejudice of others. Leo is tickled, and remunerates his *spirituel* valet. Leo's cousin that is, successor that shall be, Clement VII., is also tickled, and sends this Figaro-Pasquin a steed and a purse. Aretino is fairly launched; he sails with the stream, and a prosperous voyage he makes of it, if to become opulent, and defiantly powerful, and infamously famous, be prosperity. At this day, indeed, nothing of his remains but his name; and that name is infamy. He lived for and to and in the present: "he despised the past, as a thousand of his letters prove; he despised the future, and the future points at him the finger of scorn; women turn aside when his name is pronounced—the richest of libraries are without a copy of his works." What are those

works? Treatises on the Virgin Mary, on the human nature of her Son, on St. Thomas Aquinas; dialogues on luxury, on gaming, on the court; sonnets, larmoyant poems, complimentary verses, verses of burlesque, buffoonery, braggadocio, blackguardism, and beastliness; comedies, one tragedy of bold conception and effective colouring, and letters beyond number and beyond endurance.—As an instructive and animated *résumé* of the age he disgraced and influenced, this sketch by M. Chasles has no mean literary, moral, and historical value. Severely as he reviews the career of such a scapegrace, he fails not to dwell on any token he may have discovered of a soul of goodness in a thing so evil; the episode relating to Perina Riccia, the faithless girl whom the reprobate tanded at death's door once and again, is narrated with touching eloquence, though without sickly sentimentalism, or the apologetic palliatives suggested by a morbid sympathy.

In the "Studies" of German literature, a conspicuous chapter is devoted to Wieland and his contemporaries. Wieland is treated as impersonating Germany's brilliant eclecticism, just as Goethe does its serious pantheism; he belonged to an epoch of transition; at one stage of his career, he was an ascetic like Bodmer (with whom he sided in common with Haller and Klopstock, in the Gottsched feud), a quietist like Fénelon, and a theosophist like St. Martin; at the next, a sceptic à la Voltaire: he who had censured the philosophy of Plato as too sweet and complaisant, became a proselyte of Epicurus,—and, after opposing Gleim and d'Ux, Anacreon, Pindar, and Horace, took to imitating Chaulieu, Chapelle, and Grécourt. Having dreamed his dream, he would now live his life: of the dreamy he had had enough, reality now seduced him. His one still popular work "Oberon," M. Chasles accounts a sort of *résumé* of his characteristic qualities as an author—the wavering fluctuation of his naïve eclecticism; his learning, rather elegant than deep; his unimpassioned spirit of song; his child-like fondness for the wonderful; his hesitation (maintained without sense of pain) between this and that philosophical theory; his art of style borrowed as to rhythm and colour from Greece, and France, and Italy, and England, and Spain; his irony, far from profound or subtle, and more like a caress than a wound.

Jean Paul is lovingly depicted, though with an air of effort—as though the critic were depressed by the conviction that his readers neither had been, were, nor were about to be, readers of Richter. M. Chasles once upon a time translated the "Titan" into French; but he tells us, "it has not had twenty readers." So in England, there are goodly numbers who are wrought up to an enthusiastic interest about Jean Paul, by Mr. Carlyle's essays on that Only One; but the members, we apprehend, who cultivate acquaintance with the great humorist himself, are a very select circle indeed. M. Chasles tries to awaken a becoming interest in his character, and curiosity as to his style—that chaos of parentheses, ellipses, and latent meanings, that carnival of thought and language, that labyrinth without an Ariadne's thread, that mingle-mangle of impracticable events, impossible geography, unaccountable characters, of quotations, interjections, exclamations, puns, epigrams, impertinent episodes, abrupt discords, measureless digressions, merciless divarications. Jean Paul would resemble Rabelais, says M. Chasles, but that the infantine *maîceté*, the idyllic simplicity, the tender sympathy of the German author are

wanting in the great cynic of the sixteenth century.\* He calls him the poet-humorist, the child-romanticist, the semnambulist musician of our age.

Goethe he regards as one who, generous in youth, suffered in genius as well as character from that religion of Self, and that more than pagan doctrine of pantheistic indifference and impassible calm, which grew upon him in middle life and old age. A Voltaire in tone and influence—but not so militant, violent, litigious as the Frenchman—more fruitful in ideas, and with higher power to organize them—less sectarian and prejudiced. "Voltaire belonged to an age of fightings and destruction. Goethe came immediately after, on the border of a more reasonable age, an age less passionate, more desirous of moderation and peace, rather enamoured of the impartial than susceptible to the fanatical."† Goethe is emphatically the artist—universal artist, plastic creator, working as artist (*εσθητής*), in the noblest sense of the word, with the elements presented by life and the world:—a poet-philosopher, artist-observer, synthetic-analyst; the first, alike in date and genius, of the pantheistic poets of modern Europe.

Spain has furnished M. Chasles (and us through him) with some pleasant occupation. He shows how the Spanish genius all at once usurped an exclusive empire at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and was propagated in France by a few reputable *initiateurs*, such as the minister Antonio Perez at the court of Henry IV., and the poet Marino at the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Marino is delineated with care and particularity; a personage challenging interest in France, as the once lion of the Rambouillet coterie, and indeed called by M. Chasles the "literary dictator of Europe," filling the same "brilliant place that Voltaire and Goethe were to occupy at a later day:" his writings making up a heterodox medley of the languishing voluptuousness of Venice and the Arabian inventiveness of Spain; joining a click-clack of words to sonorous phraseology, and extravagant similes to subtle conceits; but redeeming all these faults by an extraordinary clearness of diction,‡ and a strange fertility of imagination. Frivolity, says the critic, is the character, the stigma of Marino's writings; he is a poetical trifler, without trace or limit to his trifling, without passion or elevation, seriousness or grandeur. But he is shown to have communicated a twofold impulse

\* Nor is Richter's irony, so fresh and free-hearted, akin to that of Swift and Voltaire. "If we followed out to the end the logical chain of *their* ideas, if we believed blindly in Voltaire and Swift, who show us the world as a prison filled with slaves who are killing one another, there is but one course we could take: namely, to get away with all possible haste from such a den of robbers. To no such despair does Richter's satire drive us. He, in his child-like, lyrical animation, sees man in multiform aspects; he sees in him angel and fiend, idiot and genius, worm of the earth and bright intelligence, object of pity and of laughter; he bids you weep for him, rally him, compassionate him, despise him, pardon him. In this respect, Richter approaches near to Cervantes: with both there is an absence of scorn and of hatred, an abundance of smiles and tears; the gaiety of both springs from an ingenuous sensibility. Never suppose they scorn their heroes; they love them tenderly; in their mockery is a mixture of pity and grief."—CHASLES: *Études sur l'Allemagne*. ("Le Lyrisme dans le Roman," § IV.)

† Ibid. "Goethe," § III.

‡ "*Lexis præter fidem sermo.*"—*Pallavicini*.



to the authors of France. In his time, one party, consisting of Corneille, Balzac, Scarron and Rotrou, &c., inclined to the imitation of the Spaniards; another, headed by Voiture and Duran, preferred Italian models: both, then, were fain to allow authority to a poet who, like Marlowe, was Italian and Spaniard in one.

A noticeable section of the same volume concerns the comic-romantic adventures of Gozzi, who, towards the close of last century, managed to revive for a season this style of drama, half-Spanish, half-Venetian. His life is as curious as his works; and they are of a kind which Italy no longer relishes, and the memory of which, says M. Chasles, is fostered by Germany alone, that country ever enamoured of the fantasies. In fact it is the dramatic tales of Gozzi, full of fairy and adventures, which served to inspire Tieck, Hoffmann, Lens, and the whole school of Goethe, in their productions of a similar kind.

The "Studies" illustrative of life and literature in early and medieval Christendom, combine the results of much hard reading with the attractions of a picturesque style. A surprising amount of information is often conveyed in a narrow compass, and in the easiest ways; inasmuch that some readers of the lighter sort may incline to flatter themselves that there is, after all, a royal road to learning, and that they are travelling by it, right royally. In a note to his essay, entitled "The Interior of Gutenberg's Workshop," the last in the series, M. Chasles remarks that it "would require a volume to establish all the facts and all the assertions" of his text. The remark applies to most of the other essays, and is indeed a main characteristic of his authorship, which is distinguished by tact in summing up, in presenting a clear digest of multifarious topics, a lucid compendium of widely-ranging details. It applies to the review of Josephus—whom M. Chasles, considerably to our satisfaction, regards as an unprincipled knave, a selfish parasite, a heartless renegade; and treats accordingly. It applies to the notices of St. Cyprian, St. Jerome, and Sidonius Apollinarius,—to the historical survey of the Lower Empire, the claims of which to modern respect and gratitude are shown to have been unjustly depreciated,—and to the essays on the influence of Aristotle, the rise of the Christian drama and the modern romance, the career and writings of Dante, and the character of Neo-Platonism in its Italian development. It will apply moreover to the leading chapters devoted to ancient Greece and Rome; particularly to the preliminary essay on the phases of literary history and the intellectual influences of race; and in various degrees, to the sketches of Euripides, the character and influence of Cicero, Virgil, his life, genius, and translators, Woman in ancient Greece, &c.,—the last including an excursus in honour of Hypatia, whom M. Chasles styles an Alexandrian Madame de Staël, and the vain, pretentious Anna Comnena.

But it is time to close these hasty notes on our lively and suggestive essayist. One of our Quarterlies has called him a tedious writer, who can't find time to write with brevity and point. This will hardly occur to nine readers out of ten as an accurate report of his style. That style is vivacious, spirited, eminently French. It is that of a man who would rather be daring\* than dull, flighty than ponderous, paradoxical than

\* Rather daring, and eminently French, is such a passage as: "Jamais le poète par excellence, Dieu qui," &c.—*Jeunesse, &c., de Marie Stuart*, p. 81.

common-place. He is fond of a dashing epithet, a graphic simile, a bold comparison. Burke he calls the "Peter the Hermit of a new crusade against republican France." He describes a sort of Taffeyrand *bourgeois* in that Franklin, "whom Europe accounted a new Spartacus." Locke he calls the Sieyès, Shaftesbury the Mirabeau, of their time. Richardson's *Lovelace*\* he dubs the "Satan of private life,"—and the Grandison novel "a kind of Imitation of Jesus Christ for the use of Gentlemen." Klox, attacking Mary Stuart from the pulpit, is a Bossuet-Marat. Shakspeare is a Molière-Eschylus. Johnson is "a walking dictionary, a moralist in folio." Shelley "a dithyrambic Spinozist." And so on. Knowles's play, "The Wife," reminds him of one of Boucher's pictures, where you mark no complaint of the trees being painted sky-blue and the cottages violet to correspond;—it is a fiction embroidered upon silk, and passingly well shaded. Panurge, Pantagruel, and Gargantua, making sport, "in their colossal facetiousness," remind him of a herd of seals at play in the North Sea. The Rockinghams and Butes whom he reads of in Horace Walpole, remind him of a select society of mummies, enveloped in their old intrigues as if in faded wrappings which exhale, as one unrolls them, a churchyard odour. Shakspeare's marvellous skill to turn to account any subject he took in hand, reminds him of that Spanish painter, taken prisoner by the Moors, who, having neither marble to cut nor Madonna to worship, withdrew a billet from his hearth, and made of it a Blessed Virgin—*Etc., ejusdem generis.*

M. Chatelet is not what is emphatically styled a reflective writer— which, in the view of the commonalty, is often synonymous with a proser, twaddler, and sermoniser extraordinary. But though he does not stop by the way to indulge in long intervals of "reflection," he does reflect as he goes along, and occasionally drops a fragment of thought *en passant*, which you may stoop to pick up without prejudice to the "cause of progress." With two or three specimens of the manner of them, we wind up our accounts, but too irregularly kept, for the present month.

"The finest book in the world is but an incomplete fragment of human thought, a confused reflection of the man who conceived it. It is like the ruin of a ruin."†

Again: "The greater a man's superiority, the more are the difficulties presented to the vulgar eye by the complexity and eccentricity to which this very superiority gives rise. Manners and outward appearance are a criterion of character to a few experienced observers only; they are frequently more awkward, weak, and ridiculous in the superior man than in the common-place one. You might have lived with Cervantes, Molière, or Montesquieu, without a suspicion that it was Montesquieu, Molière, or Cervantes you were with."‡

Again: "Nothing can be more childish than to discuss the abstract merit of aristocracy or of monarchy; it were as much worth while to dis-

\* *Lovelace* he elsewhere describes as less a man of the world, or brilliant rake, than a systematic seducer: "a Cromwell playing the part of Lausun; a Mephistopheles turned into a Faublas."—*Etudes Politiques.*

† Les Voyageurs Anglais, &c. § V.

‡ Etudes sur Walter Scott, &c. § II.

ness the abstract merit of costume in different latitudes. They are worth much or little, according to the climate."\*

"Study with attention every great social era, and you will invariably observe, on the one side, a parent idea, a dominant thought which mingles with all other ideas, circulates like the blood in the veins of society, animates it with its own life, and impels a general movement; on the other, a constant opposition fated to counterbalance this dominating influence and to restore an equilibrium;—a law of reaction, inevitable and everlasting. Now-a-days that society has chosen utility for its foundation, the marvellous begins to resume its rights. When debased Rome came to dream only of luxury and debauchery, stoicism proclaimed its austere doctrines. Petronius and Thraceus were contemporaries."†

An ingenious and instructive comparison of the lives and writings of the Italian Folengo (*Mervin Coccoë*, A.D. 1491—1544), the French Rabelais, and our English Skelton, suggests the reflection, that "in history, as in the case of literary studies, synchronism alone can substitute light for darkness; this comparative anatomy of national literatures dissipates all obscurities. What appeared isolated, unexpected, and without assignable cause, then becomes natural, necessary, and general. No longer have we to do with phenomena without antecedents and without correlatives, but with a study of facts which harmonise in one great system and explain its extent and its tendency."‡

"I am unfortunate enough," says M. Charles, on occasion of the death of Giovanni de' Medicis, "not to see the least proof of virtue or genius in the esteem, the tears, the affection, the regrets of men. Nero was as much deplored as Marcus Aurelius. Cartouche was deeply bewailed by his brigands. The brigands of the *Grand Diable* (G. de' Medicis) lamented the *Grand Diable*."§

Again: "Restored monarchs have always in history a false and equivocal look, whatever may be their spirit and address. A restoration is generally brought out by little except the enthusiasm of very weariness, and repentance for having purchased a trifling advantage at a serious loss. Can anything be more sad than the acclamation of a people addressing its prince: 'Take me again; I am tired of governing myself; this scuffle of yours knocks me up'?"||

Remarking that posterity has overlooked the cruelties of Augustus, because Virgil has given him a place among the stars,—and that the frailties of Louis XIV. have been dignified by the verses of Boileau,—and the follies of Francis I. transformed to our eye by Margot and Marot,—and the crimes of the Medicis forgotten in the eulogies chanted on them by Bembo, Pulci, Politian, and their fellows,—M. Charles apostrophises principalities and powers: "Beware of embroiling yourselves with the masters of the pen and the pencil, O ye who govern the world; your success may depend upon yourselves, or upon circumstances; your renown depends upon them alone."¶

\* De l'Histoire d'Angleterre. § V.

† Drames Historiques de Shakspeare.

‡ Ibid. § V.

§ L'Arétin, sa Vie et ses Œuvres. § IV.

|| "Le Comte de Shaftesbury." § III.

¶ De l'Histoire d'Angleterre et de quelques Historiens Anglais. § III.

## THE RECEPTION.

(CONTINUED FROM "THE RECEPTION OF THE DEAD.")

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WIFE."

You could see at a first glance that it was only a temporary bed-chamber—a drawing-room converted into one, to serve some special occasion. Its carpet was of superior richness, for France; its chairs and sofa, handsomely carved, were covered with embossed purple velvet; its window-curtains, of white flowered muslin, were surmounted by purple velvet and glittering yellow cornices; and fine paintings adorned the walls. The bed alone seemed out of place. It was of plain mahogany, a French bed, without curtains, and was placed in the corner which made the angle between the two doors, one of which opened on the corridor, the other on the adjoining room, a large, magnificent drawing-room, furnished en suite with the one in which the bed was.

On a couch, drawn before the fire, lay a young girl, once of great beauty, but now fallen away, white, and wasted. She panted for breath as she lay, and was evidently very near the grave. You need not be told—for you have met her before—that it was Adeline de Castella. Her dark brown eyes, still retaining the sweet, mournful expression which had ever characterised them, were fixed on the fire with an earnest, unchanging gaze, proving her to be deep in thought. The sick-nurse sat near the sofa, and Louise, the lady's maid, was busying herself, altering the position of the pillows of the bed.

"What's gone with the other pillow?" she called out.

"It's under mademoiselle," replied the nurse. "You can't have it till she's moved into bed."

"I think I will go now, nurse," interrupted Adeline. "I am tired, and you have heaped so many things upon me that I feel smothered. The fire is very fierce."

"Shall I move the sofa further away, mademoiselle?"

"No," replied Adeline, "get me into bed. It is near seven."

The nurse called Louise to assist her, and whilst they were removing her sitting-up clothes, Adeline suddenly fell back, apparently without life or motion.

"She has fainted," screamed Louise.

"She is taken for death," whispered the nurse.

Louise flew into a fit of anger and tears, abusing the nurse for her hard-hearted ideas. But the nurse was right.

"You had better summon the family, Mademoiselle Louise," persisted the nurse, "and let the doctors be sent to. Though they can do nothing for her, poor young lady."

"She has not fainted," whispered Louise. "She is conscious."

"No, no, it is no fainting-fit," was the brief answer. "I have seen more of these things than you have. She will rally a little, I dare say."

No one went to bed that night at Signor de Castella's: it was a general scene of weeping, suspense, and agitation. All the family gathered at intervals in the drawing-room, and Mary Carr says that, to this hour, the

vivid remembrance strikes upon her heart with a chill. The hushed silence reigning in the room; the teacups and saucers on the table, used and waiting to be used again for tea was made three or four times throughout the night; the shaded light of the two wax tapers; the stony, rigid look of M. de Castella; the violent emotion of his wife; the half-opened door leading into Adeline's room; the dim form of the nurse, or of Louise, passing and repassing it, as they moved noiselessly about the chamber; with—worst remembrance of all—the low moans and laboured breathing of her they were attending, which came distinctly to the ear in the silence of the night.

Early in the morning, Adeline asked to see her father. He remained with her about twenty minutes, shut up with her alone. What passed at the interview none could tell. Did she ask forgiveness for the rebellion she had unintentionally been guilty of, in loving one whom, perhaps, she ought not to have loved? Or did he implore pardon of her, for having been instrumental in condemning her to misery? None will ever know. When Signor de Castella left the chamber, he passed along the corridor, on his way to his cabinet, with his usual measured, stately step, but there were traces of emotion on his face—they saw it as he strode by the drawing-room door. Mary Carr opened the door between the two rooms, and went in, knowing that Adeline was alone, and she gathered a little of the interview. Adeline was sobbing wildly. She had heard the last words of impassioned tenderness from her much-loved father, always deeply loved by her; tenderness that he would never have given vent to in the presence of a third person, or under any circumstances of less excitement: but when these outwardly-cold natures are aroused, whether for anger or for tenderness, their emotion is as that of the rushing whirlwind. Adeline had clung round him with the feeble remnant of her strength, whispering how very dear he had always been to her, dearer far than he had ever suspected: the tears streamed from her eyes as she said that the only regret she now had, in leaving life, was that she must part from him and her dear mother. And that parting was close at hand—never to be broken till the great Judgment Day.

About ten o'clock the same morning, Dr. H—— was sitting by the bedside (old Dr. H——, not the young man who had mostly attended her), when Adeline suddenly asked him how long she was likely to live. Her father was standing by, and Madame de Castella, whose strength was completely subdued by grief, was kneeling down, her head resting on the bed.

The doctor was taken by surprise, but he answered cheerfully.

"Do not deceive me," said Adeline; "you have seen me to be quite reconciled to the approach of death: how can I wish life prolonged, in this state of weakness and pain? Shall I live till evening?—till to-morrow morning? Longer than that I should think to be impossible."

"All things are possible with God," replied the surgeon.

"I know they are," she murmured. "But He has not reduced me to this extremity, to restore me again. Pray tell me—is this my last day of life?"

"It—it——" He hesitated.

"It is, you would say."

"It may be, I was about to answer. But I do, assure you, my dear

child, I cannot speak with certainty. At these times, we are often deceived in our opinion: the closing strength is so vacillating.

It is of little moment, after all," she sighed. "It can be but a question of a few hours. I trust I shall retain my consciousness to the last."

The day grew later. The nurse, for the twentieth time, was arranging the uneasy pillows, when Susanne went in, to tell her to go to dinner, taking herself the nurse's place, as she in general did, during her absence. Adeline, though comparatively free from pain, was restless to an extreme degree, as many persons are, in dying. When not dozing, and that was rare, she was never still for two minutes together, and the pillows and bedclothes were continually misplaced. Scarcely had the nurse left the room when Miss Carr had to lean over her to put them straight.

Who is that? inquired Adeline, in her hollow voice; her face being turned to the wall. She detected, probably, the difference of touch, for in this the sick are very quick.

It is I—Mary. Nurse is gone down to her dinner."

She took Miss Carr's hand, and held it for some time in silence. "I have been wanting all day—to speak to you—Mary—but I—have waited. She could say now but few words consecutively.

What is it you would say, dearest Adeline?"

Who is in the room?"

Susanne. No one else."

Tell her to go. I want you alone."

She does not understand our language."

Alone, alone," repeated Adeline. "Susanne."

The lady's maid heard the call, and went to the bedside.

Help me to turn round, Susanne. I have not strength."

With some difficulty they turned her, for they were not so handy at it as the nurse. Adeline then lay looking at them, as she panted for breath. Susanne wiped the cold dew from her pale forehead, and some tears from her own face.

Leave us alone, Susanne," she uttered. "I have something to say to Mademoiselle Mary."

Stay in the next room, within call, Susanne," whispered Miss Carr to the servant. It may seem strange, but dearly as Mary Carr loved Adeline, she experienced an indescribable awe at being left alone with her. She did not stay to analyse the sensation, but it must have had its rise in that nameless terror which, in the mind of the young, attaches itself to the presence of the dead and dying.

"I am about to entrust you with a commission, Mary," she panted.

"You will faithfully execute it?"

"Faithfully and truly."

"It is to him."

"Mr. St. John?"

And, stretching out her white and wasted hand, she pointed to her writing-desk, which stood on one of the inlaid tables, telling Mary where to find the key. "There is a secret spring in the desk, on the right, as you put in your hand," she continued; "press it."

With some awkwardness, Mary Carr did as she was desired, and

several love-tokens were disclosed to view: Two or three trinkets of value, a few dried flowers, and some letters; the edges much worn.

"Throw the flowers in the fire," murmured Adeline, "and put all the rest in a parcel, and seal it up."

"How the notes are worn, Adeline!" exclaimed Mary. "One would think them twenty years old."

"Yes," she said, "till I took to my bed I carried them *here*," touching her bosom. "They are his letters."

"You do not wish to read them again, before I enclose them?" was Miss Carr's final question.

Adeline made a gesture of dissent. "It is some weeks since I read them," she breathed. "I have not, of late, dared to call up the feelings they would excite: it is fitting that graver matters should occupy me. I have endeavoured latterly not to think of these worldly things, not to think of *him*, and I cannot always control my thoughts. It may be wrong—we are taught it is—so to love a fellow-creature as I have loved him; that such love is due only Above. Yet I have asked myself sometimes where such wrong, or error lies, and how avoid it? We did not place in our hearts this strange power so to love. Others, perhaps, may have their feelings more under command, but I know that I have struggled against mine in vain. Day and night, sleeping and waking, has he been present to me, filling up my heart to the exclusion of all else. I could not help this, or lessen it: I tried, but the power to do so lay not with me. Since he left, I would, at times, have given much to forget it all, to forget my misery, to forget him: I might as well have tried to forget myself and my own existence. May I be forgiven this sin, and all else."

"You will not look again at the letters, then?" resumed Miss Carr, who had listened painfully to her impeded speech.

"No; that, at least, is in my power to avoid: and I am near death."

Miss Carr speedily made up the packet, and was about to seal it.

"Not that seal," said Adeline. "Take my own; the small one, that has my initials on it. Mary, do you think I could direct it?"

"You direct it!" exclaimed Miss Carr, in surprise. "I don't see how."

"If you could raise me up—and hold me—it would not take more than a minute. I want to write the direction myself."

"Let me call Susanna."

"No, no, I will have no one else here. Put the letter before me on a book, and try and raise me."

It was accomplished after some trouble. Mary Carr was nervous, and feared, besides, that the raising her up might do some injury: but she knew not how to resist Adeline's beseeching looks. She supported her up in bed, and held her, whilst she wrote his name, "Frederick St. John." No "Mr.," no "Esquire;" and written in a trembling, straggling hand, bearing not any resemblance to what Adeline's had been, in health. Mary laid her down again.

"You will be returning to London after my death," she panted. "He is there. Seek an interview with him, and give it to him with your own hands."

"I will do so," answered Mary Carr; "I promise it, Adeline, by our close and long friendship. What shall I say to him from you?"

"Tell him I have returned all except the ring, and that that will be buried with me. That it has never been off my finger since he placed it there."

"What ring?" exclaimed Mary Carr, surprised, even at such a moment, into curiosity: "The ring you wear is De la Chasse's engagement-ring," she continued, looking down at the plain circlet of gold, that was only kept on Adeline's emaciated finger by the smaller guard, worn to protect it.

She shook her head feebly. "He will know."

"What else, Adeline?"

"Tell him my heart was faithful to him unto death, as it ever was in life. Nothing more."

"Why did you not write to him?" asked Mary Carr—"a last letter."

"He might not have cared to receive it," she answered, hollowly.

"There is *another* now."

The close of the afternoon came on. The nurse was sitting in her chair on one side the fireplace, Louise see-sawed herself backwards and forwards upon another; Mary Carr was standing, in a listless attitude, before the fire, her elbow lodging on the mantelpiece, whilst Rose Darling was sitting on a low stool, half asleep, her head resting against Adeline's bed. In the next room were heard low murmurings of conversation: it was M. de Castella talking with one of the medical men. Adeline, just then, was quiet, and appeared to be dozing.

"I say, la garde," began Louise, in a low whisper, "is it true that mademoiselle asked old H—— this morning how long she should live?"

The nurse nodded.

"Chère enfant!" apostrophised Louise, through her tears. "And what did he say?"

"What should he say?" retorted the nurse; "he does not know, any more than we do. And if he did, it's not likely he would let it out."

"What do you think?"

The nurse shook her head, rose from her seat, and bent over the bed to look at Adeline, who was lying with her face turned away.

"She sleeps, I think, nurse," observed Rose, looking up, with her own eyes half closed.

"I suppose she does, mademoiselle. I can't rightly see her face; it is hidden by the clothes. But if she were not asleep, she wouldn't remain so quiet."

"I heard a word dropped to-day," cried Louise, in a mysterious voice, as the nurse resumed her chair.

"What word?"

But there Louise stopped, pursed up her mouth, and dried her eyes, which, for the last fortnight or so, had been generally overflowing.

"I thought you were going to say something," said the nurse.

"I don't know," soliloquised Louise, aloud. "It mayn't be true, and I am sure, if it should turn out not to be, I shouldn't choose to say anything about it. So I had better hold my tongue."

Now the most effectual way to induce Louise *not* to hold her tongue, was to exhibit no curiosity as to anything she might appear disposed to communicate. The nurse knew this, and for that reason, probably, sat silent. After a while, Louise began again.



"But it can do no harm to mention it amongst ourselves. It was Suzanne told me, and of course she must have gathered it from madame. She said—you are sure Mademoiselle Adeline's asleep?" broke off Louise.

"She's asleep, fast enough," cried the nurse; "she is too quiet to be awake." And Louise resumed, in the hushed, peculiar tone she had been using: it sounded awfully mysterious, taken in conjunction with the subject, through the space of that dying room.

"Suzanne thinks that mademoiselle will be exhibited."

"What?" ejaculated the nurse, aroused from her appearance of apathy.

"Qu'elle sera exposée après sa mort." (I prefer to give this sentence in the language in which the conversation was carried on.)

"What in the world do you mean?" demanded Rose, from her sleepy posture.

"That Mademoiselle Adeline will hold a reception after death, mademoiselle."

"Louise, what do you mean?" persisted Rose, raising her head, and opening her half-closed eyes to their utmost width.

But Mary Carr had taken in, and understood, the full meaning of the words; she was more generally acquainted with French manners and customs than Rose: and as her eye caught the reflexion of her own face in the large pier-glass, she saw that it had turned of a ghastly whiteness.

"You don't follow this fashion in your country, mademoiselle, so I have learnt," whispered the nurse, addressing Rose. "Neither is it kept up, here, as it used to be. We scarcely ever meet with a case now. But I have heard my mother say—she was a sage-femme, mademoiselle, as well as a garde-malade—that when she was a girl there was scarcely a young gentlewoman of good family, who died unmarried, but what held her reception after death. And in my time, also, I have seen many splendid exhibitions."

"Oh, nurse, nurse," shivered Mary Carr, "don't talk so."

"What's the matter, mademoiselle?" asked the woman, gazing at Miss Carr. "You look ill."

"I feel sick," was Mary Carr's faint answer. "I cannot help it: I think what you are talking of is horrible."

"Do explain what it is you are talking of," interrupted Rose, impatiently, all her drowsiness gone. "Nurse, what is it all?"

"I will tell you one instance, mademoiselle," said the woman, "and that will explain the rest. My aunt was housekeeper in Madame Marne's family. She was a widow with three children, and lived in a grand old château near to our village. The eldest, Mademoiselle Marne, was married to an officer in the army, and had gone away with him, the Saints know where, but a long way off, for it was in the time of Napoleon, and we were at war with half Europe then. Young Marne, the only son, was a captain in the same regiment; he was also away, with it; and Mademoiselle Emma was the only one left at home, and madame her mother doted on her. A fine, blooming young lady she was, with a colour like a rose: you might have taken a lease of her life. But, poor thing, she fell suddenly ill. Some said she had taken cold, others thought she had eaten something that did her harm, but an inward inflammation

came on, and she was dead in a week. Madame was nearly crazed, and my aunt said it was pitiful to hear her shrieks the night after the death, and her prayers to the Good Virgin to be taken with her child. But madame's sister came to the château with the early light, and she forthwith gave orders that poor Mademoiselle Emma should be exhibited."

"Do go on, nurse," pleaded Rose, whose cheek was getting as white as Mary Carr's, the woman having stopped, in thought.

"I was but a little child then, mademoiselle, as you may suppose, for it was in 1812, but my aunt sent for me up to the château, to assist. They did not keep many servants; my aunt had only one under her, besides the old gardener, for Madame Marsac was not rich; so I was put to do what I could. My faith! I shall never forget it: it was the first thing of the sort I had seen. They dressed the corpse up in rich white robes, as if for her bridal, with flowers and jewels, and white gloves and white satin shoes. And then she was placed upright at the end of the grand salon, and all the neighbouring people for miles round, all the rich, and as many of the poor as could get admission, came to visit her. My aunt slipped me into the room, and I was there for, I should think, five minutes. It had the strangest effect! That dressed-up dead thing, at one end, and the live people, all dressed up in their best too, and mostly looking white and awestruck, coming in at the other. There was a long table going down the room, and they walked once round it, looking at her as they passed, and going out in silence. I don't think it was the thing, mademoiselle, for that aunt of mine to send a timid young child, as I was then, to see such a sight; but she was always indulgent to me, and thought it would be a treat. I could scarcely keep down my terror whilst I stayed in the room, and I am sure I must have looked as white and shocking as Mam'selle Mary does, just now. I did not dare to go about in the dark for long afterwards, and I could not forget the feeling for years. Though I have seen many such a sight since, none have stayed upon my memory as that first did. I did not seem to see much, at the time, either: I never looked, but once, to—to that part of the room where the bridal robes were."

"But why dress them in *bridal robes*?" questioned Rose, breathlessly.

"As a symbol that they are going to be the bride of Heaven. At least, that is the interpretation I have always put upon it, mademoiselle," answered the woman.

"The first one I ever saw," interposed Louise, jealous that the nurse should have all the talking, "was a young priest who died at Guines. Stay—I don't think he was quite a priest, but would have been if he had lived. His name was Théodore Borne. He died of an accident to his hand, and they made him hold a reception after death. I have never seen but two beside him. One was the sister of the Count Plessit, a lady about forty, but she had never been married; and the other was a young girl, the daughter of a couple who kept a general furnishing shop, hired out, and sold furniture, and that; and a mint of money they had made. Wasn't she dressed out, that girl! She was an only child, poor thing, and they spared no money on her reception. Her veil was real Brussels; and her dress was half covered with Brussels lace, and little spots of orange-blossoms, and bows of white satin ribbon. Susanne never met with the custom till she came to these parts: she says they

never heard of it, where she comes from, just beyond Paris. That Théodore Barne——"

At this moment, Adeline stirred. Louise's tongue stopped as dead as if it had been shot through, and she nurse made a quiet rush to the side of the bed. She was awake, and wanted her mouth moistened.

As the nurse was putting down the tea and the teaspoon, Dr. H——, who had been talking in the other room, came in to look at Adeline before he quitted the house. She was quite sensible, and said she felt more easy. In the bustle of his leaving, the nurse going out to attend him to the staircase, Adeline put out her hand and touched Mary Carr, who was now standing by the bed. Her voice was very faint, and Mary had to lean close, to hear what she said.

"I—was not asleep—when Louise said—that. I heard it. Mary! do not let it be done."

Miss Carr felt much distressed. She knew not what to say.

"I—I am sure nothing will be done that you do not wish, Adeline," she stammered. "I think it must have been a misapprehension on the part of Louise. Shall I speak to Madame de Castella?"

"Not now. When I am dead—you will see if they are making preparations—speak to mamma then."

"Do not let this distress you, Adeline," proceeded Mary, wishing Louise had been at the bottom of the sea, before she had introduced so unfitting a subject in Adeline's hearing. "Rely upon it, every wish of yours will be sacredly respected."

"It does not distress me," was the feeble reply. "But I would rather be left in peace, after death."

Madame de Castella had been conveyed to her bed-chamber an hour or two previously, for her hysterical grief disturbed Adeline, and Agnes de Beaufoy remained with her sister, endeavouring, by persuasions and remonstrances, to keep her there. Old Madame de Beaufoy was expected, and a little before five, M. de Castella went to the railway station to receive her. During his absence, Rose and Mary were in the drawing-room, when the old servant, Silva, came in with a letter on a salver.

"Pour qui?" demanded Mary.

"Pour Mademoiselle Rose Darling," responded the old man.

Rose, who was sitting before the fire, with her feet on the fender, took the letter, without turning her head to look at it, and threw it on the table.

"That worrying Mary Anne! There's no end to her letters: and they are nothing but prosy lectures of admonition. If they think I am going to answer all she chooses to write, they'll find their mistake. If mamma made it a condition for a double allowance for me, I wouldn't do it."

"It is not your sister's handwriting," observed Mary Carr, when Rose had concluded her tirade.

Rose condescended languidly to turn her eyes towards the epistle. "Why, I do believe it is from Frank!" she exclaimed, snatching it out of Mary's hand. "What can he have to write about? Perhaps grand-mamma's dead, and has left us all a fortune! But it's a red seal."

And, breaking the red seal, she skimmed hastily over it.

"Good Heavens! how singular! Mary! Mary!"

Miss Carr looked at her in wonder. Her countenance, which had been pale all day with anxiety and the previous night's watching, was now glowing with colour and excitement.

"He is coming to Boulogne! How passing strange! Mary, can it be some unknown sympathy that attracts him hither at this hour?"

"Your brother?"

"He! Do you think his coming here could put me out like this? What an innocent you are, Mary Carr! It is Mr. St. John. Do listen.

"MY DEAR ROSE,—Our dear and venerable grandmother, whom may all good angels preserve!—though her long life does keep us an unreasonable time out of our own—entrusted me with a mission concerning you, upon my coming to London two days ago. She had made, or purchased, or in some way prepared for you, a splendid article, but whether it is intended to represent a purse or a bag, I am unable to say, being, in my uninitiated opinion, too large for the one, and too small for the other. A magnificent affair it is, redolent of gold and silver beads and shining silks, and it was *lined* with her usual Christmas present to you. Being in a generous mood myself, I slipped in another lining, knowing your partiality for feathers and laces, and every other sort of trumpery which costs money. This *cadeau*, duly prepared for transportation, and directed for you, to the care of Madame de Nine, I brought to town, and was to have handed over to a quendam schoolfellow of yours, Miss Singleton, who was returning to Boulogne. Now you have frequently honoured me by saying I have a head that can retain nothing, and in this instance certainly the bag and the commission slipped clean out of it. In packing my carpet-bag this morning, preparatory to starting for Ireland, for which delectable spot of the globe I am bound, what should I come upon but this unlucky parcel. What was to be done? I called a Hansom, and galloped it to Miss Singleton's address, invoking blessings on my forgetfulness all the way. No go. Miss Singleton and the Archdeacon had started for Boulogne. I was walking down Brook-street, on my return, wondering what I should do with the money, and who, amongst my fair friends, in Ireland, would come in for the bag, when I nearly ran over Fred St. John, or he over me, coming out of Mivart's.

" "Why where have you been buried?" said I.

" "At Castle-Wafer, for the last month. And I am off to-morrow for Paris. Any commands?"

" "I should just think I had, if your route lies through Boulogne." And forthwith I delivered to him the unlucky parcel and its history.

" "So the long and the short of it is, Rose, that you may expect to receive your bag safe and sound. Not so sure, though, as to the day, for St. John is proverbially uncertain in his movements.

" "I hope your friend Mademoiselle de Castella's health is improving. I would beg my remembrance to her, but have no doubt I have long since gone out of hers. She has my best wishes for her recovery.

" "Affectionately yours, dear Rose,

" 'F. DARLING.'

" "What news for Adeline! Get out of the way, Mary Carr."

"Rose," said Miss Carr, in a tone of remonstrance, "it will not do to tell her."

"Not tell her!" exclaimed Rose.

"She is resigned and quiet now. Let her die in peace. News of him will only excite and disturb her."

"Don't talk to me! Let me go!" for Mary had laid hold of her dress to detain her.

"Rose, you are doing very wrong. She is almost in the last agony. Earthly hopes and interests have flitted away."

"You don't understand these things," rejoined Rose, with a curl on her lip—"how should you? Has she not, for months, been yearning to see him—has not the pain of his cold neglect, his silence, his absence, hastened on the grave—and, now that he is coming, you would keep it from her? Why I tell you, Mary Carr, it will soothe her heart in dying."

She broke from Miss Carr impetuously, and went into the bed-chamber. Adeline unclosed her eyes at her approach. What Rose said, as she leaned over her and whispered, Mary Carr could not hear; but, even in that last hour, it brought the red hectic to her faded cheek. How wildly and eagerly she looked up!

"But it is too late," she sighed, in a troubled whisper—"it is too late: I shall be gone. If he had but come a day earlier!"

She closed her eyes again, and remained silent. The next words she uttered, some time afterwards, were to Miss Carr.

"Mary—you—that which Louise was saying to-day——"

"Yes. I understand."

"If mamma wishes it—do not prevent it. I—I—should like him to see me—the wreck I am. And then he could come—you would bring him."

Rose assented eagerly, before Mary Carr could speak.

"And, otherwise—if he had not been here—I have been reflecting—that it would answer no end to oppose my mother—what can it matter to me then? If I—had a child—and she died—it is possible I might wish the same. Don't interfere. But—you will bring him?"

"Dearest Adeline, yes," cried Rose, "if he is to be found. I promise it to you solemnly."

"And now—dear friends of my girlhood, Rose! Mary!" she breathed, holding out her hands, "I have but to say farewell. All things are growing dim around me. You know not how grateful I have been for your care of me. You will think of me—sometimes in after life."

The pause that ensued was only broken by Rose's sobs. Mary Carr's aching grief was silent.

"Remember—you especially, Rose—that life—though extended to you longer than mine has been—will not last for ever—but—there is one beyond it. *That* will. Endeavour to inherit it. Will you not kiss me for the last time?"

Oh what aching hearts those were that beat against the coverlet, as they leaned over her!

"You will come to me—in heaven."

They were the last words either of them heard her utter.

It was soon after this that Louise, with a solemn face, full of mighty

importance, threw the corridor-door wide open, and whispered something to the nurse. The latter jumped from her chair, thrust it behind her, and dropped down upon her knees where she stood.

"What in the world has taken her?" ejaculated Rose to Mary Carr.

"Don't you understand?" was Mary's hurried answer, drawing Rose after her, and escaping to the drawing-room.

They saw it through the open door. The line of priests, in their white robes, coming up the stairs; the silver crucifix borne before them; the "Bon Dieu" sacredly covered from observation. Louise sunk on her knees in the passage, as the nurse had done in the room, and they swept past her with solemn step, towards Adeline's chamber, looking neither to the right nor left. They had come to bestow absolution, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic faith—to administer to her the Sacrament of the dying.

Adeline had expressed a hope that she should retain her consciousness to the last, and she did so. They could perceive it by her eyes, though speech had left her. She died in peace, her friends and relatives gathered round her bed. By twelve o'clock the same night all was over.

How am I to describe the next day? I cannot tell. Louise was quite right, and the corpse of Adeline de Castella was to hold a reception. The following day afterwards it was to be interred.

It was whispered in the house, that Signor de Castella was greatly averse to it, but yielded the point to his broken-hearted wife. She was French all over, and clung to French customs. It was a negative soothing to her wild grief to know that before her beautiful and idolised child should be hidden in the dark grave, the world would look upon her, once more, arrayed in all the pomp and splendour of dress and earthly life.

Before mid-day, a messenger from Madame de Nino came to see Miss Darling. It was Julie—of Squire Daw memory. She bore in her hand a packet, which Rose had no difficulty in divining to be the one her brother wrote about. And she also whispered a demand from Madame de Nino, "What time may she come to see poor Mademoiselle Adeline?" The news of the "reception" had travelled there, it seemed.

"It begins at two o'clock," was Rose's short answer; "Madame can come at any time between that and five. Julie, who brought this little parcel to Madame de Nino's?"

"A tall, handsome Englishman," replied Julie. "It was I who answered the gate. He asked for you, mademoiselle; and when I said you were not with us now, but visiting in the town, he left it with— How stupid I am!" broke off the girl; "I forgot to give you this card; he left it for you, mademoiselle."

Rose scarcely glanced at the card. She knew beforehand it was Frederick St. John's.

"Did he say where he was stopping—at what hotel?"

"He said nothing else, mademoiselle. But just left the parcel and card with his compliments. It was about eleven o'clock this morning."

"And now that I know he is in the town," remarked Rose to Mary Carr, after Julie was gone, "I shall go out and try to find him. Will you come?"

"I don't much like going to hotels, inquiring after gentlemen," hesitated Miss Carr.

"We must do many things that we 'don't like' in this life," sarcastically answered Rose, shrugging her shoulders. "Do you fear the hotels would eat you?"

"No; nor Mr. St. John either," was Mary's somewhat irritable remark. "But it is not quite the thing for us to do, *Bless*."

"I promised that poor girl I would fetch him to see her, if there were a possibility, and fetch him I will," was Rose's imperative rejoinder. "You need not come; I can go by myself as well as with you."

"No," said Mary Carr, "if you must go, I shall accompany you."

"Then don't make words about it," snapped Rose.

The preparations were complete, or nearly so, before they went out on their search of Mr. St. John. *The preparations!* The large salon, the room next to the one in which she died, was laid out for the visitors, a barrier being carried down the middle. The door between the two rooms was closed and fastened, and Adeline was placed against it, upright, standing, nearly facing the door by which the visitors would enter—standing as if waiting to receive them. I cannot tell you how they fixed and supported her; I do not know any of the details, and I do not wish. Mary Carr looked in, once, to the bed-chamber, while they were dressing her: the nurse was standing before the upright corpse, supporting it against her shoulder, her own head turned aside from it, and the hair-dresser stood behind, dressing its hair. It was revolting work, calling forth revolting ideas, and Mary turned sick as she pulled the door between her and the sight. She was forced to lean against the wall for some moments, to recover from the faintness that had stolen over her.

"What hotel do you mean to try?" she inquired of Rose as they went out.

"I shall try them all in succession but what I'll find him," was the answer. "We will go to the Hotel des Bains first: he is probably there."

Rose, when they reached it, walked boldly into the yard. A man was standing there, with a napkin on his arm.

"Monsieur de Saint John," began Rose, "*est-il descendu ici?*"

"What did you please to say, miss?" returned the man, in English, evidently not understanding her.

"Oh," said Rose. "Is a gentleman of the name of St. John stopping here?"

"I believe he is, miss; I will inquire," replied the waiter, turning towards the "bureau." Rose followed him with her eyes.

"Mr. St. John is stopping here, ladies," said the man, returning, with a key in his hand. "He arrived this morning, by the Folkestone boat, and he leaves to-night for Paris. He is out just now."

"Out!" cried Rose impatiently, not expecting this frustration to her wishes, "where's he gone?"

"Why, ladies, it's quite impossible for us to know where all our visitors go to in the day," remonstrated the man. "Many of them are only in at meal-times."

"We want to see Mr. St. John on most urgent business," persisted Rose—"business that admits of no delay. If you could but give us an idea where to find him?"

"I am very sorry, miss, I wish I could. He may be on the pier, or

he may be gone over to Capécuse, or he may have walked up to the costume—all, places very wide apart. If you would like to go to his room and wait, ladies, I have brought the key. It's only on the first floor."

"What's to be done, Mary Carr?" said Rose, stamping her foot in pettish impatience.

"Don't ask me," returned Mary; "do as you please. It is your expedition, not mine."

Rose hesitated, looking at the man, then at the key, then at Mary Carr. Would she have gone to his room? There's no knowing, for at that moment, who should turn into the yard with a light, quick step, but Mr. St. John himself.

Not changed—not a whit changed. The same high, aristocratic bearing; the same distinguished beauty of form and face; the same attractive manners, possessing, for all, so irresistible a fascination.

Rose, in a somewhat confused, anything but an explanatory, greeting, said she had come to request his accompanying her for half an hour, on business of importance; and in another moment they were all walking down the street together.

"I think if you had come in a few minutes later, you would have found us in your apartments," said Rose to him. "At least, myself. Mary Carr was shocked at the bare idea of our going into the hotel-yard to inquire for you: I suppose she would have run away had I gone to wait in your room."

He laughed—his old, low, musical laugh.

"If you have any interest at court, Mr. St. John, perhaps you could get Mary appointed one of the maids of honour," went on Rose. "She'd shine in that line, being such a stickler for prudery and etiquette. Hold your tongue, Mary: you know you are."

"I thought you were both to have returned to England before this," he interrupted.

"We shall be there in a few days now," answered Rose. "Are you going to make a long stay in Paris?"

"I think not, in Paris," he observed, "though it may be some time before I get back to London. My old roving love of travel has come upon me, and I think I shall gratify it. A friend of mine leaves Paris next week, on his way to explore the Holy Land, and I feel inclined to accompany him."

"Why, you may be away a year or two at that rate!" exclaimed Rose.

"And probably shall. But I have not finally made up my mind. If I don't go, a few weeks will see me back in England."

"It does not look as if he were upon the point of marriage with Sarah Beaudere," thought Rose to herself. For a wonder, she did not make it a question to him.

But not a word of inquiry from him after Adeline! And yet, a few months before, they had been on the nearest and dearest terms, but a few hours removed from the closest tie that can exist in this world—that of man and wife. Oh, the changes that take place in this transitory world of ours! She was dead, sleeping well after life's fitful fever, and he was walking there, in all the pomp and pride of existence, haughtily indifferent, never unbending so far as to ask whether she was married to another, or whether she was alive or dead.



And so they reached the residence of Signor de Castella, and entered the court-yard, St. John unconscious where he was going. It must be remembered he had never gone to the house but once, and then it was at night, and in Sir Sandy Maxwell's carriage. The hall-door was placed wide open. Silva stood on one side of it, bareheaded, another servant opposite to him, and as the various visitors passed between them, they bowed to each group in silence. It was the manner of receiving them. Mr. St. John, talking with Rose, advanced close to the door, but then he caught sight of Silva, and drew back. The old man looked at him with a pleasant look: St. John had always been a favourite with the Castella servants, and just then Mary Carr left them, and ran up stairs.

"Why have you brought me here?" demanded Mrs. St. John of Rose. "This is Signor de Castella's."

"I have not brought you without a motive," Mrs. St. John said. "I have come in with me."

"You must excuse me," he said, very coldly.

"I cannot," answered Rose. "Do you think I should go dancing after you to all the hotels in the town—as I should have done had I not found you—shocking Mary Carr and the waiters, out of their notions of propriety, without an urgent motive? Come along; we are obstructing the entrance."

Mr. St. John indeed saw that a group of several ladies were gathered close behind him, waiting to go in. He stepped inside the hall—he had no other alternative—and so allowed them to pass. They moved noiselessly towards the broad staircase; but he drew aside with Rose.

"Rose, this is beyond a joke," he said. "Why did you bring me here? I will wish you good morning."

"Indeed," she murmured, clasping her hands in agitation, and laying them on his arm, in her fear lest, after all, he should escape her; "this is no joke. Do you suppose Mary Carr would lend herself to one; and she came with me. Pray come up-stairs with me, Mr. St. John."

"You forget," he began, in answer more to her evident excitement than to her words, "that—putting aside any objection I may experience—my presence here may not be acceptable to the family."

"You will not see them," she replied. "I affirm it."

"Who are all these people going up the stairs?" he said, looking on, in amazement, as more groups were silently bowed in by Silva. "It seems like a reception-day."

"It is one," said Rose; "nevertheless, the family do not hold that. There comes Madame de Nino! she is directing those strict eyes of hers towards us, and I shall catch it, for standing whispering with you. Do come, Mr. St. John."

"I cannot understand all this, Rose. These visitors flocking to the house, while, you say, the family are not visible. Why do they come then? Why do you insist so earnestly on taking me?"

"There's—there's—a show up-stairs to-day," stammered Rose. "That is why they come. And I want you to see it."

"A flower-show?" said Mr. St. John, somewhat mockingly.

"A faded one," murmured Rose, as she took his hand, and drew him towards the staircase. His manner was hesitating, his step reluctant.

At the head of the stairs they met Mary Carr. She placed in his hand a small sealed parcel. "A commission was entrusted to me yesterday."

day, Mr. St. John," she observed; "it was to deliver this into your own hands. I did not think so soon to find an opportunity of executing it. I have also a message——"

"Which you will give him presently," interrupted Rose.

"Who is this from?" exclaimed Mr. St. John. He glanced at the seal, "*A. L. de C.*," he turned it round, and looked at the strange, sprawling address.

"Not a very elegant superscription," he observed carelessly, as he slipped the parcel into the breast-pocket of his coat. "I don't recognise the handwriting."

"Yet you were once familiar with it, Mr. St. John."

"Oh, never!" answered he. "Not, certainly, to my recollection."

They were now at the door of the drawing-room. Rose, feeling sick and terrified at the thought of what she was going to behold, laid a hand on Mr. St. John, as if doubting her own capability to support herself.

"Are you ill?" he inquired, looking at her pale face.

"A momentary faintness," she murmured. "It is going off."

It was to the right, at the other end of the room as they entered. *It!* But they could not see it distinctly or for a moment together, as they turned to follow the crowd, so many persons were pushing by them just there. Mr. St. John, who was taller than most persons present, obtained a more distinct view than Rose.

"Who is that—standing yonder—receiving the company?" he asked, hastily. "It looks like——no; it cannot be. Is it Adeline?"

"Yes, it is Adeline de Castella," replied Rose, under her breath, her teeth chattering. "She is holding her reception."

*Adeline de Castella.* Did the name strike oddly upon Mr. St. John? But if it did, how then came he not to ask why it was not Adeline de la Chasse?

"You have deceived me, Miss Darling," he said, in a severe tone; "you assured me the family were not here. What means all this?"

"They are not here," whispered Rose, whose face and lips were now as white as those of the dead.

"Not here! There stands Adeline."

"Yes, true; Adeline," she murmured. "But she will not speak to you. You—you will pass and look at her; as we look at a picture."

"You are talking nonsense, Rose. Not speak to me? how can she help it, if you thus compel me to approach?"

"Trust me for once, Mr. St. John," replied Rose, as she seized his arm, for he would have turned back. "Adeline will not speak to you—she will not, as I live and breathe."

Partly from the difficulty of retreating, for they were in the line of advance, not in that formed for returning, according to the arrangements of the room, partly in compliance with Rose Darling's agitated earnestness, and partly yielding to his own curiosity, which was becoming intensely excited, Mr. St. John continued his way, ever and anon catching a glimpse of the rigid form opposite, before which all were fling.

"Rose!" he exclaimed, involuntarily, "it cannot be Adeline. And yet it is like her! Who is it? What is it? How strange she looks!"

"She has been ill, you see," shivered Rose, "and is much attenuated. But it is Adeline."

They were nearly up with her, and Rose, in her terror, not having yet dared to look at the sight, clung to the arm of Mr. St. John. He was gazing on her—Adeline, and his face, never very rosy, had turned of a yet paler hue than common.

Oh, the rich and flowing robes in which they had decked her! white satin, covered with costly lace; white ribbons, white flowers, everything about her white; the festive attire of a bride, adorning the upright dead, and that dead worn and wasted! A narrow band of white satin was passed tightly under the chin, to prevent the jaw falling, but it was partly hidden by the hair, and the wreath of flowers, and the veil that floated behind her. Never, in health, had more beautiful ringlets been seen on Adeline than they had set forth now, to shade those hollow cheeks; but all the richness of her dress, and the flowing hair, could not conceal the ghastliness of the features, or soften the fixed stare of the glazed eye. Yet, in the contour of the face, there was something still inexpressively beautiful. To a stranger entering the room, unsuspecting the truth, as Mr. St. John, she looked like one fearfully ill, fearfully strange; and how was Mr. St. John, who had never heard of the custom, to divine the truth? Did the idea occur to him that Adeline was standing in the very spot where he had first met her, a year before? Did the strange, gloomy silence strike ominously upon him, putting one in mind of a funeral or a lying-in-state, rather than a gay reception?

Mr. St. John went close up; and halted in front of her; Rose by him, shaking from head to foot. Forgetting, probably, what Rose had said, that she would not speak to him, or else obeying the impulse of the moment, he mechanically held out his hand to Adeline; but there was no answering impulse on her part.

He stood rooted to the spot, his eyes running rapidly over her. They glanced down on the flounces of the rich lace dress, they wandered up to her face—it was the first close, full view he had obtained of it. He saw the set, rigid features, the unmistakable stare of the glassy eye; and, with a rushing sensation of sickening awe and terror, the terrible truth burst upon his brain.

That it was not Adeline de Castella, but her cousin which stood there.

He was a strong-minded man—a man little given to betray his feelings, or to suffer them to escape beyond his own control; yet he staggered, now, against the wall by her side, and fell down in a fainting-fit. Rose, alarmed for the consequences of what she had done, burst into tears, and, kneeling down, began to rub his hands.

“Open the windows—give some air here,” called out little Monsieur Durante, who had come all the way from Ostrohowe to see the sight. “Here’s a gentleman in an attack of apoplexy.”

“Nothing of the sort,” returned an Englishman, who made one of the company; “he has fainted, that’s all. There’s no cause for alarm, young lady. I suppose he came in, not knowing what he was going to see, and the shock overpowered him. See: he revives already.”

Consciousness came to Mr. St. John. He rose slowly, shook himself, in a shuddering-fit, and with a last wild, yearning glance at the dead, fell into the line of the retreaters. But it was Miss Carr who now detained him. It had occurred to her, that if she failed to give Adeline’s last message then, she might not speedily find another opportunity.

"The address on the packet was in *her* handwriting, Mr. St. John," she whispered; "she wrote it yesterday, but a few hours before she died. She charged me to say that everything is there, except the ring, which has never been off her finger since you placed it there, and will be buried with her; and to tell you that she had been ever faithful to you; as in life, so unto death."

Mr. St. John listened, and nodded in reply, with the abstracted air of one who answers what he does not hear, touching unconsciously the breast-pocket of his coat, where lay the parcel. He then passed on, following in the wake of the crowd, who were making their way from the room and from the house.

"He is a fine young man though," exclaimed M. Durante, looking after St. John with eyes of admiration. "But he is very pale: he has scarcely recovered himself."

"To think that he should have dropped, short, at seeing a corpse, just as one might drop a stone, a fine, strong man like him!" responded a neighbouring chemist, who had stepped in to have a look at the reception. "Qu'ils sont drôles, ces Anglais, da!"

## LYRICS.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

### I.

#### "O WIND OF THE MOUNTAIN!"

O WIND of the Mountain, Wind of the Mountain, hear!  
I have a prayer to whisper in thine ear;—  
Hush, pine-tree, hush! Be silent, sycamore!  
Cease thy wild waving, ash-tree, old and hoar!  
Flow softly, stream!—my voice is faint with fear—  
O Wind of the Mountain, Wind of the Mountain, hear!

In the far city, by the lowland shore,  
Pale grows the cheek, so rosy-fresh of yore.  
Woe for the child—the fair, blithe-hearted child—  
~~Once thy~~ glad playmate on the breezy wild!  
Hush, pine-tree, hush!—my voice is faint with fear—  
O Wind of the Mountain, Wind of the Mountain, hear!

Pale grows the cheek, and dim the sunny eyes,  
And the voice falters, and the laughter dies.  
Woe for the child! She pines, on that sad shore,  
For the free hills and happy skies of yore.  
Hush, river, hush!—my voice is faint with fear—  
O Wind of the Mountain, Wind of the Mountain, hear!

O Wind of the Mountain, thou art swift and strong—  
Follow, for love's sake! though the way is long.  
Follow, oh! follow, over hill and dale,  
To the far city, in the lowland vale.  
Hush, pine-trees, hush!—my voice is faint with fear—  
O Wind of the Mountain, Wind of the Mountain, hear!

Kiss the sweet lips, and bid the laughter rise—  
 Flush the ~~won~~ cheek, and brighten the dim eyes;  
 Sing songs of home, and soon, from grief and pain,  
 Win back thy playmate, blessed Wind, again!  
 Win back my darling—while away my fear—  
 O Wind of the Mountain, Wind of the Mountain, hear!

## II.

## DUMB ORACLES.

SIR AMORET, the Poet, sang, one day,  
 His lady's praise—a very earnest lay:  
 Sir Amoret sat beside his mistress' feet,  
 Singing, and when his ditty was complete  
 Looked up for guerdon to her witching eyes,  
 In hope some loving look would be his prize.  
 But the fair Rosamond, with dainty smile,  
 Patted her lap-dog, Chloe, all the while;  
 And heedlessly, with pretty yea and nay,  
 Talked of the weather and the last new play.

On the morrow, poor Sir Amoret again  
 Sang forth his lady's praise—a fervent strain.  
 He wrote it down on paper smooth and neat,  
 And laid it lowly at the fair one's feet,  
 But presently returned, with eager ken,  
 Quite sure that he should reap his guerdon then.  
 Alas! there lay the page so deftly written,  
 Twirled in a ball t' amuse a favourite kitten!

Sir Amoret went into the deep wood's shade,  
 And "sang to the stillness"—and the greenwood made  
 Sweet answer to his harpings, tone for tone,  
 And sigh for sigh, and plaintive moan for moan,  
 Till, soothed and comforted, he tuned his strings,  
 And lightly laughed, and—sang of other things.

Beware, dumb Oracles! look forth, and see  
 How Nature giveth guerdon, full and free,  
 To all her singers. Hark! the little stream  
 Goes chiming down the dell, and from their dream  
 Wakes up the grasses and long reeds, that lie,  
 Dew-pearled, but ~~trouble~~ and make swift reply.  
 Hark! how the South-wind murmurs through the pines  
 In the hot summer, when the day declines;  
 And how, through leaf and spray, steals answering speech,  
 Like the sea's surging o'er a sandy beach.  
 Hark! when the cloud gives forth its voice of wonder,  
 And rolls athwart the chasms its solemn thunder,  
 How echo, leaping from its torpor, fills  
 All the deep hollows of the eternal hills!  
 Quick speech, and quick reply—no scorn, no chill  
 Indifference, no dead slumber—manifold  
 The voices, but each voice, in sympathy,  
 Yields to its kindred voice unchecked reply.  
 Beware, dumb Oracles!—when silence grew  
 In shrines of old, the votaries became few;  
 And Poets weary when they make their moan  
 To hearts of steel and deities of stone.

## THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY:

OR, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OUR GRAND-FATHERS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

## POLITICS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

We have already hinted at the intensity of political feeling in the last century, which carried partisanship from the coffee and chocolate-house to the theatre, and even the inner recesses of the lady's chamber, and induced the zealous beauty to proclaim her principles by the position of the patches of court-plaister on her face, and by the seat which she took at the playhouse.

In the discussion of some question of state, fathers, Brutus-like, sacrificed their children, tradesmen neglected their business, and friends fought and slew each other. But, after all, the coffee-house was the arena of political discussion. Addison mentions "the inner parlour of the 'Grecian,'" as the resort of a knot of furious politicians, who weighed every measure brought forward in parliament, canvassed every notice in the *Gazette*, and doubted the efficacy of every treaty that was signed. In 1724, we find the "Cocoa Tree," or "Ozinda's," distinguished as the resort of Tory politicians, and the "Saint James's" for its Whig frequenters. Towards the latter part of the century this rage was in nowise abated, for Goldsmith, in the "Citizen of the World," writes: "An Englishman, not satisfied with finding by his own prosperity the contending powers of Europe properly balanced, desires also to know the precise value of every weight in either scale. To gratify this curiosity, a leaf of political instruction is served up every morning with tea; when our politician has feasted upon this, he repairs to a coffee-house, in order to ruminate upon what he has read, and increase his collection; from thence he proceeds to the ordinary, inquires 'What news?' and treasuring up every requisition there, hunts about all the evening in quest of more, and carefully adds it to all the rest. Thus, at night, he returns home, full of the important advices of the day: when, lo! waking next morning, he finds the instructions of yesterday a collection of absurdity or palpable falsehood. This one would think a mortifying repulse in the pursuit of wisdom, yet our politician, no way discouraged, hunts on, in order to collect fresh materials, and in order to be again disappointed."

In the days of Swift we may find, from the very cautious character of his correspondence, and the equivocal and often hieroglyphical language of his friends in writing to him, as well as from frequent direct allusions to the fact, that the public post was not held sacred during these times of hot partisanship, but that the correspondence of parties supposed to be at all of different views from the government was repeatedly intercepted and opened. This system appears to have prevailed alike through the successive administrations of Godolphin, Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Walpole; discreditable and repulsive to our English feelings, it was, perhaps, tolerated more easily through the very intensity of the passion for politics, which disposed both parties to recognise the rule that all schemes were justifiable which led to the desired end in this trial of strength—the impeachment of the one or the other party's minister.

We must bear in mind that, throughout the century, there was a continual supply of food for this passion to feed upon. Twelve years had but elapsed at its commencement, since a revolution, entirely altering the dynasty, and settling the constitution on a surer religious and political basis, and which affected the destiny of the country so materially that it required some time to adjust matters on the footing which was deemed to be the safest to the nation, and still longer to reconcile men's minds to the new order of things—to soften down asperities, and to obliterate prejudices; people had hardly ascertained what reforms they were to expect—what liberties were to be given to them. Then the death of two successive sovereigns without issue rendered another change in the line of monarchs inevitable, and the Hanoverian succession was at length fixed upon. This caused a protracted struggle between the old Stuart party, who saw a prospect of returning to power when Anne sat on the throne without issue and left it a legacy for contention, and the partisans of the new line, which, settled by arms in 1715, was again renewed with great energy in 1745. Another fruitful source of discussion was found in the continued foreign wars, and our being almost throughout the century involved in disputes with the neighbouring courts. The violent writings of Wilkes, Junius, and Sampson Parry, helped to keep the flame alive, and the greater efforts the government made to reduce it by adopting rigorous proceedings against these writers, the fiercer it burned—the attorney-general and the judges were merely pouring water upon burning oil. The dispute with our revolted colonies in America, and their subsequent successful struggle for independence, divided the nation into two parties; and, finally, the century closed upon a state of anarchy and confusion which, breaking out with the French Revolution, had spread epidemically over almost the entire continent, leaving it doubtful where or when it would be stemmed, and leaving England engaged in a vigorous attempt to restore the distribution of power which had been so wildly upset, for the better security and peace of Europe. This was a period well adapted to draw out great statesmen from among the heterogeneous mass collected in parliament, and Bolingbroke, Harley, Walpole, North, Chatham, Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Canning, were alternately thrown up on the surface of the troubled waters.

But, in every coffee-house, from Saint James's to the Royal Exchange, and in every tavern in the City, there were rival statesmen who were settling the gravest affairs of the nation, under the soothing or inspiring effects (as the case might require) of tea, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, punch, or purl. Particular boxes in the coffee-house were allotted to little knots of these sage politicians, or a particular room allotted to a more influential club of them. Associations for the solving of great state problems met nightly at every tavern, and energetically protested against, or warmly supported, the measures of the government. A hatter from Cheapside would come down to his club prepared to pay off the national debt, as he paid off his own debts—on paper: a Cornhill tailor, who was ignorant of his domestic duties, would find fault with duties imposed by the government: a cutler, who was a member of some loyal volunteer corps, would be prepared to show that some besieged general was entirely ignorant of the art of fortification: or a man living by his wits, and who had no principle in himself, would come and spend by the hour together in opposition to a

government measure, but only objected to it "on principle." A draper would deliver speeches by the yard, as conjurers vomit ribbons, or mine host himself called to their councils, would, perhaps, more concisely "come to the pint"—whilst a druggist, who was looked upon as the professional member of the club, would enter into an explanation of his "scruples." Some of these clubs were of importance, and created a sensation in the political world; there was the "Jacobite Club," for the restoration of the exiled Stuarts—the "London Corresponding Society, united for a Reform of Parliament"—the "Constitutional Society," advocating the cause of the revolted colonies, or "plantations," in America—the "Supporters of the Bill of Rights"—the "Society of the Friends of the Liberty of the Press," of which Sheridan was a member; and a host of others, which had some pretensions to importance and respectability.

The programme of the evening's discussion was frequently advertised in the public papers, when the club was understood to be a controversial or open debating club; but one or two specimens of these announcements will suffice:

"Society for Free Debate, Queen's Arms, Newgate-street.—The questions to be argued here this evening are as follows, viz. :—'Are not the Severe Laws by which the Soldiery of England are governed, dangerous to British Liberty?' and 'Ought Great Britain to give up the Dependency of America, or Declare War with France?' The chair will be taken at eight o'clock."—*Gazetteer* of October 24, 1778.

The subjects announced for discussion at the Capel-court Debates, held in Bartholomew-lane every Monday evening (the admission to which was sixpence), were—"1788, August 4th. 'Between which Characters is the Resemblance most Striking, Mr. Pitt and Sir Robert Walpole, or Mr. Fox and Oliver Cromwell?'"—and, "August 11th. 'Which is the greatest Domestic Evil, a Drunken Husband or a Scolding Wife?'" Here was variety of subject!

Fielding, in his *Covent Garden Journal*, Nos. 8 and 9, satirises the style and composition of these clubs, and the passion of the prentices and clerks, of whom they often consisted, for grasping questions beyond their scope, and gives a mock journal of the "Robinhoodians," in which pattern-makers, shoemakers, tailors, barbers, weavers, and a boatswain's mate, are the orators.

At some of these meetings, held in obscure garrets, some miserable conspiracy against the government was seriously projected now and then, and when, on the information of one of the members, a picket of guards or a few constables were brought to break in upon their discussion, these valorous spirits would clamber hastily out at the trap-door, and, scampering over the tiles in their anxiety to escape, literally risk their lives in the service of their country. Debating societies, vulgarly dubbed "Spouting Clubs," were much affected by the prentices and shop-boys of London; and Mr. Dickens, in his "Barnaby Rudge," has very happily sketched one of these deliberative assemblies and some of its prominent characters, at the time of the riots of '80.

That political feeling was wrought up to an immense pitch we have said enough to indicate, but we have yet to bring forward another and more striking instance, which shows that party feeling was displayed even over the grave, and that the challenges of faction were uttered by the



most devout passages on the most solemn of occasions: At the funeral of the Earl of Chatham, on June the 9th, 1793, in the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Pitt, Burke, Dunning, &c., the Bishop of Rochester read the following epitaph after the funeral service in Westminster Abbey, "with an energy truly pathetic:"

Embalm'd  
In the grateful Memory  
Of his Country,  
Here rest the remains  
Of the Great Commoner,  
The Right Honourable  
**WILLIAM PITT,**  
By all Europe revered;  
But a profligate  
Administration,  
Who succeeded to his Office  
Without his Talents  
Or his Virtues,  
Made shipwreck of Government.  
Their ambition and their plans  
Were different:  
It was his to Subdue the Common Enemy—  
Theirs to Enslave  
Their Country.  
Rest, indignant shade,  
Under this Consolation—  
That thy great Renown shall be lasting  
As their Infamy.

Such, then, being the state of popular feeling, we may easily conceive to what excesses it arose during the protracted period of a parliamentary election at that time. We have before us a whole volume of lampoons, squibs, and political pasquinades, preserved from the great contested election for Yorkshire, in March, 1784, between Duncombe and Wilberforce on the Bete side, and Foljambe and Weddel, whose hand-bills denounced at one fell swoop, "North, Fox, Coalition, and the India Bill." Another and thicker volume contains the squibs and songs written for the election for the City of York, for which Lord John Cavendish and Sir William Milnes came forward in the Fox interest, and Lord Galway and R. S. Milnes in opposition. We may quote one or two (by no means the most intemperate of the collection), by way of sample:

"No Bribery; No Corruption, No Bludgeons, No Colliers, No Aristocratical Blows, No Threats, No Compulsion, No Fox, No Coalition; but Freedom of Election, Independence, the Peace of the City, and Galway and Milnes for ever. Huzza!"

Here is another, levelled personally against Lord John Cavendish:

"York, March 26th, 1784.—Received of my Constituents of the City of York, their hearty and unfeigned disapprobation of my Conduct, which, not being of the Value of Forty Shillings, is not, 'according to Act of Parliament,' liable to the tax.—J. C.\*"

"York, April 8th, 1784.—To be Sold by the Kidnapping Parson,†

\* This was a sly hit at the new Receipt Stamp Act, of which Lord John Cavendish was in favour.

† The Reverend Mr. Marsh, accused of kidnapping Galway and Milnes's voters.

in the 'Apollo,' at the 'George,' in Coney-street, on Wednesday, the 7th instant, at twelve o'clock at noon precisely, a large lot of firm and lasting Resentment against Lord North (the property of Lord John Cavendish). As it has been heavily adulterated by a mixture of the Coalition, it will be Sold so Cheap that a Stamp Receipt will not be necessary. N.B.—His Lordship's friends advised him to put up his Duplicity in the above Lot, but, as he thinks that may yet be of Service to him, he was not willing to part with it."

"To be Sold by Auction! Who bids more than the Comptroller? Agoing! Agoing! A fine, smart, dapper, Hibernian Orator, at the shameful price of a turnspit to the Jacobites! Agoing, gentlemen, agoing!—shameful little busybody! View him! Hear him harangue the mob! Gentlemen, consider he is worth more than that to pay his expenses in the Diligence, and send him round the country to talk as much in favour of Addresses as he has heretofore calumniated them. Fine change! Besides, gentlemen, if you do not bid more honourably, he will possibly tack about and endeavour to gain a petition for the removal of those he now calls his friends. Nobody bids more—Knock the Doctor off!"

The different species of threats had recourse to are illustrated in the following handbills:

"Mr. Mollett,—I desire you will give me one vote at least for the ensuing election; that is, either for Lord John Cavendish or Sir William Milner. If you refuse, you must give up being my tenant.—R. Sykes. Tuesday, March 30th. (Addressed) Mr. Mollett, Swinegate."

"In a few days will be published, The Black List: an account of such freemen of York as promised their votes to Lord John Cavendish and Sir William Milner, or one of them, and afterwards polled for Lord Galway and Mr. Milnes. By which will be proved that the inhabitants of this city possess the greatest share of consistency, veracity, gratitude, and public spirit of any men on earth."

The elections in which John Wilkes figured as a candidate, and was returned in defiance of the House of Commons which had rejected him, were productive of still more paper warfare; but we must go to Hogarth after all for the best illustration of a parliamentary election of the last century. In his admirable series of *The Feast*, *The Canvass*, *The Polling*, and *The Chairing*, he has described all that can be described of a contested election. But there is little to point out which is peculiar to the period, beyond the costume. Let our readers carefully scan them, and say whether every feature of bribery, corruption, intimidation, personation, and perjury have done more, than *fade* in a similar scene of modern days—they have yet to *disappear*. Are they not all still practised, though, perhaps, not so openly nor so boldly? Is not very nearly the same amount of corruption going on, though invisibly, and for a shorter space of time?

These matters are, however, now managed differently; we hear no such public offers made as in the following advertisement, which we extract from the *London Evening Post* of October the 1st, 1774, on the issuing of the writs for the new parliament:

"Borough.—A gentleman of character and fortune, who wishes to avoid contention and trouble, would be glad of a compromise against an ensuing period. A line to Mr. Dormer, at 24, Ludgate-hill, will meet with the most honourable attention."—*Verbum sap.*!"

Aug.—VOL. CIV. NO. CCCXVI.

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# SKETCHES OF THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

On the 17th of February, General de Laugier raised the standard of revolt against the provisional government in the provinces of Massa, and published a proclamation in the name of the grand-duke, of which the statements were immediately falsified by the acts of the prince. The proclamation assured the people that Leopold II. had not abandoned Tuscany, but would remain at San Stefano, under the protection of an English guard of honour; that he had named a provisional government before he left Sienna; that twenty thousand Piedmontese troops were then passing the frontier to support him; and lastly, that the sovereign still continued ardently devoted to liberty, and to the independence of Italy. Guerrazzi's government replied by immediately ordering the magistrate of the province to announce to the grand-duke the hopelessness of attempting to bring about a reaction, which at that moment could only lead to civil war. Meanwhile, Guerrazzi proceeded to put himself at the head of the national guard, and of such troops as remained at his disposal, in order to put down the intended movement of De Laugier. At the same time, he sent his family and luggage to Leghorn, prepared to embark at that port for a foreign country, if the return of the grand-duke were effected by the means then employed.

These measures of Guerrazzi's are the acts for which he has been most severely censured, as proofs of his enmity to the sovereign, and his determination to prevent the restoration. But it appears conclusively, from the reasons which he has himself made public, that he was not averse to an eventual restoration, which he could not but recognise as inevitable, after the defeat of Charles Albert had rendered the ultimate ill-success of the Italian cause a matter of certainty. But, in the condition to which the country was reduced by the act of the grand-duke himself, in having abandoned the affairs of state in spite of the urgent entreaties of his government that he would return to the capital, and the extreme exasperation of party feeling which arose in consequence, Guerrazzi believed that the attempt to restore by force of arms an authority now held in detestation by the dominant faction, would only lead to civil contests if left to the arbitrament of the people, or to the loss of independence if effected by the aid of a Piedmontese army. He was persuaded that the moment was not yet arrived to retrieve the evil effects of the prince's ill-advised acts, without shedding the blood of the citizens in an enterprise of uncertain success. Nor is it unnatural to suppose that, after the undisguised mistrust and open animosity displayed by the grand-duke towards the ministers who now formed the provisional government, that his own personal security had considerable influence in inducing Guerrazzi to oppose this method of restoring the former government. A vote of the Chamber and of the country, whilst it saved the constitution, would at the same time protect the constitutional ministry, to whose agency the prince would then be indebted for his return to the throne, which he had vacated in spite of their remonstrances.

In this emergency the clubs did not remit their accustomed activity.

They sent commissioners into the provinces to organise other clubs, and to excite the people to arms; and in a meeting of the principal club at Florence, it was decreed that some of its members should be sent to require the provisional government immediately to proclaim the republic, and the union of Tuscany with the Roman State. From Leghorn, Lucca, Pisa, and all the surrounding cities, the clubs sent to urge the government to the immediate adoption of those measures, on pain of being compelled to it by an insurrection of the people. Mazzini harangued the inhabitants of the capital, and after his exhortations the republic was loudly proclaimed in the streets. Large deputations arrived from the clubs of Leghorn, and after the excitement of popular banquets, at which the most inflammatory language was employed, trees of liberty were planted in every street, every remaining insignia of legitimate royalty was destroyed, and the republic was repeatedly announced by the mob—but never by the government. At Leghorn, ever foremost in every democratic demonstration, Pigli, the governor, proclaimed the new form of government.

At Florence, large assemblages of the people decreed the deposition of the grand-duke, denounced De Laugier as a traitor, and insisted that the attempted reaction should be put down. Guerrazzi replied: "I have faithfully served the constitutional sovereign; I will serve the people with equal fidelity." But as Guerrazzi advanced to oppose De Laugier, the troops of the royalist general, either ill-disposed to the cause, or unwilling to shed the blood of their fellow-citizens in civil strife, disbanded and dispersed, and their leader took refuge in Piedmont.

On the 17th of March, Cicervacchio, the famous Roman demagogue, arrived at the head of a deputation from Rome, and after making a tour through the provinces, in order to excite the republican enthusiasm of the people, he reached Florence, and conveyed to the provisional government the urgent solicitations of the neighbouring state for an immediate junction, and the definite appointment of a republican government. This Guerrazzi again averted, in spite of every effort of the clubs and the republican party, by referring the question of government to the Tuscan Constituent Assembly.

On the 27th of March this Assembly met, and Guerrazzi asserts that he had obtained a certain majority of the constitutional party. But, two days after the first meeting, the fatal news of the disastrous battle of Novara reached Florence. The republicans became furious at the ruin of their cause; Montanelli, in despair, desired to withdraw from the country; and Mazzoni, the third member of the provisional government, went over at once to the republicans. On the night after the unfortunate intelligence arrived, the panic it produced caused a proposal for the instant nomination of a supreme chief to the executive power, to whose hands might be entrusted the preparations for the defence of the country against an Austrian invasion. Guerrazzi was named to the office, but the republican members of the Assembly fiercely opposed the appointment, violently accusing him of treason to the popular cause, and of having plotted for the return of the grand-duke. Montanelli defended his colleague, and assured the Assembly that Guerrazzi entertained no wish to impose upon the country any form of government that had not obtained their sanction. Guerrazzi, disgusted at the accusations directed

against him, and at the suspicions which a moderate course had drawn down on him from all parties, at first refused the dangerous office that was proffered to him, but finally yielded to the persuasions of the deputies of the constitutional party.

The extremity of the danger which now threatened Tuscany induced the new dictator to propose the postponement of the question of government until preparations were made against the certain prospect of immediate invasion. The republicans vehemently urged an immediate union with Rome; but Guerrazzi's proposition prevailed, that the Assembly should be prorogued for twelve days, and he pledged himself to take no steps to effect a change before the 15th of April, the day appointed for the reassembling of the Constituent. He proposed, during that interval, to ascertain the real opinion of the country, and to adopt the wishes of the majority, which he had always believed to be favourable to the restoration of the grand-duke.

Meanwhile, Guerrazzi employed himself diligently, not only in endeavouring to arm the country, but also in disarming those who would have controlled the vote of the Assembly. Arms were scarce, and with difficulty supplied, even to such volunteers as presented themselves; for it must be confessed that the population of Tuscany showed itself tardy and reluctant to confront the dangers that awaited the defenders of their country. Arms were everywhere sought to aid in the equipment of the troops, and heavy penalties were threatened in cases of concealment. Under this pretence the republican clubs were disarmed, and were thereby prevented from obtaining a certain triumph, by force, at the approaching deliberation of the Constituent Assembly. Volunteers arrived from the provinces; Leghorn sent a contingent of seven hundred men, which Guerrazzi has been accused, without proof, of having summoned to his aid to enable him to retain the power he possessed.

There seems to be sufficient evidence of the truth of Guerrazzi's statement, that it was, at this time, his intention to promote the return of the grand-duke to his dominions, if it proved to be the wish of a majority of the people—a fact of which little doubt remained, after the inquiries which had been instituted in the provinces. Some witnesses worthy of credit affirmed upon Guerrazzi's subsequent trial, that the chief of the government spoke at this time of the general desire for the return of the sovereign as an incontestable fact, and of the mistrust with which the Tuscan government was now regarded by that of Rome, on account of the opposition which it had offered to the establishment of a republic, and to the democratic demonstrations which marked the ebullitions of popular fanaticism at that time. It was universally believed in the country, that Guerrazzi had accepted the absolute powers bestowed by the Constituent with a view to prepare the way for the restoration.

In the official instructions transmitted by the minister of war to General d'Apice, commanding the troops on the Piedmontese frontier, that officer is urged to use every exertion to preserve the country from dismemberment, in order that the grand-duke, at his return, "may not regard with contempt an army which had proved itself unable to preserve to Tuscany Lunigiana, Massa, and Carrara." In addition to this evidence of Guerrazzi's intentions, General d'Apice gave testimony at the trial of that minister, that, in confidential conversation with the chief of

the state at this time, he distinctly understood that the immediate restoration of the grand-duke was Guerrazzi's object.

As early as the 30th of March, Guerrazzi obtained indirect but positive evidence that secret measures were in progress for effecting the restoration. About this time a number of letters fell under the suspicion of the directors of the post-office, from the manner in which they were recommended for immediate delivery, and the names of the persons to whom they were addressed—some of the most influential members of the constitutional party. The contents of all these letters proved to be in the same words precisely, and were signed by an association calling themselves "The True Citizens." They intimated that there was now no time to lose; and the persons addressed were called upon, in the name of the grand-duke, to go to the municipality, and together with Guerrazzi to concert measures for the protection and safety of the country. This circular was delivered to those to whom it was addressed by command of Guerrazzi.

On the 9th of April, six days before the intended reopening of the Assembly, Count dei Bardi had an interview with Adami, a member of Guerrazzi's government, to express the general wish for the re-establishment of the former constitution, and the restoration of the grand-duke: he urged Guerrazzi to propose these measures frankly to the Chamber on the 16th, when he promised the support and assistance of the constitutional party. Guerrazzi assures us that he received the suggestion with entire acquiescence; and in order to ensure its success, he took measures to secure the presence in the Assembly of all on whom he could depend for supporting him in its execution. One thing appears certain: the meeting of the Constituent must necessarily have decided the question between the establishment of a republic and the restoration of the constitutional sovereignty. Guerrazzi's government—confessedly provisional—must terminate with the vote of the Assembly, for whichever form that vote should decide. A republic would debar all individual claims to the supreme power; and even, in the event of the restoration of the monarchy, if the unpopularity of the Austrian name should operate to exclude the grand-duke and his family—a contingency of which we have already seen that no probability existed—it was quite certain that Guerrazzi could never obtain the sovereignty under a constitutional system. There is, therefore, every reason to believe that, in the existing state of affairs, Guerrazzi's interests would lead him to favour the—now inevitable—restoration of the grand-duke.

On the 11th of April an accidental quarrel in the streets led to a serious disturbance, in which the Livornese volunteers took an active part, and exhibited all the ferocity which has ever distinguished civil contests between the natives of the different towns of Italy—so notorious for their hatred of each other. Guerrazzi flung himself into the *mêlée*, and with difficulty arrested the carnage that had begun, but not till after the contest had lasted for many hours, and much blood had been spilt. He finally succeeded in disarming the volunteers, and persuading them to return by railway to Livorno. He then exerted himself to restore calmness to the city, and to prevent a recurrence of the disorders. The guard at the gate was doubled, to prevent the peasantry of the neighbourhood from joining in the tumult and adding to the excitement that prevailed;

whilst patrols of the national guard endeavoured to secure the lives and properties of the citizens. But during the ensuing night the mob began to tear up the trees of liberty which they had themselves planted a short time before. Guerrazzi, overpowered by fatigue, and suffering from illness, was informed of what was going on. "The people planted them," he said; "let the people tear them up."

On the following day, the 12th of April, the confusion in the city still continuing to increase, Guerrazzi ordered some artillery and troops of the line into the Piazza Gran Duca, for the defence of the palace of the government. But the officers in command did not obey the injunction. Guerrazzi then hastily called together the Assembly, of which the meeting had been appointed for three days later. But the municipality had now determined to take upon itself to proclaim the restoration of the grand-duke, and sent the Cavaliere Martelli, who formerly held an appointment at court, to the president of the Assembly, Taddei, requesting his attendance at a meeting of the city council. They then sought out Zannetti, the general of the civic guard, and after a consultation, in which they settled their plan of action, the following proclamation was issued by Taddei:

"TUSCANS,—The Constituent Assembly of Tuscany declares itself in permanence. Together with the municipality and the civic guard it will adopt the measures necessary to save the country.

"TADDEI, President."

But the municipality, either mistrusting the Assembly, or desirous itself to reap the merit and reward of the act, now determined to set aside the authority of the Assembly altogether, and to form a new government upon its own responsibility. On the same day it issued the following proclamation:

"CITIZENS,—In the gravity of existing circumstances, your municipality feels all the importance of its mission. It has assumed the direction of affairs in the name of the prince, and it promises to save you from the affliction of an invasion.

"Your municipality, in this solemn moment, has joined to its number five citizens who enjoy your confidence. They are:

"GINO CAPPONI,  
BETTINO RICASOLI,  
LUIGI SERRISTORI,

"CARLO TORREGIANI,  
CESARE CAPOGNADRI.

"12th of April, 1849."

The Assembly was indignant at the treachery of the municipality in thus acting alone, after having invited and received the assurance of their co-operation: in their anger they even threatened to arrest some members of the municipality. The municipality replied to their remonstrances, that the joint action of the Assembly and the town-council appeared incompatible. Guerrazzi, though willing to aid the return of the prince, was in the highest degree incensed at the treachery displayed towards the Constituent Assembly; and he strenuously contended for a means of effecting the restoration which indicated the adherence of the country, and not the consent of the capital alone; and which had the additional advantage of placing the liberal institutions which had been obtained at so high a price beyond the control of the reactionary party.

It had been first proposed in the municipal body to name Guerrazzi one of the five persons who should form the commission of government; and Count Digny, whose strange conduct at this time, and still stranger evidence at the state trials, have given an unenviable celebrity to his name, expressed to the ex-dictator the regret that he entertained at the nomination having proved unacceptable to a majority of the council. Guerrazzi informed him, in reply, that he could not have accepted the office had it been offered to him, as he strongly disapproved the means by which the municipality had thought fit to effect the restoration. Digny then proceeded to express the fears entertained by the new government for the tranquillity of Leghorn, of which the submission was little to be hoped for. Guerrazzi offered to go down and use every exertion to pacify the city—always riotous and disaffected—and to induce the republican party to return to their allegiance to the grand-duke. Digny accepted the offer in the name of the government, and obtained a solemn promise that Guerrazzi would not leave Florence before five o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at which hour he proposed to meet him again, to convey to him the authorisation and the final instructions of the government commission.

In the mean time it was intimated to Guerrazzi that he should immediately quit his official residence in the Palazzo Vecchio; and as Digny took the same opportunity to reiterate his request that Guerrazzi would meet him at the appointed hour, the fallen minister informed him that he would wait the conference in his private room. Many of his friends, mistrusting the intentions of the municipality, now entreated him to leave Florence without delay, and place himself beyond the reach of the doubtful faith of the new government. The legations of France and England offered him secure asylums; and Zannetti, general of the civic guard, proffered an escort to conduct him to the railway for Leghorn. But, not doubting the sincerity of the municipality, Guerrazzi declined all these means of safety, and quietly awaited Digny in his own apartment.

At the appointed hour Digny arrived, accompanied by Zannetti—one of the most honourable men of the constitutional party—and conveyed to Guerrazzi the intimation of the wish of the commission of government that he should consent to leave Tuscany without an hour's delay. Guerrazzi instantly accepted the passport they offered, and adopted the proposal willingly, from the conviction that if any disturbances arose in the future the malice of his enemies would ascribe them to his influence. It was then at once arranged that he should leave the country that very night, at one o'clock.

It is true that Count Digny has denied this last statement, but it rests securely on the well-tried honour of Zannetti.

During the night of the 12th of April disorders and tumults continued to rage in the streets of Florence; and the mob broke into the Palazzo Vecchio, still occupied by Guerrazzi. Whether excited against their deposed ruler by the new government, or only exhibiting the ordinary changes of popular feeling by which the conduct of a mob is everywhere characterised, the people, who had so lately hailed him as their saviour, now filled the air with cries of "Death to Guerrazzi!" and threatened to drag him forth into the streets. A note from Zannetti reached Guerrazzi's hand, which intimated the impossibility of conveying him safely



out of the town at that moment; the government had therefore determined to carry him by a secret passage which leads from the Palazzo Vecchio to the Pitti Palace, whence he might be safely lodged in the fortress of the Belvedere, and thence taken out of the town as soon as tranquillity was restored.

The morning of the 13th was again disturbed by riotous assemblages; large numbers of the peasantry from the neighbouring country flocked into the city, and increased the disorders that prevailed. In the midst of the ferment, Martelli and Zannetti arrived to escort Guerrazzi to the fortress, at the same time conveying to him a small sum of money from the commission to defray the expenses of his journey, which they informed him must be delayed for a few days, until the popular feeling had subsided, and he could leave the town in safety. Guerrazzi, who now began to feel some uneasiness, inquired of Zannetti, during the transit, whether he was to consider himself a prisoner. Zannetti replied by the assurance that Guerrazzi would only be detained until his safety was ensured, and that the honour of the civic guard and of its commander were pledged for his secure retreat from the country.

On their arrival at the fortress, instead of the accustomed guard of the civic troops, they were received by a corps of the municipal guard. Zannetti, fearing some treachery, conveyed his charge back to the Pitti, and commanded the guard to be changed. The commandant pretended to obey; but merely changed the sentinels, and concealed the municipal guard. Guerrazzi was then consigned to a prison, from which he was not destined to be released till after a tedious imprisonment of four years and a half;—after a trial for high treason, in which the very appearances of justice were disregarded;—in which the name of the sovereign, who was, in fact, the defendant in the trial, was not permitted to be brought forward;—in which the evidence of the chief witness for the defence was rejected upon puerile and illegal pretences;—and in which the prisoner was finally condemned to the galleys for fifteen years, in spite of the most incontrovertible evidence that, if guilt existed, the condemned was not the culprit. The mercy, or compunction of the crown, atoned in some degree for the gross injustice of the judges, and the sentence was commuted to one of perpetual banishment.

Zannetti, whose pure and honourable character place him above the suspicion of having taken part in the base treachery of the government, indignant at having been made the tool for carrying it into effect, resigned his office of general of the civic guard. Yet belief in the falsehood of a friend so trusted long weighed heavily on the mind of the unhappy prisoner; and it was only after considerable time had elapsed that Guerrazzi learned the truth. In reply to a letter which the sufferer then addressed to him, Zannetti expressed all the abhorrence which an act of such unprovoked duplicity was likely to create upon a mind like his. "The consciousness," he said, "that at length you know my loyalty, and do not impute to me the guilt of the base act of the commission of government, has been to me a solemn consolation. Receive my sincerest thanks for your letter, and for your kindly thought of me from the depths of your living tomb—the historic monument of our country's shame."

Events passed quickly when the brave and able supporter of the popular cause was consigned to a prison. In the month of May, General d'Aspre, at the head of an Austrian corps d'armée, took possession of

Florence, after having disarmed and disbanded the national guard. At the request of Sir George Hamilton, the government removed the unfortunate Guerrazzi to the state prison of Volterra, to place him out of reach of the Austrians in the first moments of their triumph; and everything concurred to give to the occupation of the city by the conquering army the air of a national fête. The higher classes in most instances—though injustice it must be said not universally—received the victors as deliverers; the people looked on in sullen silence; and though a few “Vivas” greeted the Austrian soldiery as they marched into the town, it may fairly be inferred that these sad sounds took their rise from the orders of the police rather than the will of the citizens.

Balls and fêtes succeeded each other in brilliant succession, and the foreigners were received with every demonstration of welcome; nor do we well know how indulgence can be extended to a fact which we witnessed. At a ball given by Baron Hugel, the Austrian minister, to Marshal Radetzky, on his visit to Florence, the year after the occupation of that city, a lady possessed herself of the plumed hat of the veteran conqueror of Italy, and distributed the feathers with which it was decorated amongst the ladies—chiefly Italian—who composed the society. Many a fair bosom was decked that evening with the emblem of her country’s defeat and shame, whilst no blush tinged the cheek of the daughters of the fallen land.

Leghorn made a slight show of resistance to the invaders, but opened her gates after a few hours’ cannonade.

The return of the grand-duke soon followed, and he was received with demonstrations of joy, which were not, perhaps, entirely insincere, as the people, alarmed at the confusion and terror of the past, looked with satisfaction to the restoration of a prince whose mild rule had endeared him to his subjects. But the hopes that had arisen were soon destined to be frustrated. In the course of the year 1852 the constitution was abolished, yet the constitutional ministry retained their offices! The measure produced a painful impression upon the conscience of the grand-duke, in consequence of the oath that he had taken at the inauguration of the constitution to maintain its laws unchanged. He relieved his mind from the heavy burden of perjury by a splendid ceremonial at the church of the Annunciation, in which he presented a gorgeous crown to its heavenly patroness! But no gilded offering propitiated the people, whose liberties were so wantonly betrayed.

In the autumn of the same year the grand-duke also revoked that portion of the laws of his grandfather known as the Leopoldine code, which forbade the infliction of capital punishment—so long unknown in the Tuscan States. This penalty was re-established for offences against religion, and for high treason. The punishment of death, for crimes directed against the heart of the state, has been retained in the judicial code of nearly every European nation; nor can we justly blame the grand-duke, if he sincerely considered that the exigencies of the times required a greater measure of severity in such cases. But how can we excuse a return to the system of religious persecution, which the enlightened benevolence of modern times has rejected by universal consent, and with a just reprobation?

In the course of the year 1852 occurred the prosecution of the  
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Madiais, Tuscan subjects, who became converts to Protestantism. They were convicted of an attempt at religious proselytism—an offence forbidden, under heavy penalties, by the Tuscan laws. Catholic authorities in England, professing to possess complete information upon the subject, have stated that the Madiais were the agents of a Protestant political body, whose design was to undermine the institutions of the country—civil as well as religious. This is completely at variance with fact. The law-officer who conducted the prosecution distinctly affirmed, in the act of accusation, that there existed no trace of any political offence in the Madiais. The only crimes of which they were accused were their abandonment of Catholicism—their open avowal of their new faith—and the attempt to impart it to others. It is impossible to deny to the royal family of Tuscany the praise of sincere convictions and kindly intentions; but convictions so fettered by bigotry—good intentions so frustrated by total incapacity to comprehend the feelings and opinions that are hourly gaining strength around them, that little can be anticipated for the future of Tuscany but calamity and disorder. The princesses themselves visited the female prisoner, and used such arguments as their skill in polemics suggested for her reconversion to the faith which she had abandoned. But their reasoning was so far behind the enlightened and free thoughts of the sufferer, that no effect could be produced by it. The usual argument of bigotry then alone remained: their incarceration was rendered more rigid, and it was expected that punishment would effect what controversy had failed to achieve.

In the autumn of the same year there occurred also the affair of Mr. Mather, which has been so much discussed that its details are known to all Europe. The management of this case by the English legation has been too harshly judged, because its difficulties have been too lightly estimated. The agent acting at that time for the English government was severely censured because he failed to effect a task that was in itself impossible. The Tuscan authorities did not possess the power to compel the Austrian commandant to give the satisfaction to Mr. Mather which the English government required. Mr. Mather was wounded by an Austrian officer, in consequence of the published order of the Austrian commandant, Prince Liechtenstein, authorising the officers of the army of occupation to cut down any person who did not give way to them in the streets of Florence.

The British legation demanded the punishment of the offender, which was peremptorily refused by Prince Liechtenstein; for we cannot admit as punishment for a murderous assault on an unarmed man the farce of putting the culprit under arrest for a week in his own room. The compliance of the Austrian authorities could only have been obtained at Vienna, and it was an unworthy subterfuge to carry on the pretence of justice, by seeking to make the Tuscan government responsible for the acts of its own absolute masters, because it suited the convenience of the English cabinet to appear to consider Tuscany as an independent state whilst occupied by a foreign army, and ruled by a military prefect.

Everything now indicates that the future prospects of Italy are exposed to the utmost danger and difficulty. The mischievous agitators, who have once ruined the cause of Italian liberty by their insensate schemes, are ever at work to excite a population too justly incensed by their real wrongs, and by the treacherous desertion of their princes, who only

deluded them with the shadow of liberty in order to rivet the chains more firmly upon the neck of a long-suffering people. Let them beware. As the shepherd's boy who lies down to sleep away the drowsy listlessness of the summer's day upon the crater of a volcano, is the actual position of the reactionary governments of the Peninsula. Too ignorantly—or too obstinately blind to the signs of the coming storm—they slumber whilst the smouldering fires are gathering strength beneath their feet. The armed grasp of the stranger lies heavily upon the land, and compels it to mute submission. But the quivering heart and the bright intelligence of that ill-fated country want but the warm sunlight of liberty to restore it to a foremost place amongst the nations;—though silent, they are not yet quenched; instinct with life, indignant from the sense of injury, Italy awaits impatiently the hour of her redemption. Had her rulers understood their real position, and perceived the danger which they have but postponed for an hour of deadlier retribution, they would have acted—even for their own sakes—with good faith towards the people they have so cruelly deluded.

The King of Naples was never for an instant sincere; he accepted the outward emblems of constitutional government when compelled to do so, but seized the first occasion to withdraw the benefit he had reluctantly conferred. Rome and Florence witnessed a different spectacle. Their rulers, sincere and well-intentioned, loving their people, and beloved by them, frankly put themselves at the head of the movement, and conducted their subjects to the very porch of the temple of Freedom. But, too weak to control the tempest they had evoked—too undiscerning to discriminate between the selfish views of the anarchists, who waged a deadly war against society, and the solemn aspirations of a gifted people for the liberty of which they have been so long despoiled—those princes, startled and dismayed at the lawless acts of the revolutionists, betrayed a nation when they should have repressed a mob. No sooner were they reseated on the thrones to which they were again conducted by foreign bayonets, than they rescinded every act by which they had taught their people to look to them as the saviours of their country.

The Grand-Duke of Tuscany once reigned in the hearts of his subjects. The rural population of the duchy—perhaps the finest and most thriv'g peasantry in the world—entertained a devoted attachment for the princes; the government was so lenient, that though absolute in form, its pressure was but little felt; and throughout the state, the sovereign, so kindly and so familiarly known to his subjects, was beloved as a father, and revered as a ruler. But now, the contadini have seen their sons torn from their hearths to fall victims to the ill-judged and ill-directed efforts of those who sent them to the war of independence. Necessarily uninformed of the real feelings of the grand-duke, they could only judge of his wishes by the acts that he sanctioned. They had been called upon to suffer and to bleed for him, and they had obeyed, even against the fearful odds to which they were opposed. They have been reproached with cowardice, because an untrained people—unused to arms, and ignorant of discipline—has been unable to contend successfully against the veteran armies of Austria. Worse than all, when the grand-duke returned amongst them, they found that they were regarded as rebels for the very steps to which his government had incited them,

and were liable to punishment for the sufferings which they had encountered at his command. Their prince was restored to them, but they were ruinously taxed to pay the expenses of a revolution effected by the mobs of the towns, or the foreign exiles that had been admitted there; their constitutional charter was taken from them, and the mild laws of Leopold I. were revoked. The chains were riveted upon their writhing limbs with a harshness hitherto unknown to them. They were compelled to pay for a large army of occupation, in order to render their slavery more sure, and their sufferings permanent. The Austrian authorities publicly placarded in their streets the order to cut down, without compunction or inquiry, any Tuscan subject who obstructed their path, or offered them the slightest annoyance; and when an Englishman became, by mistake, the victim of the barbarous and disgraceful order, the only apology offered was the plea that the offender believed him to have been an Italian! Who can now contemplate the fate of this unfortunate country without regret for the days when the Tuscan territory was justly regarded as the happiest and most flourishing in Italy, under the mild sway of a prince so venerable as the paternal ruler of his little state—so pitiable as the puny imitator of Austrian despotism?

It is true that the first evils of the revolution were not to be imputed to any fault in the Italian sovereigns; those princes were unhappily unprovided with the material power so necessary to repress the disorders produced by the extraordinary excitement of the masses. Nothing less than an armed force, so disciplined as to render obedience certain, could have enabled the governments to stem the revolution at the point where reform creates disorder, and disorder degenerates into anarchy. The Italian rulers were confronted by a powerful and vindictive foe; for whilst the great body of the people frankly hoped to obtain better institutions, the secret emissaries of the republican party were working darkly to undermine the whole social fabric, and to substitute the reign of terror and tumult, which offers to the adventurer the best chance of wealth—to the political intriguer the only hope of power.

Italy now turns with envy and with hope to the example of Sardinia, whose government nobly accepted the cause of progress, and continued to the constitutional freedom it had created,—Sardinia, whose warlike princes—the only native sovereigns of the Peninsula—have known how to repress insubordination without foreign aid, and to sustain liberal institutions without tolerating disorder. Sardinia is the model to which the wise and good of this unhappy land look up with hope of sympathy and aid in the hour of need. Experience has now taught them that the wild ravings of the socialist, and the selfish aims of the republican, who look through the vista of bloodshed and confusion to the chance of power, dimly shadowed out in the chaos of the future, are alike incapable of conducting them to safety or to freedom. But Sardinia offers them an example of attainable prosperity and tangible liberty, which inspire hope and renew energy, even amidst the terrible disappointments and sufferings of the present hour.

END OF VOL. CIV.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.











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